"The Price She Paid," by Amelia E. Barr, on Page 16.

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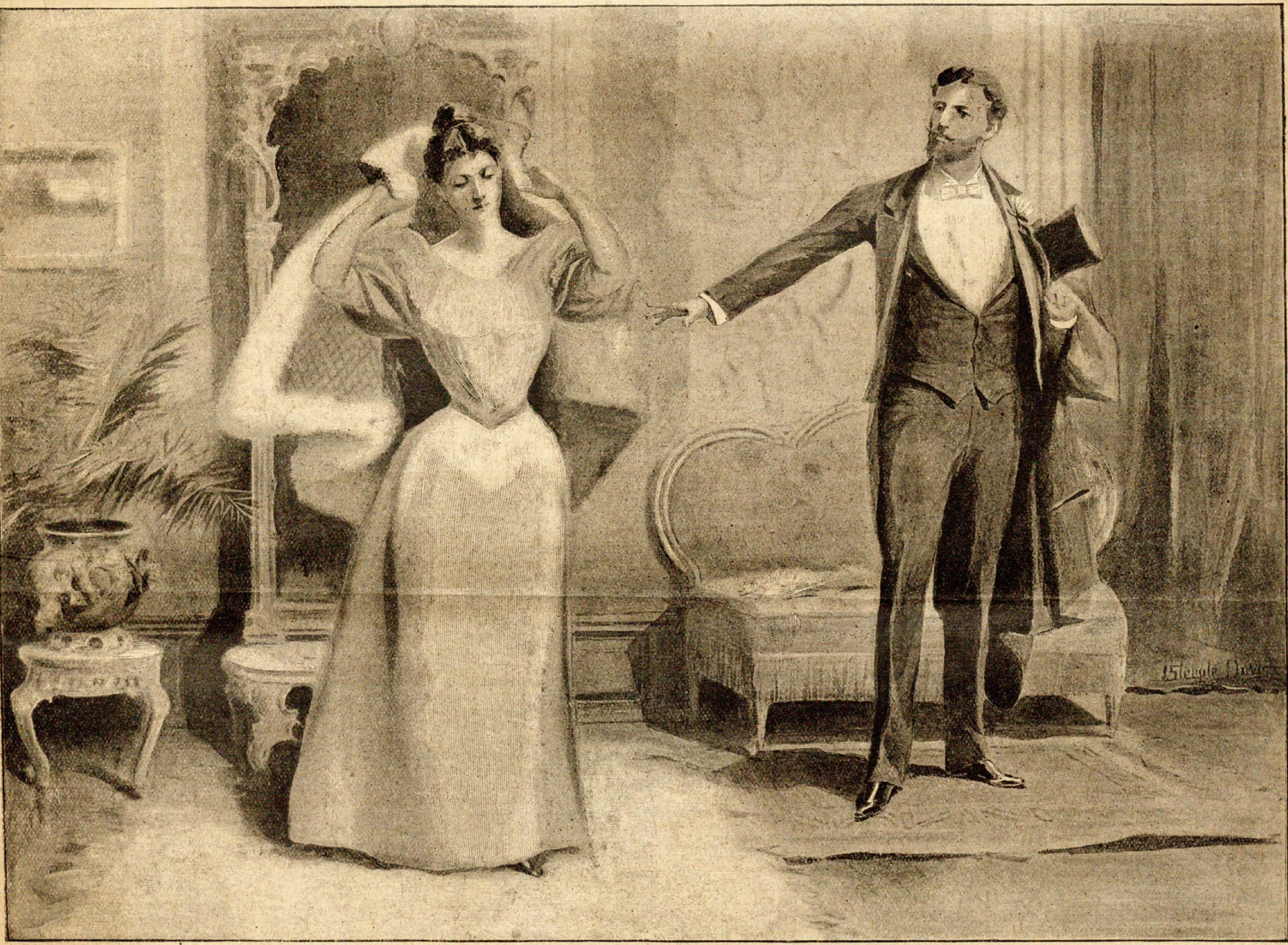

"IF YOUR ONLY INTEREST IN ME IS ON HER ACCOUNT, I SUPPOSE I MAY AS WELL SAY 'GOOD EVENING.'"

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.*

BY CLINTON H. MACARTHY.

This Story is Complete in This Number.

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CHAPTER I.

"ADDRESS—WRITSON & WILDER, Equitable Building, New York." The typewriter keys click responsively and pause.

"GENTLEMEN:—As we have the most discouraging reports on Archdale & Co., it appears to us unadvisable to postpone proceedings longer. We are undoubtedly their heaviest creditors, and must secure what we can. We are informed that it is impossible they should hold out more than a few weeks longer. Please begin suit on papers sent you.

"Yours truly, THE MELBOURNE M'F'G CO.

"That's all."

The typewriter clicked off an envelope, while the individual who had just dictated a commercial death-warrant glanced over the finished sheet and initialled the signature. Those ominous sentences should have been the utterance of a grave, stern, portly, grizzled and middle-aged commercial veteran; but the voice had been a clear, sweet contralto; to be brief, the signer of the letter, although the head of the great concern, was a woman in the early twenties; a young woman, fair to look upon, and who, having thrown the stamped envelope among a pile of others in a wicker-basket beside her, rose from before the big rosewood roll-top desk, which was bestrewn with papers and riddled with pigeon-holes, and crossed her luxurious private office to one corner where a long mirror hung. Here she began adjusting a dainty, stylish little bonnet above her sleek, chestnut hair with as feminine a grace as though failures and finance, balances and bankruptcy had never entered into her thoughts, instead of constituting the interest of her daily life.

The great steam-whistle of the mill was booming forth a deep-toned signal; it was noon, and the proprietor of the mill was leaving her office for luncheon.

For more than a year past, Margaret Blackwood had reigned alone over the great manufacturing industry her father had founded. Old Blackwood, unblessed with sons, had nevertheless determined that his looms should never throw their shuttles for strangers. He had taken Margaret from school into his office; and two years afterward, dying, left the business, with all its responsibilities, to the girl.

As the girl was driven homeward, in her brougham, through the dull suburb of a factory town to the handsome residence her father had finished before his death, no further thought of the letter she had recently written to the New York lawyers crossed her mind than a brief conjecture as to what her judgment would be worth when obtained. Margaret had been too long in business ways to regard the matter other than commercially. Sentiment and business, she had early learned, were rarely allied. That her suit spelled ruin for Archdale she knew. The firm, however, tottered to its fall. The other creditors must soon jump in. And it was "good business" to be first in such a case.

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"If you please, 'm," said the servant who opened the door to her, "Miss Carleton is in the drawing-room."

"Miss Carleton! You have the name right, Martin?"

"Yes, 'm. I think so, mum."

Margaret hastily crossed the entrance hall to the drawing-room door, and in another moment had clasped her visitor in a warm, welcoming embrace.

"Well, Lucy, this is, indeed, a surprise! To think of finding you here, as though you'd dropped from the clouds."

"It's an inexcusable thing to do, Madge, I know—to come so unexpectedly. But I made my mind up only last night. I might have telegraphed—"

"Why should you, dear? You knew how glad I'd be to see you. Let me look at you again, Lucy. You've been away so long—'all over the shop,' as our English cousins say—Paris, the Continent, the Riviera—"

"Oh!" interjected Miss Carleton, with so rueful an expression that Miss Blackwood looked a question.

"The Riviera!" Miss Carleton repeated. "Don't recall it, dear. I met *him* at Bordighera," heavily.

"Him?"

"Yes. And, oh, Madge, I'm perfectly miserable. I—I came up here—to get away from the world—to—to be sympathized with." And Miss Lucy's pretty blue eyes became suffused with tears as she laid her face on her friend's shoulder and clasped her in a despairing embrace.

Margaret and Lucy had been chums at school, and Margaret, throughout those four years of constant intimacy, had been the never-failing confidante and comforter of the golden-haired *mignonne* Lucy; the stronger nature instinctively helping and shielding the weaker. It was natural for Lucy to cry out her trouble in Margaret's consoling arms; and Margaret drew her closer, caressingly.

"What is it this time, Lucy?" she murmured. "I'm ready to sympathize to any extent, you know, but I must hear all about your trouble first."

"It is quite, quite a story, Madge."

"Then suppose we have luncheon first," suggested the practical one. "You'll feel better after something to eat and a cup of tea; and auntie's away from home, so we shall be quite alone."

After a substantial luncheon, Miss Lucy's spirits revived somewhat, but, on reaching Margaret's sitting-room, she still declared herself the most miserable girl alive.

"You know, Madge, we were abroad all winter. Papa cannot stand New York in the winter time. Doctor Clavicle will not allow him to stay. So we lived principally in Southern France and Italy—Mentone, Monte Carlo, Nice and Bordighera. Ah, dear Bordighera! We had a villa there. And *he* was staying with some friends. So we met. Well, of course, you don't want particulars, Madge. If you do, you must wait till I get over it a little. Anyhow, he—proposed."

"You loved him, dear?" gently.

"Oh, perfectly, Madge! He's awfully good-looking. And—and—as papa discovered that his prospects were quite all that was desirable, why, he gave us his consent very nicely."

"I'm so glad, dear. It's too sweet!"

"Madge, let me finish! It's too horrid! After our engagement had been announced, Jack had a sudden cable from home. His father had died very unexpectedly. Of course, he had to come home at once; and papa and I decided to cross in the same steamer. Since we have been in New York, Jack has been as attentive and nice as could be; only of late I began to notice that he was often abstracted, moody, don't you know. Not like himself. I understood that his father's death had left him in charge of a large business; he said he was working very hard and had many things to worry him.

"Two or three nights ago, he came to me, Madge, and—and—asked me, right out, whether I was willing to marry a poor man. Me! Imagine it, Madge! I told him not to be absurd. I was going to marry *him*, wasn't I? And *he* was not a poor man, was he? Somehow that seemed to upset him. I grew uneasy. 'What is it, Jack? What is it you mean?' I asked him. 'I have found the state of my father's business very different from what every one supposed it, Lucy,' said he. Isn't it horrid, Madge, to have nothing but business talked at one, whenever one sees a man? Papa begins it at the breakfast-table; he never thinks anything worth talking about but the stock quotations; and the nicest men one knows never hear a word one says to them, because their minds are wandering away on to-morrow's gains or yesterday's losses."

"I'm afraid it isn't quite so horrid—to me, dear. You see, I'm in business myself."

"Yes, and you should be ashamed of yourself, Madge."

"Go on, dear."

"Well, I won't repeat all that Jack said. It was dreadfully tiresome; and the long and short of it was that he was quite ruined, or would be very soon. I believe I fainted. I know I cried when he began prosing about being very economical, living in a Harlem flat, saving money, and hoping for better times."

"Poor fellow!" said Madge, softly.

"Poor me!" retorted Lucy; "it wasn't as though I didn't *love* him, Madge," naïvely.

"Of course you comforted him, Lucy; you promised to wait for better times and be patient and constant."

"Madge, you haven't any discrimination or judgment, positively. Could I ever marry a poor man? It isn't in me. I should die! I don't know the first thing about keeping house; and I couldn't dispense with my maid if I were shipwrecked on a desert island. Could you imagine me—*me*—in a last year's bonnet or dowdy dress, Madge? It was quite an impossible situation. I told Jack so. It was very, very painful, Madge—"

"You weren't so heartless, Lucy!" exclaimed Margaret, with indignation.

"Heartless, Madge? No, but I was prudent. And, finally, he saw things the way I did, and was quite nice and reasonable; took back his ring (it was lovely, Madge, a sapphire between two big rose diamonds), and—and—that's all—only I'm" (sobbing) "perfectly heartbroken—and—you cruel girl!—you reproach me!" with a final burst of tears.

Madge took the frivolous, golden-haired little fairy into her arms again and did her best to dry her tears. After a pause, she murmured:

"Am I indiscreet if I ask the name of your late *fiancé*?"

"Didn't I tell you, dear? Jack Archdale."

Margaret started in astonishment. It was the name of the man to whom she had that morning dealt his death-blow—in a business sense.

"What is it?" said Lucy. "You know him?"

"I? No. That is—I have heard of him."

"Well," sighed Miss Lucy, "sometimes I wish *I* never had. He has the loveliest eyes, Madge—and *such* a beard—pointed, you know—"

"Well," responded Madge, hurriedly, "I'm quite sure you will be happy with Mr. Archdale yet. Something—something tells me so, Lucy. And now," glancing at her watch, "shall I be very rude if I leave you for a little while to return to the mill?"

"What a horrid bore the mill must be, Madge! However, I suppose I must let you go. Come home soon, dearest."

Margaret had no sooner reached her private office than she called her chief clerk in.

"I have new intelligence about Archdale's, Clifford. Please wire Writson & Wilder to pay no attention to my letter of this morning. Say I will meet John Archdale at Writson's office Monday, at two o'clock, myself."

"You will go to New York, Miss Blackwood?"

"Yes. Wire at once, please."

A day later Mr. John Archdale, the only surviving member of the erstwhile mighty house, sat in his private office, at the back of the big Worth Street establishment, in gloomy conference with his managing man, who had grown gray-haired in the confidence of the firm, and who was indeed much better aware of the mysteries of the business than Jack Archdale.

"If the Melbourne people would let us go on," Jack was muttering, "there might be a little hope."

"They won't," responded the manager, sadly. "They know how we're situated. The wonder is that they haven't jumped on us before now. I expect they'll serve papers on us this week."

"In a word," groaned Jack, "we're on the last lap. We're done for, Matthews!"

An office boy entered with the afternoon's mail.

"Here's a letter from the Mill's attorneys," said Archdale, tearing open the envolope with feverish haste.

It contained a brief message on Writson & Wilder's letter-head:

"We shall be obliged to you if you can meet a representative of the Melbourne Mill at our office on Monday next, at 2 p. m."

When Archdale left, on Monday, to keep this appointment, he shook hands with Matthews with a rather haggard smile.

"It's the beginning of the end, Matthews," he said.

Writson & Wilder's clerk merely glanced at Jack's card.

"Mr. Writson said you were to go right in when you came, sir," he said, nodding toward a ground-glass door on which Mr. Writson's name was painted in narrow black letters, whereupon Jack knocked upon the ground-glass surface.

"Come in!"

He entered the small private office, only, however, to draw back hastily. Evidently Mr. Writson was not prepared for him, since he was engaged in earnest conversation with a young woman, a fleeting glance at whom convinced Archdale that she was decidedly good to look at and stylishly dressed.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Writson," said Jack. "Your clerk told me to go right in. Evidently a mistake. I'll wait."

"No, no. Pray come in, Mr. Archdale."

"But—you are engaged," suggested Jack.

"Entirely on your matter," said the lawyer, while Jack fancied the lady smiled.

"I understood," began Jack, "that I was to meet—"

"A representative of the Melbourne Mill. Just so," returned Writson, testily. "Please to close the door, Mr. Archdale, and be seated. I suppose you will admit the proprietor of the Mill to represent the concern satisfactorily, sir. As Miss Blackwood— Let me make you acquainted—Miss Blackwood—Mr. Archdale," (in a quick parenthesis, to which the lady and the gentleman slightly bowed)—"as Miss Blackwood controls the Melbourne Mill, I presume you will have no objection, Mr. Archdale, to submitting for her consideration, as a large creditor of your firm, a definite statement of your condition and prospects, which, I may say, is what Miss Blackwood is here to receive."

A deep flush of embarrassment overspread Jack's face. The prospect of this interview with his great creditor had been sufficiently humiliating when he had looked forward to it as a conference with business men, shrewd, no doubt, hard, experienced, but men. He had not been aware—having so recently come to the helm of his father's business—of the *personnel* of the Mill, which was located two hundred miles away, up in the State. And Miss Blackwood's name never was allowed to appear in the correspondence through which their mutual affairs were conducted. The fact that his creditor was a woman, a young woman, a charming woman, came upon him as a decidedly disagreeable surprise. To feel that his commercial life lay in the hollow of that daintily gloved little hand, was an additional stab of mortification and shame.

Margaret was not slow to divine his feelings. Since his entrance, she had kept her eyes on the carpet, but had not been unaware of the varying expressions that appeared upon his handsome face. "Lucy was right," she thought; "he is very good-looking." She had seen all, as women do, in some occult manner that does not seem to involve the use of ordinary sight. She now turned to the lawyer, saying quietly:

"Possibly Mr. Archdale will prefer to have a private conference with yourself, Mr. Writson. If so—"

"Pardon me, Miss Blackwood," interrupted Archdale. "You have, of course, a right to hear for yourself what so largely concerns your interests. I confess I was a little surprised to find the owner of the Melbourne Mill a—a—lady. But that fact is not, I am aware, material."

"Quite immaterial," assented Mr. Writson, dryly; "the account is not affected by that circumstance. You must know, Mr. Archdale, how the credit of your firm has suffered since your father's decease. Ugly rumors are abroad. My client, Miss Blackwood, has not been in ignorance of them. I confess that I have advised immediate suits against you. But since Miss Blackwood has preferred first hearing from you some statement of your prospects—"

"I regret," said Archdale, a little huskily, "that they are very unpromising. I can give Miss Blackwood no favorable assurances. I cannot deny that we are greatly involved."

"As I feared," rejoined Writson, solemnly nodding at his client. "I presume, Miss Blackwood, since Mr. Archdale has been so frank, there is no necessity for details."

"Pray, Mr. Archdale," said Miss Blackwood, without attending to the lawyer's last sentence, "should we permit you further extensions, supply you with further consignments—"

"I beg, Miss Blackwood," interrupted the lawyer, frowning portentously.

"Allow me, if you please, Mr. Writson," returned Margaret, with a little touch of hauteur. "Should we forbear to press you, Mr. Archdale, could you recover?"

"I am afraid to say 'Yes,'" answered Jack, soberly. "Even in that case, Miss Blackwood, I cannot feel sanguine. There are other claims and—fact is, we lack capital, and we have nothing to attract any."

Margaret rose and began adjusting her wraps in silence. Both Archdale and the lawyer supposed that she had decided to abandon the house of Archdale to its fate, after Jack's despairing estimate of its chances.

She quietly picked up her dainty parasol and pocketbook. Then, holding out her hand to Jack:

"I am unfortunately prevented from prolonging our talk, Mr. Archdale. I am very much engaged and have a train to make. I can only say at present that your credit with the Melbourne is good—to any amount you deem necessary. As you complain of lack of capital, we may be able to still further assist you. Mr. Writson will be authorized to honor your personal notes for such amounts as you think will restore you to a sounder basis."

"Miss Blackwood," interrupted the attorney, rising and speaking with horrified earnestness, "I protest! I solemnly protest! This is—pardon my using such a term—madness! These people can't last a month. You hear Mr. Archdale admit it. You will throw good money after bad. You sacrifice your last chance of recovering anything from the wreck. As your counsel—"

"You will, I trust, carry out my instructions, Mr. Writson," coldly interrupted Margaret. "That is to say, if you consider the legal business of the Mill valuable to you."

Writson writhed a little, but subsided. The threat was not quite uttered, but it was very lightly veiled, and he didn't care about losing his richest client. Jack, however, stupefied at first, now found his voice.

"I cannot permit it, Miss Blackwood!" he cried. "Mr. Writson is quite right. You will throw good money after bad. It is very generous—"

"No, Mr. Archdale, I am never generous. Generosity and business I have found incompatible," coldly; "I have my own object in this matter, believe me. I have enough faith in the ancient reputation of your firm to believe that you will pull through. In which case you will repay me. If not—well, that is a risk I take. A business risk. That is all. You will excuse me; I am late. I must be at Grand Central in half-an-hour. Mr. Writson will attend to particulars. Good day, gentlemen," and bowing slightly to each of the men, this girl of the day disappeared, leaving behind her a bewildered young merchant and a wrathful, elderly lawyer.

Margaret had been scarcely frank with Archdale. She had, of course, had only Lucy Carleton in her mind, in doing what she had done. Archdale again prosperous, he would, naturally, go back to Lucy; Lucy would again be to him what she had been. She was to play the good fairy to the parted lovers. And she had promised herself that Archdale should be saved from bankruptcy if to save him required all her own resources.

Her interference in the affairs of the firm, however, had a magical effect. As soon as it was understood that the Mill looked favorably upon Archdale & Co. and was supplying them goods as before, other creditors forgot to clamor. Necessarily Margaret was obliged to put a good deal of money in the exhausted business to revive it; but within a year's time the firm had recovered its "rating" and regained the confidence of the trade.

During that year, Jack had found frequent conferences with his creditor at Melbourne essential; affairs did not move so smoothly but that much room for discussion between them was left, and Jack made a number of journeys to Melbourne—journeys that he found himself before long devising excuses to repeat.

In the following spring Margaret came to New York, visiting relations who resided in the city; and Jack lost no time in calling upon her. Margaret, who had had in view from the beginning only Lucy's happiness, was unsuspicious enough to see in his attentions, however, no more than the friendly desire to make her stay in the city pleasant. She believed firmly that both Lucy and Jack were entirely in love with each other. Lucy had behaved selfishly, she felt; yet not more so, she told herself, excusingly, than many girls in her social station might have done. It was the fault of the training that made of marriage the means to an "establishment." The thought of poverty had been, no doubt, very terrifying to Lucy, who had been so brought up that luxury of living was indispensable. Keeping this in mind, Margaret believed that as soon as he should be independent once more Jack would return to Miss Carleton. Only—that idea wasn't so sweet and satisfying now as it had been at first. After all, did Lucy deserve him? As she pondered the *dénouement* which she had labored to bring about—the marriage of Lucy and Jack—Margaret was conscious of its no longer being a very roseate prospect. She felt vaguely unhappy when she thought of it. Playing at Providence was rather poor fun, after all.

Meanwhile, Jack began to realize the nature of his own sentiment for Margaret. He felt that he loved her; and he only waited to clear himself of the burden of his indebtedness to her to declare himself. As for Lucy, he was quite *disillusionné*. The kittenish selfishness she had shown had worked a cure of his passion for her. Had he never met Margaret, he never would have returned to Lucy.

As it chanced, during Margaret's stay Lucy was away from the city, so that no awkward meetings took place, and he was free to devote himself to escorting Margaret as often as she would allow. Her people were giving her a very good time—theatres, *musicales*, dances and afternoon teas—and Jack managed to be not far off most of the time.

One evening he had arranged to accompany her to a *musicale* at the house of a common acquaintance, and, arriving early, was shown into her aunt's drawing-room, whither Margaret herself presently descended, looking very stately and beautiful, Jack thought, in the elaborate evening gown she wore.

"Auntie has not finished dressing," she said, as they shook hands. "But we are quite early, are we not?"

"Yes, to be sure," responded Jack. "Besides, there is something I want to say to you."

"Well?" said Margaret, as he paused.

"I have sent a check to Writson to-day," he went on, with embarrassment, "a check for the balance of our account."

"That's good," responded Margaret. "That is, I mean, good that you are so wel on your feet again."

"It is all your doing, Miss Blackwood. I have you to thank for my commercial life—my honor."

"Nonsense, Mr. Archdale," as he seize her hand and repeated expressions of hi gratitude. "I won't listen. I told you i was quite a matter of business."

"I feel sure it was nothing of the sort! I was goodness of heart."

"Well, if it wasn't quite all business, i wasn't done on *your* account, sir," with little smile.

He looked at her.

"No, I didn't do it for you, Mr. Archdal I did it all for Lucy."

"Lucy!" in blank astonishment. "Wha do you know about Lucy? What is it yo would say?"

"I know everything," cried Margare triumphant of voice, but with a chokin sensation that was, surely, very unaccoun able. "When are you going back to he Mr. Archdale? There is nothing to ke you apart now. And I—I hope you will very—happy." There was a distinct brea in the sweet contralto now.

Archdale didn't notice it. He had turne away, with a hasty exclamation.

"Lucy Carleton!" he said, bitterly. "O

so you did it for her? I am to go back to her. That is what you said, I believe?"

"Certainly," said Margaret. "It is what you should do," with indignation.

"You advise me to?" frowning blackly.

Margaret did not answer this directly. She began with trembling fingers to arrange the roses at her corsage.

"You—you—love her, Mr. Archdale," she murmured, after a moment's pause.

"Love her? You seem very sure of that. Perhaps I loved her once. Sometimes I think I never did. It is so long ago! Since you know our little history, you will know that Lucy was alone responsible for our separation."

"Do not blame her, Mr. Archdale. Lucy has been brought up—"

"To consider a 'suitable alliance' of much more consequence than a happy marriage. Well, it is an amiable trait of character, doubtless. You seem to think it so."

"I did not say that, Mr. Archdale," in low tones.

"However," continued Jack, gloomily, "I am not—to use your words—going back to Lucy. I have no such intention."

"Then all my efforts have been wasted," said Margaret. "I thought I was going to do you both such a good turn," she went on, unsteadily, though she lowered her eyes, feeling a gladness in them that Jack must not see there.

"I am obliged to you, Miss Blackwood," he said stiffly; "only, had I guessed this, you might have spared your kindness and let me go—to destruction. Miss Carleton and I are quite unsuited to each other, I believe; and I am informed that she has a much more eligible conquest. A young English baronet, whom she met abroad, has followed her to this country, and I am told that the *affaire* is likely to terminate very satisfactorily. Enough of that. If your only interest in me is on her account, I suppose I may as well say 'good evening,' after again expressing my gratitude—which, believe me, is quite sincere."

"Aren't you a little discourteous, Mr. Archdale?"

"Pardon me if I am," miserably; "only, to be disappointed *twice* rubs a fellow the wrong way, I suppose."

"Twice?" she says quickly.

"Twice! You must *know* that it is *you* I love, Margaret, and not Lucy!" turning with sudden fervor and seizing both the girl's hands in his.

"Mr. Archdale!"

"Tell me, Margaret—is *all* your kindness to me to go down to Lucy's account?"

The big blue eyes fall.

"It is so hard to tell," she whispers. "*Have* I been kind?"

"Margaret?"

"Jack!"

"You do love me?" with incredulous assertion.

"I hear auntie on the stairs, Jack; let me go!"

"One kiss, dearest; I will have one, in spite of auntie. Besides, I think auntie ought to be told all about it, don't you?"

"I think auntie understands," remarked that lady, as she pushed aside the portières and entered, drawing on her gloves. "Please put Madge's wrap on her, Mr. Archdale—we are quite late—and you can explain matters better in the carriage."

THE END.

IN SEARCH OF GOLD.*

BY COLIN MIDDLETON,

Author of "The Fool of Destiny," "Innes of Blairavon," etc.

["IN SEARCH OF GOLD" was commenced in No. 52. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION.

IVOR opened his eyes to find himself lying on his back—on land.

There was no doubt about it, although he felt the rocking of the ship, as one always does after a sea voyage; still, he was undoubtedly lying on solid ground.

Perhaps he was dreaming. The acute pain in his head and the throbbing of his right shoulder told him that such was not the case.

What was it? He remembered being in the gale and being thrown into the sea, and here he was on—well, not exactly dry land. The mist hung all around as before, and the wind had died down again to a steady gale. He tried to raise his head, and found that he was lying on some shingle in the shade of a large rock.

He was unable to rise, and felt too miserable and cold to do anything.

A sound of voices came to his ear, and in an instant Beausire appeared, with a great cut, which was streaming with blood, over his eye; he was followed by a sailor, who limped after him in a painful manner.

Noticing that Ivor's eyes were open, Beausire gave vent to a shout of joy and hurried up to him.

"I thought you weren't born to be drowned, old man. How do you feel?"

"Better," murmured Ivor, mechanically.

"Well, it's the most marvelous escape in the annals of the sea."

"Where are we?" feebly questioned Ivor.

"Blest if I know. On land, and that's all I can tell you; but where, I don't know."

"And the ship?"

"Is in matchwood."

"Is there anybody else—"

His question went no further; but Beausire, knowing what he would say, answered:

"There's this sailor, and the captain; but he is in an awful bad way—two legs broken and something gone wrong internally. I only left you for a minute to go down and see him; and three more sailors, all more or less in pulp—they're alive; and that Frenchman, with nothing worse than a sprained ankle; and the Spanish girl, with merely a cut wrist."

"How did it happen?"

Beausire shrugged his shoulders.

"We seem to have pitched straight on to the end of the land, about one hundred and fifty yards up there,"—pointing to his right. "There must be deep water right up to the edge of rocks on that side. I was washed overboard, and the wave carried me right up and left me high and—wet on the rock. I hung on like grim death and looked round for you. Nothing to be seen of you. I saw the Spanish girl, in her night-dress, lying just above me. The ship must have split right in half; with the next wave you came along on top, and, being insensible, would have been sucked away with the backwash, but I got hold of you and held on. That wave brought the other survivors, too."

"It strikes me that this is the second time you have saved my life."

Beausire, uncomfortable at being accused of anything of the sort, merely said:

"Do you think you can walk?"

Ivor was sitting up by this time, and, putting his hand on the back of his head, said:

"My head pains me a good deal, and my right shoulder, but I can get along all right."

"That was the plank or the boat or whatever it was that knocked you insensible. I have bound you up with handkerchiefs. You have an ugly cut on the back of your head, but you will be all right, I daresay, soon."

Ivor rose, and the sailor, who had a dazed appearance, accompanied them down to the shore.

They were on the leeward side of a long ledge of rocks which jutted out from the land.

On the beach lay the captain in a state of unconsciousness. Ivor had been unconscious for fully two hours, and his head felt as though it hardly belonged to him. Some three yards away from the captain, the Spanish girl was sitting, drawing her hands through her masses of coal-black hair, in a vain attempt to get some of the moisture out of it. She was dressed in a night-dress and a rough double-breasted pilot-coat with brass buttons.

Near her sat the Frenchman, with an expression in his face of interest, in which the terror through which he had passed had a share.

Beyond him lay the three other sailors, all motionless and apparently dead.

The entire party was drenched to the skin, but the air was not cold.

The mist still hung about, but it seemed to be growing less opaque, and the gale had almost blown itself out.

Ivor and Beausire went to the captain, and the sailor walked disconsolately towards his comrades.

Beausire bent over the captain, and saw that he was still alive, and was about to say something to Ivor, when a cry from the sailor made him rise.

He and Ivor went to the sailor, who pointed to two of his comrades. They were both dead, and the third was obviously *in articulo mortis*. A spasm of agony passed over his features. His lips moved freely as he muttered some woman's name, and then his jaw fell.

Beausire turned away. This wholesale death, succeeding the strain of excitement which he had undergone, overcame him.

Ivor was still too much dazed to fully comprehend the situation.

They returned to the captain and sat down beside him. They sat in silence. The same thought flitted through the mind of each. Perhaps those men who were dead and the captain who was dying were luckier than they. Who could tell to what fate they were ordained? They were probably on one of the Twelve Apostles, a row of barren islets where existence would be impossible. For half an hour they sat beside the captain, who at last showed signs of returning consciousness.

His eyes opened slowly, and catching sight of Beausire, he said:

"How is she going?"

Beausire did not answer, and the captain closed his eyes again.

After a time he murmured;

"Beyond my experience in these waters."

He looked at Ivor and Beausire, and the sailors, who at that moment strolled up to them. He then seemed to realize the situation.

"Has she gone down?" he said, in a faint voice.

Ivor answered in the affirmative.

"I must telegraph to her owners," said the dying man. He made a feeble effort as though to rise, but it was fruitless, and he groaned aloud.

"Who else is there?"

Beausire beckoned to the Frenchman and Lola, and they came at his sign, the Frenchman hopping along on one leg.

"We are all the survivors," said Beausire.

Catching sight of the Spanish girl, the captain said:

"You two gentlemen must look after her now. I have sailed my last voyage. Name's Martinez. Brother a waiter in Scott's Hotel, in Melbourne. Don't forget. Lola Martinez is her name. Scott's Hotel—waiter. *Adios, señorita.*"

"He is dying!" cried the girl, startled out of her apathy. "Farewell, Sir Captain!"

The captain closed his eyes again.

"He is dead!" said Lola, as she knelt down beside him.

Beausire raised her, and put his finger on his lip, as the captain opened his eyes and began to speak again.

"Is it the Apostles?"

"We don't know," said Ivor.

Again the captain closed his eyes and became unconscious once more.

The survivors stood in a sort of circle round him and watched him.

The minutes wore away, and it seemed as though he had spoken his last.

The sailor, ever with an eye to the weather, had turned round to the quarter from which the wind was blowing, and he said to Ivor in a sepulchral voice:

"The fog's lifting, sir. It will be clear directly."

Ivor glanced up, and saw a huge, formless mass looming up out of the mist. It gradually assumed shape as the mist slowly cleared away. What he saw was a barren hill, which looked very high, owing to the want of contrast. By degrees the outline of it became quite plain, and he saw that thousands of birds were flying about its sides.

From what he knew, this could not be one of the Twelve Apostles.

He was about to call Beausire's attention to the birds, when the captain's voice changed his intention.

"It seems clear," he said in a faint voice.

Ivor and Beausire knelt on either side of him.

"Could you raise me up a little?" said the captain.

"Do you think you can bear it?"

"Bear it or not don't matter. This is my last trip. Lift me up to have a look."

They motioned the three others away, and then raised him very carefully, so that his eyes might light upon the hill in front of them.

He scanned the scene carefully, and a faint smile broke over his face as he said in a firmer voice:

"By Heaven! it's Hog! You're all right!"

After this effort he sank back in their arms unconscious, and never spoke again.

In half an hour he was dead.

During that time no one had spoken, and when he had ceased to breathe, Ivor and Beausire rose simultaneously from beside him and walked away.

"What's to be done, Ivor?"

"We must bury these poor fellows as soon as we can. It won't do for them to be lying about longer than is necessary."

"But how?"

"We must bury them down on the sand there. I daresay we shall find something from the wreck to dig graves with."

"The whole of the other side of this ledge is strewn with wreckage of all descriptions."

"Very well; we had better send the sailor to find something for it."

"What are we to do for shelter? We are all wet through, and unfortunately have no change of clothes with us," said Beausire, with a feeble effort at a joke.

"Let them dry on us; we shan't get any harm. Come on; let us see about burying these poor fellows."

Some four hours later four heaps of sand marked the spot where the captain and the three sailors lay in their last home.

"What did the captain mean by Hog?" said Beausire to Ivor, when the work was done.

"This is Hog Island. There is another island not very far off called Inaccessible. They are the bleakest and dampest islands in the whole Southern Sea."

"A nice lookout for us."

"We shall be all right. Didn't you hear the captain say so? There is, or at any rate was, a *cache* here filled with provisions to meet emergencies of this kind."

"What!" shouted Beausire. "You are light in the head, Ivor."

"No; I am not. There has been a *cache* here—which is regularly supplied—ever since some poor devils were wrecked here some years ago."

"Then for Heaven's sake let's go and find it, for I am starving, and thought that for some years at least I should have to subsist on raw penguin."

Ivor laughed, and scanning the beach for a time, said:

"It must be somewhere up there," pointing toward the northern part of the island.

"Come on, then," said Beausire, who was not yet fully convinced that Ivor was not romancing.

When, however, a quarter of an hour later he and Ivor came upon the *cache*, placed on a wide ledge of rock and sheltered from the wind, he sat down beside it, and his voice was husky, as he said:

"This beats everything."

Ever since they had been cast on shore, Beausire's thoughts had turned on this one point: "What were they to subsist upon?" It was obvious that the vessel had been blown far out of her course, and they were probably on an island where food was unprocurable. Visions of half a dozen wasted and starving human beings had risen in his mind, and against his will, stories of cannibalism, induced by starvation, had come back to him.

With this thought in his mind he had maintained a cheerful disposition, and had carefully avoided the subject of food.

It was only when the painful scenes through which they had lately passed had drawn to a close, when the four mounds of sand reminded him of the inevitable end of life, that the horror of the situation had forced itself upon him.

Now that the strain had been suddenly removed, his emotion had got the better of him.

He put his head between his hands, and did not speak for some minutes.

Finally looking up at Ivor, he said:

"It is merely a question of waiting, then?"

Ivor nodded.

"How long, do you suppose?"

"I don't know. I should hardly think that they would allow more than a couple of years to elapse before coming to see that everything was right."

"Who looks after it?"

"I believe it is a joint transaction between England and France."

They opened the *cache* and found, as Ivor had expected, supplies sufficient to last their small band for years. Tinned meats and biscuits, rum and brandy in quantity.

Beausire's natural gayety soon drove away the thoughts which had troubled him prior to the knowledge that they would not starve.

He sat down beside the *cache*, and burst out laughing.

"What's the matter?" said Ivor.

"I am laughing at the absurdity of the situation, of course."

"Why?"

"This is the very tamest shipwreck in the whole annals of disaster at sea. Here we are thrown on an island hundreds of miles from anywhere, to find meat and drink ready to our hand. We might just as well have been wrecked in Piccadilly."

"I see nothing to laugh at," answered Ivor. "If we had not been wrecked here on this particular spot, I don't think there would have been much to laugh at. I don't know whether there is a *cache* on Inaccessible or not. I only know of this one from the engineer who told me a grisly tale about some poor devils who were wrecked here some years ago."

"It will certainly be slow work until we are picked up. Got any baccy, old chap?"

"Only a doddle in my pipe, and that is soaked with sea-water."

"Good Lord! the prospect of life on a desert island without tobacco is certainly not pleasant."

"There are a good many other things which you will feel the want of before long, I am afraid. It will take us all our time to be civil to one another after a month or two, I expect. The society is strictly limited. There is no club. There are no books, no amusements, nothing but the bare means of existence and our ingenuity."

"I daresay we shall manage on that all right. You have forgotten clothes—of sorts. Didn't you see those bales of cotton stuff on the beach? There must be two or three dozen of them washed up."

"Yes, I saw them. We shall have the necessaries of life—even fire—if we get anything sufficiently dried to burn."

"What do you mean?"

Ivor pointed to his belt, which held some sixty or seventy cartridges.

"If we can get some tow dried, if there is any washed up, or seaweed, or anything inflammable, we can soon light it with some of these."

Beausire put his hand to his belt, and said:

"By Jove! I left my revolver in the cabin before I went up to the chart-house, but I have some cartridges. We shall do all right. What are you looking so glum about, old chap—one would almost think that you are sorry you were not drowned?"

Ivor smiled, as he answered:

"Not exactly; but I see rocks ahead."

"How do you mean?"

"Wait till we reach them—perhaps we won't, after all—and then we can steer clear of them."

"I am sure I don't know what you are driving at. I for one am contented enough to have escaped as easily as I have."

"What I am most afraid of," said Ivor, prevaricating with intention, "is the weather. I believe this infernal damp mist is practically the only sample of weather we get here."

"It is better than the damper damp of a grave in the sea," said Beausire, with a laugh.

"There I agree with you. Come, we must go down to the others, or they will be thinking of a meal of raw penguin. Take a tin of

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that beef and a bottle of brandy. I'll take the biscuits."

Beausire again burst out laughing.

"This is too sublimely ridiculous for words. We ought to rush up to our comrades who are on the point of death with starvation, fall exhausted at their feet, and bring them back to life by pouring down their throats the warm blood of an antelope which we have just managed to run down after a chase on foot of five hours over the prairie. Instead of that, you calmly ask me to pick up a tin of pressed beef and a bottle of brandy and come along to breakfast. Doesn't it strike you as funny?"

"It strikes me as being extremely convenient, however prosaic; and I don't doubt but that our companions in misfortune will prefer the beef and brandy to the antelope's blood of tradition. Come on. Let us try them."

"It's a poor-class shipwreck," said Beausire, as they started along the shore.

It was scarcely six hours since the ship had struck, but as the Frenchman and Lola had, owing to unforeseen circumstances, not touched any solid food for nearly forty hours, they were particularly sharp-set, and they had told each other in Spanish several dozen times that they were hungry.

The morose English sailor was of no service to them, for he knew neither the French nor the Spanish for hunger.

He certainly had mentioned four or five times, in response to the frantic signs of the Frenchman, that he was "——— 'ungry."

When Ivor and Beausire came in sight, the sailor was actually engaged in slaughtering some silly penguins, who could do no more than waddle a yard or two at his approach.

He was obviously about to try a meal of penguin, which, if accomplished, would probably have rendered any thought of food nauseous to him for some time to come.

The Frenchman, whose sprained ankle incapacitated him for walking, hailed the food with delight. A slow smile of satisfaction spread over the features of Lola, but she had no words.

The sailor, called away from his work of slaughter, dropped the penguins and sauntered up, and seeing the tinned beef and biscuits, said in a surly tone:

"One of these ——— islands where they've put provisions, I suppose. I 'ave 'eard say that there was some on 'em about 'ere, but I never believed it till now."

He showed no surprise, nor, indeed, had he shown any feeling of any sort since they had been cast ashore. After feeling his person to see if he had broken no bones, he had cursed freely, spat on the ground, hitched his trousers, and strolled to see if there was any one else saved. He was not surprised that they were wrecked. He was not surprised that he should have been saved or escaped any injury on that rock-bound coast. He took everything as a matter of course, and would have cursed equally heartily if he had not been wrecked and if there had been no storm. He ate his food heartily, and took his brandy with evident relish.

There was, happily, no necessity for short rations; there was sufficient food for at least fifty people for a year. The sailor, after taking stock of Ivor for some minutes, asked with an oath for some more brandy.

Ivor's brows contracted; this was one of the difficulties which he had foreseen.

"You have had enough, and will get no more to-day."

"Who says so?" demanded the sailor, in a menacing tone of voice.

"I do," answered Ivor, rising.

"And who in thunder gave you the right to say how much I am to have?"

"I have assumed the right," said Ivor, quietly, "and if you pretend to question it in any way, my answer is here." As he said this, he touched the pistol which lay in its case fixed on to his belt.

The sailor glared from Ivor to Beausire, and made as though he would speak. He thought better of it, however, and solaced himself with oaths.

"I quite agree with my friend," said Beausire, "and am fully prepared to recognize him as the head of this little community, and to help him in the exercise of his authority, if necessity should arise."

Beausire was rather proud of this little speech, and metaphorically patted himself on the back.

The Frenchman, aware that these heavy islanders were in dispute, looked up and said:

"Hullo, what's the matter?"

Beausire explained, and asked him if he was prepared to recognize Ivor as the chief of the party.

"Why, certainly," answered Anatole.

Lola was not asked, for obvious reasons. The question of cold or hunger did not come into consideration in this matter.

"Then that is all right. You see you are in a minority of one," said Beausire to the sailor, "and the best thing you can do under the circumstances is to climb down."

The sailor expectorated freely, and muttered that he "didn't care a darn who was boss, so long's 'e got 'is grub reg'lar."

So the matter was satisfactorily settled. After all, the man with the gun usually has the best of the argument.

"The first thing we have to do," said Ivor, "is to put up some sort of shelter for the night. There is enough wreckage about to build a dozen huts."

Beausire, glancing at Lola's exceedingly scanty attire, said:

"Hadn't we better get hold of some of those cotton things for the girl first? A night-dress and a pilot-coat are hardly full dress for a girl even on Hog Island."

Lola, aware that she was the subject of conversation, turned her glorious eyes on Ivor and Beausire, and smiled at them. Conscious of the inadequacy of her costume, she had remained in a sitting posture all the time that the men were present.

"Yes, you are right, Beausire. Tell her that we are going to get her more clothes, and ask the Frenchman if he can walk if we help him along."

Beausire laughed as he said:

"I can't tell the girl, because I don't know how. I must get Anatole to try to explain to her."

He told Anatole to tell her that they were going across to the north side of the island to get clothes for her, and that she was not to be afraid.

Anatole obeyed with alacrity.

"Don't be afraid; we are going, but—Confound it all, she don't understand a word!"

Lola, thinking that in all probability Anatole was paying her a compliment, smiled at him. He then proceeded, by a series of grotesque signs, to show her that they were going to return.

Lola, after a time, signified, also by signs, that she understood, and the four men retired to the other side of the island.

The Frenchman limped along between Ivor and Beausire, and was occupied in a labor of love in opening out a bale of variegated cotton stuff and selecting suitable colors for his beloved.

Seasickness and his subsequent immersion had considerably damped his ardor temporarily; but now that he was safe on land again, and everything pointed to a prolonged enjoyment of her society, his passion returned with an added piquancy.

After some hours' work the men had managed to erect a temporary shelter for themselves, and another, some hundred yards away, for Lola, purposing to make them more stable in the course of time. The sailor worked well, though sullenly. He seemed to have a "scunner" against the entire world.

Everything was practically ready to their hands. The ship had been shattered within ten yards of the mainland, and her timbers were thrown up to and covered all that part of the shore. Even a few odd tools were found among the débris. Their labors were saddened by the discovery of the bodies of many of the crew. These they collected and covered up temporarily—to be buried on the morrow—to protect them from the mass of birds, albatrosses and gulls of all kinds, which, now that the storm had ceased, were flying around in myriads and rending the air with their piercing shrieks.

By nightfall they had made all preparations possible, and despite the fact that their clothes were by no means yet dried, they all managed to sleep the sleep of exhaustion.

This was the one great drawback to their comfort—nothing was dry, the air was damp and clammy. Everything saved from the sea—sodden with salt water—would take long to dry.

As Beausire lay in his damp clothes, sheltered by the still dripping timbers of the ship which went to form their temporary hut, he was fain to confess, after all, it was a respectable shipwreck.

They spent the three following days in finding and burying all the bodies which they could, and after that they were compelled to desist. Even the coarse sailor could no longer suffer the sights and odors which were submitted to him, and the immense crowd of birds which wheeled and screamed above them, or rose in a dense mass from some particular spot, had well-nigh rendered their work unnecessary.

In their wanderings, they found that the island consisted mainly of one mountain, which they guessed to be about a thousand feet high. Around its base was a slender shelf of shingly and rocky beach, and on the north side the beach was much narrower than in other parts. It seemed to be as barren a spot as could well be conceived. Trees there were none; a sort of rusty, coarse grass formed the only vegetation, with the exception of a tough, cabbage-like shrub which grew in places. It was indeed the abomination of desolation.

All along the rocky ledges of the shore were myriads of silly penguins, which either made no attempt to escape on their approach, or which flopped into the water in a lumpish, helpless manner.

The Frenchman alone seemed to find some amusement in *ces droles*; and the sailor, with the true Englishman's desire of slaughter, killed two or three from pure wantonness, until warned by Ivor to desist.

After four days' perambulation of the shore, Beausire felt bound to confess that from the romantic point of view the island would do, but that from other standpoints the shipwreck was not by any means in accordance with accepted precedent.

CHAPTER XIV.

LIFE ON HOG ISLAND—IVOR'S FEARS ARE REALIZED.

On those rare days when the mist was entirely absent, they could see, some fifty or sixty miles away, the rugged outline of another island, which Ivor said was Inaccessible, and he told Beausire the story of the girl who had the misfortune to be born on that island, on which her parents had wrecked. Thinking to impress this incident on the infant's memory, and to record their sense of thankfulness at being saved from the sea, they christened her "Inaccessible;" as her surname was Onions, the combination was not a happy one, but the poor girl had to face the world weighted with these two cacophonous names. They were certainly a drawback to matrimony. One would pause before having one's engagement to Miss Inaccessible Onions published in the *Morning Post*.

Being in the "Roaring Forties," the wind always blew from the west with a touch of north in it, and nearly always with the same force, amounting to something more than a strong breeze.

On the lee side of the island, however, where they had erected their huts, it was always comparatively calm and pleasant enough when the mist cleared off and gave them a view of the deep-blue waves, crested with foam, which rolled over eastward.

Under the shelter of the island itself the tiny wavelets rippled on to the tawny sand timidly, as though they had never known what it was to be anything but inoffensive little creatures, born to lap in and out of the bays, and softly caress the shore.

It was hard to believe that this was the same sea which had tossed about their ship as a plaything, and had hurled it with irresistible force on to the land which was now their home. It was hard to believe that the wind which, in their shelter, passed over them sighing and whispering was the same wind which for twenty-four hours had shrieked and howled like a thing possessed.

At first the bird life of the island served to amuse and interest them. The incessant clatter of the penguins, as they sat upright in rows upon the ledges of rock—thousands upon thousands of them—interested for a time. At times they would slide off into the water, and return with a fish in their mouths. This appeared to constitute their whole existence—to chatter, and eat, and sleep. Sailors will tell you that if you put a wick down a penguin's throat and set it alight it will burn just as though it were in a bowl of oil.

Beausire had suggested that possibly a fresh penguin might be a change from everlasting "tinned nigger," as he called the beef; but being informed that penguin probably had the flavor of rancid oil, he made no further suggestion on the point.

The sailor improvised fishing lines and caught some fish from time to time.

They had already a fire. Ivor's revolver shot into a heap of dried paper and chips of wood had caused a little excitement; but when it was seen that even fire was easily procurable, life had but little interest for them. Food, fire, fuel and shelter they had, and this they had in abundance—a great deal more than about a fourth of the population of London can ever hope to have—and yet life was not worth living—at any rate, to at least two of them.

Even the fact that in the course of time—be it longer or shorter—they were bound to be rescued should they be alive, did not serve to remove the feeling of impatience and fretfulness from the minds of Ivor and Beausire.

Had there been difficulty in keeping body and soul together they would have felt none of this *ennui*.

There was nothing to complain of but the weather, and they had exhausted all the possible epithets to describe that any time during the last twenty years in England.

Lola had, with deft feminine fingers, made herself garments which supplied all the needs of decency and comfort. When the weather was colder than usual, she donned the pilot coat, the buttons of which she kept brightly polished with sand. After a month's residence on the island there was nothing more to be done in the way of making matters more comfortable.

The men's hut and Lola's were separated, some hundred yards apart.

After his ankle had become sufficiently strong to allow him to work, Anatole had done so with a will, using all his skill and ingenuity in order to render her as comfortable as possible. Her bed of dried seaweed was selected carefully by him; he picked out any little thing from it which might possibly hurt her as she lay upon it. He stuffed an improvised pillow with the softest grass which he could find, and, when possible, talked to her incessantly.

By degrees she began to pick up some French and English words and phrases, until her conversation, though consisting of the strangest agglomeration of words culled from three separate languages, was more or less intelligible.

The dining-hut was close to Lola's. Ivor had insisted on the construction of this in order to prolong as much as possible the time of action, knowing full well that when everything which was necessary had been done, the time would hang heavily on every one's hands.

It was Lola's duty to look after the commissariat, and Ivor set the Frenchman and the sailor, who both had clasp-knives, to cut some rude platters for their food.

The time inevitably came when there was nothing to do but wait.

The sailor did not mind, because his ideal existence consisted of plenty of food, nothing to do, and too much to drink. The last requirement he—luckily for himself and the others—could not gratify. Ivor had given him distinctly to understand that any attempt on his part to steal or obtain more brandy or rum than was served out to him would meet with summary punishment. The sailor, aware from Ivor's eye that he meant what he said, forbore to steal, b used all the arts of which he was master obtain an extra glass now and then fr Lola. His efforts, however, were in vain.

Lola was contented enough. She, too, h enough to eat, had no desire for brandy, a was thoroughly engrossed in thinking nothing at all. She could have done wit larger and more varied wardrobe, it is tr but as things went, she was not so badly

Anatole was happy and in despair at t same time. He was madly, passionately love with Lola, who received all his prot tations of adoration and fidelity with t same sweet smile as ever.

She simply would not take the trouble learn anything but the simplest and m necessary phrases, and in consequence h conversations with Anatole consisted mai of disjointed words of Spanish and Frenc He followed her about like a dog, and it w obvious that his devotion was gradual awakening something more than interest her heart.

She had a horror of the gruff sailor w had no manners. The exaggerated poli ness and deference of Anatole correspond more nearly with the outward devoti shown to all her sex, in all grades of soci in Spain.

In Ivor and Beausire she recognized t superiority in station, which made her a dress them as *caballeros*. Anatole was ready Anatole to her, and the sailor *el burr* —*i.e.*, the "great donkey."

Ivor did his utmost to provide work the men, but in that little republic of whi he had assumed the presidency labor, bei unprofitable, was at a discount.

He and Beausire spent many days in e ploring the island. They had never reach the top of the hill—the mist, as a rule, ma ing climbing dangerous, and they had di covered that on the most precipitous par the albatrosses had begun to nest, and a proach was, in consequence, a matter great danger. The sailor spent most of t day stolidly fishing, so Anatole and L had the field to themselves. Lola was qu prepared to flirt indefinitely with him.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 6.]

◆

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIR OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

[The following poem, written by William Kno Scottish poet of considerable talent, has been wid published. It was a great favorite with Presid Lincoln, by whom it was often recited.]

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast-flying clo
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall f
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and high
Shall molder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who pro
The husband that mother and infant who bles
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath b
The brow of the priest that the miter hath w
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brav
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grav

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to re
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats to steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we trea

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow whose eye
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are
And the memory of those who loved her praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased

The saint who enjoyed the communion of Hea
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dus

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behol
To repeat every tale that has often been told

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have see
We drink the same stream and view the s sun—
And run the same course our fathers have r

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers w think;
From the death we are shrinking our fat would shrink:
To the life we are clinging they also would cl
But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wi

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haugh cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slu will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladne dumb.

They died, aye! they died; we things tha now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their br
And make in their dwellings a transient abo
Meet the things that they met on their pilg age road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and p
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draft of a br
From the blossom of health to the palene death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be prou

WILLFUL PENELOPE.*

BY EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS,

Author of "A Conqueror of Fate," "Little Kit," "At a Great Cost."

["WILLFUL PENELOPE" was commenced in No. 48. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE home that awaited Penelope was certainly a strange one. It was, perhaps, the best thing that could have happened to her, this plunge into a different life, almost into a different sphere.

She left Stevenstone in a dazed sort of way. She had no distinct recollection of anything that occurred during the last two hours she passed there before entering the train that conveyed her to London.

The torrent of tears that had rushed from her overcharged heart had only relieved her for the moment. Once the paroxysm was over, she seemed to feel anew the icy band across her brows and about her heart, the old trouble returned, and brought with it a fresh one.

Denis, as she had last seen him, as he had appeared before her in the old garden, as he had spoken—this figure of Denis was photographed on her mind and on her eye indelibly. Look which way she might, she could see nothing but his handsome, miserable face—could hear nothing but that hard, passionate voice speaking out his despair and reproaches.

And, of a truth, Penelope had no need of these last. She had known only too surely that she had erred. Others might and would, no doubt—even Denis himself, in his ordinary mood, would—have been of the opinion that her fault had been only a little one, and was, indeed, a folly, not a wrong; but Penelope did not exonerate herself for one moment—did not offer a single excuse for herself.

The hot intolerance of her girlish pride, which had been stirred up to rebellion by Marcia Rochdale's sneers, received no mercy from her now. She utterly condemned her past conduct. She called her reckless defiance of Denis's love by a very harsh name. She felt that his accusation had been true to the last letter when he had turned on her and said:

"You acted a lie once!"

She had acted a lie—she had wantonly deceived him. She had played and mocked with the most sacred feelings of her heart, her love for her mother; and what was the result?

She had been anxious to let Denis see that there was one poor girl in the world who was not desirous of scheming for himself and for his wealth, and she had succeeded admirably. She had met the first warmth and tenderness of his love by an icy wind. She had chilled him with disappointment and disillusion, and she had done worse, she had destroyed the faith and chivalrous belief that had been one of his strongest traits.

Through her, Denis had lost his happiness, and though she, out of all the world, was the one being who lived for and in him in future, they must never meet, or she would become to him even a worse influence than she had been in the past.

She could not think calmly or even connectedly on this question just yet; she could only shiver with hopeless misery, and a regret that was bitter as death.

Doctor Westall noted the signs of her tears on her white face; but he knitted his brows and shook his head slightly. He was not satisfied with her looks, and he drew Kate on one side as they were starting, and impressed upon her that if her young mistress should be ill she was to send for him at once and without delay.

The journey to the town was accomplished by Penelope in the same heavy, dreamy fashion; but once arrived at the busy London terminus, she met with the first beneficial touch of the new life before her.

Kate, though very willing, was absolutely no use at all; indeed, Penelope, going quickly to and fro about the platform searching for her scattered property, had to turn anxious eyes now and then on the ruddy-cheeked little maiden, whose simple brain was absolutely appalled by the confusion around her, just to see that she was not missing too.

All this was exactly what was needed to rouse the girl out of the lethargic spirit of despair that had fallen upon her, and when at last she had marshalled her forces—in other words, had laden two four-wheelers with her belongings, and was being driven slowly and with a certain amount of rickety indecision out of the station, her face had regained a little of the look it used to wear.

"Uncle Hartwick said I was to give the cabman only eighteen pence, but I don't think that will be quite enough—do you, Kate?" she said, with a faint, weary shadow of her former sunny laugh.

Unconsciously, as she rolled through the dark streets of England's greatest metropolis, Penelope felt herself emerging out of the cloudland of the past few weeks; what, under other circumstances, would no doubt have been a depressing undertaking now fulfilled a very different mission.

Not all the tonics and tender nursing of Doctor Westall could have been so beneficial to the girl as this journey into an unknown land, as it were, with the necessity of being self-reliant, self-dependent and quick of thought and action forcing itself upon her at every turn.

Mr. Desborough lived in an old-fashioned street in Brompton. Penelope remembered to have heard her mother say he had been there nearly all his life. The winter dusk had deepened into darkness when the two cabs pulled up before the door of an extremely dingy house, with not a glimmer of light to be seen throughout its many windows.

The arrival of so much luggage at this house attracted considerable attention in the street; and as Penelope emerged from the cab, followed by Kate, she found an observant crowd of nearly a dozen people waiting to watch her proceedings with much curiosity.

Always irritated by the thought of publicity, Penelope rang a sharp peal at the bell, and while the cabman, assisted by two disreputable looking creatures who had run after the "fares," began taking down the luggage, she stood waiting for admittance.

The admittance was a long time coming, but it came at last. The door was opened with a great deal of fuss, the rattling of chains and the pulling of bolts, and then there appeared a rather dirty-looking, unshaven man in a seedy suit of black that might once have served as a butler's livery.

This man gazed in awestruck amazement at the spectacle before him.

"Mercy take us!" he exclaimed, as well as he could speak for horror; then he retreated against the wall, and called in an excited way:

"Master! Master!"

Penelope gave a sigh of relief.

"This is not my uncle, at any rate," she thought, swiftly.

Quick to act, she stepped into the hall, and gave directions to Kate to carry in some of the smaller things; and then she turned at the sound of a voice, and found herself face to face with the master of the house, henceforth to be her guardian and companion.

Sore at heart as she was, with an aching head and a weariness in all her limbs, Penelope could scarcely refrain from smiling at the odd-looking individual she beheld.

Mr. Desborough was a thin, erect man with a clean-shaven face; he was dressed in an old-fashioned style, wearing the high, black stock of our grandfathers and the double-breasted frock coat to match. On his white-haired head was a very tall hat; his hands were covered with black gloves, and he stood leaning on an umbrella.

"You are my niece, Penelope Desborough, I presume," he said, in the softest and sweetest voice Penelope ever remembered to have heard. Certainly it was not the voice of a curmudgeon, as Doctor Westall termed her uncle; it might have belonged to a woman. "You are my niece. I have been expecting you, but I have not been expecting a circus or a menagerie. This house is not built with sufficient accommodation for such things." Mr. Desborough glanced with a pair of keen, dark eyes at the crowd of boxes and men assembled in his doorway. "I think you have made a mistake. You had better go to the 'Pantechnicon;' there is more room there," he said.

Penelope laughed outright now.

"I shall not mind him," she thought quickly to herself. "He has humor, and that is a great thing,"

"I don't know where the 'Pantechnicon' is, uncle," she answered him, as gravely as possible, "and I assure you there is not a live animal among my possessions. Of course, if you prefer it, I will leave them outside; but it would be a pity, because I have some odds and ends of valuables in my boxes."

Mr. Desborough made no answer to this, but turned to his servant with a grand air.

"See that my niece's baggage is conveyed up to her apartment. Her wench will tell you where the things should be placed. Niece Penelope, come with me. There is a particularly cold wind to-day, and as it will have to run through the passages for the next half hour, we are better away from it."

Penelope followed him at once, after telling the old servant to come to her for the money to pay the cabs, and she soon found herself in a good-sized room, which, though shabbily furnished, was not in the least uncomfortable; on the contrary, it had almost a cozy air, and its walls of books from floor to ceiling gave it the look of a study.

Mr. Desborough politely made way for his niece to approach the fire, and while she stood looking about her he fixed his keen eyes upon her beauty and scrutinized her well.

By and by Penelope, bringing her gaze round, met his, and at the contact they both smiled.

"Well," said Mr. Desborough, "are you satisfied? Is the picture correct? There are no canvas bags of gold, or a solitary starved cat to mew over a dead hearth, but I can give you plenty of proofs that you are in the home of a miser, if you so desire them!"

Penelope colored faintly.

"Dear uncle—" she began, in some confusion.

But Mr. Desborough laughed with just a touch of bitterness, and then he grew complacent again.

"As if I did not know all you have been told about me," he said, in that same caressing voice. "I have become a popular legend by this time, and you must prepare yourself, Penelope, for a very hard life of it with me, for the legend is not without good foundation."

Penelope had taken off her hat, and she looked up at him with her sweet eyes full of a sudden tenderness; her beautiful young face wearing a smile to match the eyes.

"I believe," she said, softly, "that I shall be very happy with you. At least," she added, and this time she spoke hurriedly, "it will be my own fault if I am not!"

Mr. Desborough glanced at her again keenly, and his white eyebrows contracted a little.

"You will not be frightened then?" he said. "It is not exactly an ordinary household; for one thing, there is rarely any food to be found here, and for another—as you see—like the miller in the old conundrum, I always wear a hat, though not always a white one."

Penelope tried not to laugh, but did not succeed very well. Even in these first early moments of acquaintance she discovered there was a strong chord of sympathy between herself and her unconventional relative; that the fund of humor and fun which so distinguished her had a decided place in the character of this curious old man, who was like no one Penelope had ever met in her life before.

"I am not easily frightened," she said, in her pretty fashion, and she put out her hand as she spoke; "and I don't mind how many hats you wear, so that I am not obliged to wear them, too."

Mr. Desborough looked at her for a moment in silence, while he stroked the little hand lying so confidently in his.

"You were like her when my eyes first rested on you," he said, suddenly, abruptly, and with his voice a little harsh now; "but the likeness goes as I see you in the light."

Penelope did not speak, she only left her hand in his.

To her illimitable sympathy, to her heart, tuned as it was in such a minor key, a whole life's history was conveyed to her in this speech.

She seemed to know all, to see back into the past, to understand much that might have been perplexing.

This man had loved her mother—through his hopeless love he had become what he was now—he had shut himself out of life and all that made life livable.

He had earned for himself hard names; and he deserved none of the world's reproach, none of its contempt.

"I must try and seem like her," Penelope said, very gently, when she spoke; and then she drew a little nearer. "I am sure it would have given her happiness to have known of your goodness to me. She had always a tender word for you."

The old man made no answer, but the keen, dark eyes grew soft and his touch closed over the small hand. Suddenly he bent forward and kissed the beautiful young face with his withered lips, and then, in a swift way, he loosened his hold and became his former self.

"I have written out a set of rules and regulations, Penelope, which I shall be obliged if you will kindly peruse and then hang up in some prominent place on your wall, so that you may not forget my wishes. You will find two rooms allotted to you. They are not decorated in the most modern fashion, but they are not devoid of comfort. Your grandmother, my sainted mother, used them for many years. Downs, my butler, is at your command, and if you like to dispense with the cost of your maid, you can use him instead."

Penelope had great difficulty in preventing a smile. It was wonderful to her to find herself inclined to smile at all, but she seemed as though she were a different person, at all events for the moment, than she had been four or five hours back on this same day.

She took the large piece of cardboard, on which a series of rules were inscribed in a legible hand; and as soon as she had settled her cabs—about which matter there ensued a tremendous amount of haggling and quarreling, which tended to show that thrift was certainly not an unknown quality in the establishment—Penelope followed her uncle's spare, erect figure up the dingy staircase, and found herself eventually in her own rooms, which were by no means distasteful to her, although they were not so clean as they might have been.

"I shall leave you now, Penelope. On perusing that," pointing to the card she held, "you will get an idea of the hours at which I breakfast, lunch and dine; if you want anything extra—tea or such like luxuries—you must purchase them yourself. I understand you can afford to do this, and it is a just arrangement. You seem to be possessed of a good deal of property," Mr. Desborough added, as he glanced about him; then he stood at attention. "I hope you will try and be happy here, Niece Penelope. I trnst your maiden will not destroy anything, and will behave herself in a seemly fashion."

Kate, who was staring round-eyed at the speaker, broke into a flood of tears as Mr. Desborough withdrew.

"Lor', Miss Penelope, what do he mean? I ain't done nothink for sure, have I?"

Penelope soothed her devoted follower in her own sweet fashion.

"You must not mind all my uncle says. He is not quite like everybody else, Kate; but I am sure he will be kind and good, for all that."

Kate was rather dubious as she dried her eyes.

"Well, Miss, I hope so. Only it is all so queer, and I don't see why you should have rules given you just as if you were at a board school. Lor', Miss Penelope, this is a funny place!"

Penelope looked back at the speaker. She had put the list of regulations on the mantel-shelf.

Although she was not afraid of the strange life into which she had stepped, nor of her strange uncle, and she was quick to recognize the good she was already deriving from it, she still could not resist a natural pang of fear and loneliness conveyed in the possibility of Kate's leaving her all alone.

So long as Kate remained, there was something left to her out of the past—that past which, with all its later days of darkness and misery, held such a wealth of happiness, of love, of sweet remembrance of girlish dreams that had seemed realities.

"You will not go away just yet, Kate, will you?" she said wistfully. "You will try to put up with—"

"You think I'd leave you now, Miss Penelope!" cried Kate, in amazement. "Lor', Miss, you couldn't think so! Why, I'd never be happy 'cept along of you. And I've got to take care of you. I promised I would to the doctor and to Mr. Latimar when he see me this morning. And, then, what do you think Miss Lucie would say, and my mother, too, if I was to go off and leave you all alone in this funny place? Why, I'd be the wickedest girl in the world!"

Kate, working away at refractory straps and locks of boxes, did not see that Penelope was crying now silently, but none the less passionately. The simple words had touched her heart's wound once again, and the relief that Doctor Westall had wished to see came at last. The tears she had shed in the morning had but inflamed her brain. But this weeping was different; it came from weakness and weariness, and, once it was over, would prove to have been as refreshing and good as a summer shower to the parched earth.

To prevent herself from giving way to the discomfort she felt in her young mistress's home, Kate bustled about, unpacked things, and strewed the old-world room with a litter and confusion.

She talked a good deal as she worked, but Penelope did not hear all she said, till, as the tears began to cease, she felt spurred to fresh courage and action by the energy of her faithful and loving companion.

"Let me help you, Kate. And I think you shall go downstairs, Kate, and ask my uncle, with my compliments, if he will excuse me from dining to-night. I see his dinner-hour is seven-thirty, and it is almost that now, and—"

"And then you'll let me make you some tea, Miss Penelope?" cried Kate, eagerly, as she hastened to obey. "See, I've brought our dear little kettle, and I've got everything, and I'll make you so comfortable. I am so glad I thought to bring all that sort of thing, because I couldn't go and ask that cross old thing downstairs." Kate was at the door by this time, nodding her head impatiently. "I went down to have a peep in the kitchen, you know, Miss, and it's horrible! He's got a big pair of scales on the dresser, and rows and rows of big brown jars and bottles on the floor; and they look so dreadful, Miss, just like that picture of the forty thieves in the book you gave me last Christmas."

Penelope's tears ended in laughter.

"You are a little goose, Kate; it's my belief you could soon frighten the old man," she said lightly; and then, as Kate tripped away, shaking her head dubiously, the door was shut and she was alone.

She stood for a moment motionless in the middle of the confusion. Her brain was clearer, her thoughts more concise than they had been for weeks.

"It is my duty," she said to herself, quietly, firmly, after a long silence of deep, earnest self-communion. "I must learn it as I would learn a hard lesson, and here alone, away from—from him, perhaps it will not be so difficult to forget. It must not be. I have courage and I have strength. Let me use both now to push Denis Latimar and all that touches him out of my life, out of my thoughts, out of my heart forever."

CHAPTER XX.

Days became weeks, weeks rolled into months. A summer had come and waned; winter had crept into autumn's place. It was Christmas-time again, and King Frost held high carnival.

A whole year had sped away. Penelope, sitting in the old dining-room of the dingy old house in Brompton, felt as though that year had been a century. Not that she had been unhappy. She had, indeed, at times felt almost happy.

It had been such a quiet, peaceful year. If

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she had been denied the rush and bustle of life that is the due of all young things, she had had other pleasures in their stead. She had lived in an atmosphere of love and culture.

From the moment she had entered Hartwick Desborough's strange home and had taken her place quietly and contentedly in a house whose prevailing characteristics were parsimony, cheerlessness, and depression, she had been received straight into the most sacred and tender corner of her uncle's heart.

Life had been one long monotony, but Penelope had never complained; indeed, as the weeks had slipped into months she had grown so used to the existence that a change would have been almost painful.

She found her uncle a most agreeable companion, a man learned beyond description; he was a musician in the truest sense of the word, and many were the hours of melody that were spent by the old man and the girl in the old-time house.

Sporadic warfare between Kate and Mr. Downs was the one and only excitement that broke the monotonous harmony of the life, excepting, of course, the occasional visits of Doctor Westall and the meeting between Lucie and Penelope when the elder sister returned for a short sojourn in England.

Letters came but seldom to the girl. Her friends in Stevenstone had written frequently at first, but by degrees these letters grew few and far between. Doctor Westall had not time for correspondence. Lucie's letters were regular, but not often, and Mrs. Rochdale sometimes remembered her niece, and sent her several pages, all about Marcia's grandeur and the social success she had made.

It was from Kate that Penelope got stray news about the inhabitants of Latimar Court and their doings.

Kate's mother never failed to write a weekly dispatch to her daughter, and Kate as regularly brought the dispatch to her mistress to be deciphered and discussed.

It was through this humble source that Penelope got a faint, sad touch of Denis's home life. The humble letter-writer had always something to say about the Latimars.

Marcia's unpopularity was the chief source of comment. According to this witness, young Mrs. Latimar had managed to make herself as much disliked in the short time she had reigned at the Court as she could well have done.

Hints were given of her ungovernable temper, and once there was mention made of the scandal that was running through the village because of some terrible scene which had occurred at the Court through Mrs. Latimar's being madly jealous on account of some young lady who was staying at the big house as guest.

From the same source, as the year waned, came the intelligence of the birth of a dead son and heir to Latimar Court. Her aunt wrote her the news also, with a long wail of despair.

She had so entreated Marcia not to do such and such a thing; to take great care not to expose herself to risks. But the dear girl had been strangely willful; probably she could not help her feelings—only the result was lamentable, for Denis had desired a son, and to have that son snatched from him by the mother's folly was really very hard.

Reading between the lines, Penelope could see only too well that her aunt—selfish and worldly as she was—was yet deeply mortified and distressed over the affair; and the girl's heart grew heavy and sad within her.

The task she had set herself the first day of her life under her uncle's roof had never been accomplished. It was an impossibility.

Forget Denis! She might as well have tried forgetfulness in drawing her breath. The mere fact of trying to push him from her thoughts, out of her heart, only strengthened his position there.

She never knew until she heard stray news of him what a longing there was within her to break the chord of silence between them, to learn how it fared with him from his own dear lips.

She prayed for him night and day; she followed the history of his domestic life with anxiety and dread. Alas! she knew only too well that dread must be fulfilled.

Did she not know him, and did she not know Marcia? What bond, what link, could there ever be of real sincerity or depth between this man and woman, who were as far asunder in nature as the two poles?

The news of the dead child struck Denis through Penelope's tenderest love. She could feel what a bitter blow, what a disappointment this must be to him. How much consolation and joy would be denied him. It was from her friend, Madge Riley, that she got at the keynote of the disaster. Miss Riley wrote unsparingly about Marcia:

> "I always thought Mrs. Latimar an unsympathetic woman, but I credited her with a quality she does not even seem to understand. As Marcia Rochdale, she appeared incased in a cold, hard pride, which, though repellent, was not contemptible. As Marcia Latimar, she is absolutely devoid of any pride whatever. She envelopes herself in a perpetual frenzy of jealousy, of suspicion, of hot anger as unreasoning as it is vulgar. Forgive me, Pen, dear, for writing so frankly about your cousin, but the truth cannot be hidden; and if you did not hear it from me, you would from some one else. Mrs. Latimar has already made herself the scandal of the place through her silly and uncomfortable conduct. She cannot bear her husband even to speak to another woman. She watches him like a cat does a mouse. She forgets dignity, position, even womanliness, when she imagines some cause for suspicion; and it is through this horrible folly on her part that she lies as ill as she does now, and that her child has been born dead. She persisted in driving to the meet at Old Winstead, when she ought not to have left the house. She had determined that poor Denis was actuated by every motive under the sun for following the hounds that day except the desire of a good sportsman to have a good day's sport; and so nothing would do but she must go, too, and sit and watch him with her lynx eyes and jealous brain. You have heard of the accident that happened to her carriage. I shall never forget the look on Denis Latimar's face as he realized the danger she had brought on herself. He does not love her. How can he, Pen, dear? She is a woman no one can love; but, oh! he is so good to her, and I am sure he would try to be happy with her, if she would only give him a chance. What fools these jealous women are! What tortures they give themselves, and what a pitiful place they have in the world's opinion for all their trouble and worry! I can't help feeling sorry for Marcia, for she must suffer tortures; but she has herself to thank for her suffering, and no one else. When are you coming to pay us your promised visit? Surely your queer old uncle will spare you for a little while. Do ask him."

To this letter Penelope had written a brief answer:

> "My poor, queer old uncle is very ill, Madge, dear, and I could not possibly leave him. I am all he has, and I love him very dearly. Some other day, when he gets better, I will try and come. Your description of Latimar Court has made me very sad. One feels an eagerness to try to set such things right; but, alas! it can never be, I fear. I will send you a few lines in a week or so. Just now I am all engaged in sick-nursing. My invalid is so grateful and so patient. I am so glad now I came to him, for I think I have given him some pleasure and comfort. He has a heart of gold, although he chooses to pose as a miser and to describe himself as an oddity. *Au revoir*, dear Madge."

These letters had been written early in December, and now it was early January. A month later, Penelope, sitting in the old sitting-room, was wearing the same black gown she had worn a year ago for her beloved mother. There was no outward sign to mark her grief, but in her heart there was a new void and a sorrow which would be long in healing,

For her uncle was dead! The illness of which she wrote to her friend grew worse each day, and as the joy-bells proclaimed the news of Christ's birth throughout the frost-bound country, the spirit of the quaint, gentle-hearted misanthrope was wafted away from earth forever.

Penelope had not known how much she loved her curious old companion till the moment when she realized she had lost him altogether. As she sat in his study and read the faded writings of his life's story as inscribed by the dead man many years before, Penelope could not help feeling a joy mingled with her sorrows as she realized that his last days on earth had been cheered and gladdened by the presence of Marian Desborough's child—that sweet angel-woman whom he had worshiped so reverently, so absolutely, all his life.

In the first moment of her grief the question of her future did not obtrude very much on Penelope's thoughts. She had grown used to the peaceful monotony of the past year; it would be hard to have to rouse herself and make plans.

Another very energetic brain, however, was not long in making those plans for her.

Mrs. Rochdale, who was staying at Latimar Court with her daughter, now convalescent, immediately packed her trunks and set off to join Penelope when she received through her husband news of old Hartwick Desborough's death, and of the fortune he had bequeathed to his niece.

"Some one must be with her. Lucie cannot be in England for weeks, if even she returns at all. Penelope cannot be left alone. She was my dear sister's child. I am the proper person to look after her. She must come to Rutland Gate, of course, and—"

And after that Mrs. Rochdale had flitted away, leaving Marcia plunged into bitter and jealous thoughts of Penelope.

How Marcia hated Penelope! In that blind, unreasoning way that constitutes the meaning of a really jealous person, she laid the root of all her disappointment at Penelope's door. Even the hundred and one affairs that had occurred during the past year of marriage to rouse her wild temper and ungovernable jealousy into contemptible action, faded into nothing when she thought of her cousin.

She knew the truth too well here. She knew that with Penelope there was real danger—good cause for doubt and suspicion. Penelope was the only woman Denis loved, and would love till his death. Was it a wonder Marcia hated her? Marcia, who hated the dumb animals that Denis caressed, and was even jealous of the very sunshine did her husband by chance express admiration for it! Yes, Marcia hated Penelope with a good hatred!

The year that had elapsed since the cousins had met had done nothing to tone down this hatred. As the love and despair and silent anguish grew and grew in Denis Latimar's heart when he thought of the love that had escaped him, so the jealous antagonism toward this same poor, lonely little love deepened and strengthened in Marcia Latimar's breast.

And now—now Penelope had become rich. She would emerge from her seclusion. She would take a prominent place in the world. She would, perhaps, be more beautiful than ever. What would happen? What when Penelope and Denis met once again, as meet they undoubtedly would? What would be the result?

The wretched woman, brooding over her thoughts till they grew into absolute reality and certainty, instead of being what they should have been, vague, indefinite, impossible of realization, drew a breath sharp as a dagger thrust.

"If she comes in my path, if she comes my power, I will not spare her—I will her! She shall not have Denis's love, then mock me! Denis is mine. He belo to me. Let her dare to take him from She may be strong, but I am stronger. I kill her! I will kill her!" And in such moment Marcia was capable of this evil, assuredly she was a madwoman.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 6.]

DARBY, THE BEAR-HUNTER OF ALASKA.

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS,

Author of "In the China Sea," "Two Gentlemen of Hawaii," etc.

["DARBY, THE BEAR-HUNTER OF ALASKA" was commenced in No. 47. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the News-dealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XXIX.

WITH the renewed energy born of our escape from bondage and what had seemed to be certain death, came a great impatience to once more strike the trail of Morrow and Bryant and to rescue from their hands the girls we loved.

While the boats, under the strokes of the powerful Kutchins, went skimming down the river toward the fort, assisted to greater speed by the active current, Maxom and I asked of Tahnag, if once, at least a hundred times, if he was *sure* there had been nothing near the fort that could by any stretch of the imagination be looked upon as a clue.

And as many times did the faithful chief answer us and say, No—there was none.

"But," said Maxom, in one of these instances, "they *must* have gone toward the fort. There is no other spot in this portion of Alaska to which they could go to seek shelter, unless they went up to the villages of the Kotch-a-Kutchins. You say they have not been seen there. That, then, seems to settle that end of it."

"But why do you feel so certain that they made for the fort?" I asked. "Might the statement—or the direction taken—be but a ruse to mislead us? When we were left behind they may have retraced their footsteps toward the towns in the south."

"The thing is possible," said Maxom, "yet I incline to my former opinion that they intended to make Fort Yukon and await there the first opportunity to go down the river to the coast. Once at St. Michael's they could obtain passage, if they wished it, on a fishing vessel for San Francisco. But they have had plenty of time in which to make the fort, provided their travels were uninterrupted. Not having reached that point, something must have happened them."

"But we don't *know* that they have not reached the fort," I said.

"No. Tahnag not see," said the chief. "Not say *no*. Only say *didn't see*."

"True," added Maxom. "I still bore that in mind. I am speaking now of the possibility of their having failed to reach it. The storm—that was a heavy factor against them."

"Admitting that our worst fears may be realized," I said, "what do you propose to do? If they are not at the fort, they are *somewhere*. Now, shall we go south in an attempt to meet them, or shall we assume that they have passed the fort, and so continue northward to overtake them?"

"It is difficult to say," said Maxom. "I would not like to map out a course until we reach the spot. Of one thing you may be certain. I am not going to give up the search."

"By no means," I replied. "While there is life in me I shall stick to you. Life has no charms for me now without Madge Marshall to share it with me."

Hadleigh, who had been lying in the bottom of the boat, raised his head, and resting on his elbow, looked at Maxom.

"I don't see why *you* keep up the racket," he said. "Julia will never marry you."

Maxom turned a calm face toward him, and with no trace of anger, said:

"I am happy to believe I know to the contrary. I have not only Miss Marshall's promise to be my wife, but also the consent of her father and his blessing. I am content with these proofs."

"But I've told you enough times that Julia was going to marry *me*," persisted Hadleigh.

Maxom bowed.

"I know you have told us so. There is, however, a possibility that you are mistaken. Be that as it may, I consider the subject ill-timed. The girls, if they are still alive, are in the greatest danger. Our first duty is to find them and rescue them, and punish the men who took them away and tried to kill Mr. Marshall. Whatever Miss Marshall may choose to do in the future does not weigh anything now. If she were sure to turn her face from me, no less would I risk my life for hers."

"If I thought she was going to throw me over, I wouldn't go another step after her," said the affectionate cousin.

"Hi!" said Tahnag, with a fine gesture contempt. "What done now? Poor wh man 'fraid. Done nothing but cry—cr like woman. Pooh!"

Hadleigh uttered an indignant protest this, and then subsided into a sulky silen

Turning from him in disgust, I fell to c templating the river scenery, the sno winter vista, that was spread out on all sid around us.

The portion of the river we were now was very wide—not less than four and, some cases, not less than seven miles.

Shortly after we had entered upon t broad sheet—not sheet, either, can it called, for the river hereabouts is filled wi islands — Maxom called to Tahnag a pointed toward the eastern bank.

"Would it not be a good plan to exami the old river hulk?" he asked.

"Heap good," said Tahnag, steering t boat in that direction.

On the snowy bank lay the rotten timbe of an old boat, evidently one of a primiti make, the propeller being a huge wheel li a mill-wheel, fastened to the stern.

"This wreck has been here many years said Maxom. "Its presence is well-know along the river, and as there are enough o the old planks left to make a sort of shelter, it is frequently used as such. The boat one belonged to the Western Fur Company, b this company, with all its belongings, pass into the possession of the Alaska Comm cial Company, of San Francisco. The bo was used in making regular trips up a down the river after furs, and once, duri a spring freshet, ran aground, and w allowed to remain there and rot."

We thoroughly examined the old hu and though there were evidences that t wreck had been visited since the last sn had fallen, there was nothing to indic whether the visitors had been wanderi white men or Indians.

We turned again out into the stream a hurried on to join the other boats.

Rounding a point, we came upon a str of empty boats being towed up stream several teams of dogs.

"Hi!" exclaimed Tahnag. "Tanan get home *now*. Find boats."

"Are these the boats you sent adrif said Maxom.

"Yes, same boats—*some*," said the Kot "Some go too far, get lost. Find so hurry back to Mesouga. Not know Meso dead. Hi!"

We were near enough to the shore to tract the attention of the drivers of the d

They looked at us, and seemed much s prised at our presence there.

"They don't understand the situatio said Maxom. "Tahnag, you had better plain it to them."

The Kotch chief uttered something in Indian tongue and pointed to us, then himself, and then to his warriors.

The Tananahs jabbered away in ter having no hope of anything but capt from the men who had destroyed Meso and his power.

"Tell them they have nothing to fe said Maxom. "Their worthless carcas are no good to us. Let them hurry and the remainder of the band down to the lages on the Tananah."

Tahnag repeated this, and we left the turning boat-hunters gazing in aston ment at the war-party who had a conqu in their hands and did not take it.

In a few hours after this meeting with Tananahs, I saw, on a projecting point the right bank, far ahead, two bastions a stockade, several log shanties and s tents.

"That must be Fort Yukon," I said, poi ing to the spot.

"That *was* Fort Yukon," replied Max "It is now called Old Fort Yukon. It is a point at the mouth of a small inlet, was for a good many years the most nor ern station of the Hudson Bay Compa The new fort is a little more than a m farther down, at the mouth of the Por pine. In truth, there is now no Fort Yu officially. From the Hudson Bay Comp it passed to the possession of the Ala Commercial Company, and was sustained them several years, and then abando The abandonment of the place by the c pany did not, however, mean the depop tion and disuse of it as a trading-post. a matter of fact, it is one of the most vantangeous posts in Northern Ala There are several white traders there, w their families—a sort of commonwealth

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ing been established between them—and here congregate hundreds of Indians from up and down the Yukon, up the Porcupine, and from the far north, including the Kowaks. Thousands of dollars' worth of furs are exchanged there every year. The *Yukon*, the Alaska Company's steamer, still makes regular trips up the river, and stops at Fort Yukon about twice a year to buy furs."

The boats were still speeding through the water, and we quickly passed the old fort.

"It looks dilapidated," I said.

"Not only looks, but *is*," replied Maxom. "It is being used up for fuel by the company's steamer, which stops for a supply on every trip."

Not long after this I saw some more bastions, a stockade, a number of log houses, a great many tents, the smoke of fires coming from real chimneys, and scores of fur-clad figures walking about, or standing in groups.

"That is Fort Yukon," said Maxom. "We are now in the country controlled by the Rats and the Kotch-a-Kutchins. You might walk for miles and never need a gun unless you met a bear or wolf. The Indians are friendly, as you have seen."

"This means much to us," I answered, gazing with beating heart upon the spot where we hoped to find the girls.

We were soon observed at the Fort, and the clumsy-looking figures in fur came to the water's edge to meet us.

Perhaps they knew of Tahnag's war, and were waiting to hear the result.

CHAPTER XXX.

"By the great mountain elk! If it ain't the Bear-Hunter himself!"

A burly form came toward us, and a bony hand was outstretched.

"What means this tremendous display of power? Has Tahnag turned Alexander and set out to conquer the world?" said another voice, and a tall, elderly man came eagerly forward and grasped Maxom's hand in his.

"Not quite, Mr. Harby," said Maxom, stepping from the boat, followed by the rest of us, Yippo included. "Tahnag has distinguished himself in a masterly way, all of which may be explained while we sit around that comfortable log fire of yours. Is that good friend of mine, Mrs. Harby, well?"

"Quite well, quite well," answered the man. "She will be more than surprised at this visit. But come, let us go in. Never mind the crowd. Tahnag can do the speech-making."

"Let me introduce my friends," said Maxom, and he did.

"Welcome, welcome," said Mr. Harby. "The sight of a new Christian face is very welcome. Come in. Mrs. Harby will rejoice in the opportunity to set some hot coffee before you. Come."

It was easy to say "Come," and "Never mind the crowd." It was not so easy to do it.

A number of gruff old trappers crowded around, and scores of Indians clad in all kinds of picturesque furs and skins got in our way and shouted and laughed and jabbered, as if our arrival was an occasion for great rejoicing.

It was "Hey thar, B'ar-Hunter, how be you?"

"Wall, wall, B'ar-Hunter, back agin so soon? Didn't expect yer ag'in this year. What's up now, B'ar-Hunter? You an' ther chief ain't given to war parties nowerdays? What's up, anyhow?"

A dozen questions were shot at us, all of which Maxom answered good-naturedly, as we gradually worked our way along after Mr. Harby.

Arriving at a snug and extremely comfortable-looking log-house, inside the stockade, which was open, Mr. Harby opened the heavy door and led the way inside.

"Look here, mother," called Mr. Harby, and a pleasant-faced woman came from an inner room and rushed upon Maxom with every appearance of joy.

"Why, Mr. Maxom!" she exclaimed. "You here again, so soon? We didn't expect you, did we, father? Well, now, it *is* cheering to have you come round often. Hope you are well?"

Replying to her profuse greeting, Maxom introduced Hadleigh and me.

"And it is just supper-time, too," said Mrs. Harby. "Father, you take the young gentlemen in the best room and talk to them, while I get supper. My, what a houseful of *real* company! I never had so many before."

The good woman hurried about her meal, and Mr. Harby chatted with us until it was ready.

And it *was* a good one. A juicy roast of freshly-killed deer, some snow-grouse from down the Yukon, some good, home-made bread, corn, sweet potatoes, tomatoes—canned, of course—coffee that was even superior to Tahnag's, and a hot roly-poly pudding that still lingers in my memory.

This substantial repast over, Mrs. Harby called an Indian girl, who at once began to clear away the dishes, and our host and hostess led us again into the best room.

As yet I had had no opportunity to speak to Maxom on the subject of Mr. and Mrs. Harby—their excellent English and their manners being in marked contrast to those of the other white people we had seen at the fort. But this was all explained by Maxom's first words when we had all lighted our pipes and sat down in comfortable chairs made of spruce, facing a blazing log fire in the big stone fireplace.

"Mr. Harby is a missionary—the preacher of the place and a teacher among the Indians," said Maxom.

"You have a great field here, Mr. Harby," I said. "Are your efforts well received?"

"In the main; in the main," he said. "We have really no reason to complain, my wife and I. God is very good to us, and blesses his word whether it is preached in New York, or San Francisco, or on the Yukon."

"And is it received graciously?" I asked.

"Not as much so as I could wish," he answered. "The old superstitions and beliefs are as firmly rooted in the minds of these people as the religion of a Buddhist is in his. But I am happy to say we have had some converts. Among them I count the greatest success in Tahnag. He has also been of great service in enabling us to reach the people up along the Porcupine. We have some very interesting experiences, which I shall be glad to relate when you have satisfied my curiosity. The movements of Tahnag are somewhat familiar to us. We have had some of the Kutchins here to-day, and they told us how he came and chose a number of warriors and went away. We knew, of course, when the boats went down the Porcupine and up the Yukon, that there was trouble somewhere. Some other Indians brought word that a large number of boats were seen floating down the river, and that they evidently belonged to some of the tribes farther down the Yukon. I thought at once of the Tananahs. Those bloodthirsty people will never rest until they are well thrashed. There is certainly great need of the redeeming power of the grace of God in that tribe."

"Well, they are well enough whipped now," said Maxom.

"Ah, then I guess aright. Now tell us about it. What have your adventures been this time?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Harby, "you and Tahnag always have such hairbreadth escapes. It must be perfectly terrible while they are happening, but it is very amusing to hear you tell of them afterward."

"There is nothing amusing about our present journey, Mrs. Harby. It is a journey of hearts—of life or death."

"You alarm me, Mr. Maxom. Is anything very wrong?"

"I begin to see," said the missionary. "I now understand the question you asked when you first landed, if there were any white strangers here. You are in pursuit of some one. Tell us the whole story, Maxom, that we may be in a position to help you, if help is possible."

Mr. Harby put a fresh log on the fire, and Maxom began:

"You have often heard me speak of the Marshalls—Mr. Marshall, the gold miner at Circle City, and his family, who resided in Juneau."

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Harby. "Those two lovely daughters. I have wanted to meet them so much. The tall, dignified one, and the one who is always laughing."

"Mrs. Marshall died in July. Mr. Marshall conceived it to be his best policy to take the girls with him to Circle City until such time as he had made enough money to give up the mines and go back to the States with them."

"So I should look at it," said Mr. Harby. "To keep them near him."

"It has proven to be the most unfortunate step he could have taken, You have heard, perhaps, of two gamblers who have won an unenviable notoriety in Alaska, named Kirk Morrow and Jim Bryant?"

"I have heard you speak of them. Great rascals, I should think."

"They have no equals. They pretended, some time ago, to be in love with Julia and Madge, and they bore themselves so well that even Mrs. Marshall was deceived in them. Fortunately I happened to be at Juneau one day, when they were there. I exposed them to the Marshalls."

"You did perfectly right," said Mrs. Harby. "Such monsters!"

"They swore vengeance on me, and also swore to obtain the girls. It was for that reason that when Mr. Marshall decided to take the girls to Circle City, I offered to escort them there. The river affords many places for the commission of crime, and with Tahnag and my Chilcoots I knew the Marshalls would be safe. At the same time, Governor Sheakley requested Lieutenant Wetmore and myself to come up to the Kowak country and investigate the causes of some murders and women-stealing that have been going on."

Mr. Harby nodded.

"Tananahs," he said, sententiously.

"So I believe," said Maxom, "but it still remains to be proven. Well, we met the Marshalls at Juneau, and came with them to Circle City. Mr. Hadleigh, here, is Mr. Marshall's nephew, and an inmate of his household. Everything seemed to be going well. We remained long enough at Circle City to see the girls installed in their new home. The long journey, which kept us much in their company, had been the means of forming an attachment between us. The result of this was that Julia and I became engaged, as did Madge and the Lieutenant. You can imagine how happy we all were. Then came the blow. Mr. Marshall's mine was paying well, and he kept a big box or chest, filled with gold, under his bed. One night Morrow and Bryant entered the house, chloroformed Hadleigh, stabbed Mr. Marshall, and got away with the girls and the gold."

"God have mercy on their souls," exclaimed the missionary.

"We were arrested for the crime, but our innocence was proven, and we set out at once in search of the two girls, who had by this time promised to become our wives."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Harby.

"We nearly overtook them. We know they were on their way north. They met a party of Rats and bought a sled and team of reindeer. We happened to meet the same party and bought a team also. We raced after them and had almost caught them when they fired and killed one of our reindeer. We stopped, of course, and they went on. A storm came up. Wolves drove away our remaining reindeer, and we seemed destined to walk to the fort. At the nick of time Tahnag arrived with fresh teams and we started on again."

"Good Tahnag! That Kutchin is a jewel."

"But we were captured by a war party of Tananahs."

"I told you so. I know the rascals so well."

"Unfortunate things happened, and we were condemned to die. Tahnag escaped, came up and got his warriors, and once more came to our rescue—not a moment too soon."

"Splendid Tahnag!"

"Now we are here. We expected to find the fugitives here, or at least some trace of them. It is strange they have not arrived. The Kutchins knew nothng about them, so they could not have crossed the Porcupine farther up. I don't know what to think."

"Nor I," said the missionary, dropping his chin into his hands and musing a few minutes. "Nor I. It is most strange. We had, as you say, a storm. They may have been overcome by it and perished."

"Oh, don't say so," said Mrs. Harby.

"My heavens, it is awful!" said Maxom. "You know me well enough to know that I am not easily cast down, but—"

"A heart of oak," said Mrs. Harby, nodding at me.

"But this suspense is eating my heart out. Wetmore is as anxious as I am. We must not stop here. Since they have not arrived, we must go on. But where?"

"Ah, but where?" echoed Mrs. Harby.

"Wait. Let me think," said the missionary. "Yes, there is but one thing to do. You must sleep here to-night, It is growing late, the Indians are dancing and singing over Tahnag's story of victory, and we could get nothing out of them to-night. Sleep—rest. Trust in the power of an almighty and gracious God, and He will lead you right. Pray to Him. And before we retire mother and I will pray that those darling girls may be safely restored to you and to their father's arms. God's mercy is as present in Alaska as in the south. Let us pray that Mr. Marshall will recover. That he awaits, in full return to health, your return with his daughters. To Him must we turn in time of trouble. Ah, let us not delay. Let us pray—now. Now is the accepted time. Bow the head with me while I beg the assistance of the Great Ruler of the snows in this trying time."

Tears were in my own eyes. I saw but dimly that Maxom turned and knelt in honest supplication, and I did the same. Army life is not conducive to Christian thought—still, I am not a pagan. No earnest Endeavorer ever poured forth a more sincere prayer than that which welled up from my heart in rehearsing the earnest words of that missionary of the north.

He breathed a fervent prayer, putting the care of the girls—their fate, their future—all in the hands of his God; that God that was so close to him, that he spoke to as one might to a superior officer who unbent to a a degree of familiarity, or a father who was on terms of loving intimacy with his pleading son.

When he had finished we rose slowly to our feet, and the old man silently took Maxom's hand and mine and wrung them.

"Bless you, young men," he said. "I am strong in the faith. Sleep well to-night, and to-morrow we will go among the Indians and see if any of the different tribes from the various villages around us can tell us anything of what we wish to know. Tahnag's warriors will hie away up the Porcupine, and the Indians about here will have outgrown their excitement, and will answer us. Come, I will show you the spare room, which is large and full of furs. Three beds can easily be made."

We thanked him and turned to Hadleigh. He sat in his chair, sound asleep.

"Ah, father," came the voice of Mrs. Harby, "come and see God's promise in the sky."

We stepped to the door where she stood, and looked out upon a brilliant scene that can never be effaced from Maxom's memory or mine. Night—not black, but still night—covered the snow-clad earth. The stars glimmered above us through a haze of fiery brightness. From the northern horizon arose a bow of magnificent brilliancy, which arched into the starry dome above and spanned the sky with a belt of fire, now red, now blue, ever changing, ever awe-inspiring, while from this central piece bright streaks of gold and silver shot laterally across the sky.

It was the Aurora Borealis.

Might it be, as Mrs. Harby said, God's promise in the sky?

CHAPTER XXXI.

Early in the morning we were up, and, after one of Mrs. Harby's substantial breakfasts, we lighted our pipes and went out doors. At least Maxom and I did. Hadleigh, who had grown morose and grumpy, preferred to sit by the fire.

The scene had changed somewhat. It was more peaceful than it had been the evening before.

The valiant Kotch-a-Kutchins had gone. Their fleet of war boats had disappeared, and of the great band that had attacked Mesouga and brought us safely to Fort Yukon only Tahnag remained. He was waiting for us near the open gate of the stockade, and Yippo, who had remained with him during the night, leaped with joy when Maxom appeared.

Not far away we saw the four Chilcoots walking and talking with several other Indians.

It was essentially a fur-traders' scene. Every man that was busy was at some kind of work closely akin to the pursuit of fur-bearing animals or fishing. Some were cleaning guns. Some were mending spears. Some were making traps and nets, and even the fishermen were not in a despisable minority. The long drag-nets they used for salmon, the trap nets they set for white-fish, were spread out to dry or to be mended. Some were cleaning furs. Some were making winter garments. Some were making snow-shoes, preparatory to a long trip over snow of unknown depth after bearskins, otter, marten, fox, and hare-skins.

On the previous night, when the war boats, containing hundreds of armed men, had arrived, it was a warlike scene. Now it was a picture of peace and industry.

Moored to a little stone dock was our own boat, the *Te-tsun*, having arrived during the night from Tahnag's village up the Porcupine. The patient, obedient Kowaks sat in it, waiting for orders. They would sit there a year, so Maxom said, unless he or Tahnag ordered them elsewhere. Others of their tribe, glad to see them, perhaps, but undemonstrative of pleasure, stood around and talked.

Dogs were everywhere. Poor, miserable brutes, with dirty, bedraggled coats, none of whom Yippo deigned to notice unless one, braver than his fellows, attacked the Siberian. One or two lessons of Yippo's kind were enough. When he fought, he fought to a finish, as two dead dogs on the ground certified.

We had not been out long when Mr. Harby joined us.

"Come," he said, "let us begin our work."

He uttered a peculiar call.

Several fur-hunters and traders, white men, looked up from their work, apparently surprised, and came near us.

The Indians stopped everything and came straggling toward the stockade, just outside of which we stood.

They grouped themselves around us, all their babel stilled, all eyes on Mr. Harby, all ears waiting for him to speak.

He needed to do nothing further to attract their attention. They were *all* attention.

"My friends," he said, in English. He afterward explained to me that he made a practice of always addressing the Indians in our language, and found that they readily fell in with the use of it, though somewhat clumsily—"My friends, something has happened in which I, your teacher for many years, and the Bear Hunter, whom you know and love, need the help of all of you. Two beautiful girls, the brides of these young men, have been stolen, We wish to find them. Listen, and the Bear-Hunter will ask you questions. Answer them truthfully. Now listen."

A grimy-looking old fellow held up both hands as a sign he wanted to speak.

"What is it, Dingbarb?" asked Mr. Harby.

"Indian steal white girl?"

"No," said Maxom. "There are no Indians except the Tananahs who would do it. They were stolen by bad white men."

A general grunt of satisfaction followed this.

"Dingbarb," said Maxom, "you are the wise man of the Tatanchok Kutchins, the tribe of wisdom and war paint that is not forgotten. Has my wise brother of the snow-clad valleys any news to give me?"

Dingbarb rose. It was plain that this opportunity to air his powers of oratory was not to be overlooked.

"Dingbarb, the Tatanchok Kutchin, has lived many years," he said. "Heap many suns have gone down since Dingbarb was a boy. The wise man of the Tatanchoks is wise because he is old. Heap old. Soon Dingbarb die. Go to everlasting hunting-ground. Meet all Kutchin warriors who go there. Why Dingbarb lie? No why. Dingbarb tell the truth. What does Dingbarb know? What does the bear know? What does the fish know? Can fish walk? Can bear fly like bird? Can Dingbarb tell deeds of bad white man? No. Dingbarb not know anything. That is all."

A grin was on every Indian face.

A stern look came into Maxom's eye.

"Think well, my dusky brothers. The man who finds the white doves of the pale faces shall be paid more than the skins of a year of successful hunting."

A tall, well-formed Indian now arose. He wore nose and lip ornaments. His hair was clotted with colored clay. His eyes were keen and fearless. He bent them on Maxom.

"What say?" he asked. "Indian tell where white dove is Indian get heap pay?"

"It shall be so," said Maxom.

"Pasmogmuddy will find. Keep eyes on Pasmogmuddy."

With this peculiar utterance, he stalked away.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 6.]

THE COMING OF MOLLY PEEVY.[*]

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

CHAPTER I.

Every one in Cove Valley considered Matt Digby a meddler. Joel Holtzclaw disliked her more than any woman in "the Cove." She would often stop him obtrusively when he passed her cottage, and ask after the health of his children, and sigh, and say that it was such a pity their mother had died when they were so young and helpless.

But although Matt Digby was in her thirty-seventh year and was unmarried, she had never thought of capturing Joel for herself.

The truth of the matter was that Matt Digby did not want Joel to marry Mary Ann Hardiman, a pretty spinster of just her age and her next-door neighbor. Matt liked Mary Ann as well as she liked any good-looking unmarried woman, and she would have left her own work any day to help her with her quiltings, jelly-making, fruit-canning or anything else that two women can do better than one, but she would never help her to marry Joel Holtzclaw.

She told herself that any woman of Mary Ann's age, who had as good a home as Mary Ann had, and was pretty enough "to get the best that was going," would be a fool to burden herself with another woman's children and a shiftless man, who had his spree almost as regularly as Saturday came round.

Matt had good grounds for believing that the marriage would never take place, although Joel and Mary Ann had been lovers for many years, and had only been prevented from marrying ten years before by old man Hardiman's strong objection to Joel. The truth was that Holtzclaw's late wife, who was a jealous, irascible woman, full of imaginary ills and wrongs, had exacted a promise from Joel not to marry again in case she died.

Everybody in "the Cove" knew this. A few believed that Joel would be justified in breaking the promise, since it seemed that nothing but a wife and home comforts would keep him from drinking once a week, and since his children were so badly in need of a mother's care. But the majority were opposed to it; and now and then, when the gossip was loudest, some one would openly declare that if Holtzclaw ever married he should be "churched."

One morning, from the window of her cottage, Matt saw Mary Ann leave the back door of her house with a tray, on which there was something covered with a napkin, and make her way through the tall, dewy ragweeds to Joel's cottage.

"Ah!" exclaimed Matt. "She's going to feed them children. I'll bet my bottom dollar he didn't get home last night. He's on another bender, and she'll have them two over in her entry-room to-night, sure as preaching."

Matt hurriedly lifted her coffee-kettle from the coals, so that it would not boil over in her absence, forked a piece of bacon from a hot frying-pan into a plate, and went out among the sassafras bushes near Joel's fence. Here she stood for several minutes.

"I'll bet she's dressing the imps!" she said, impatiently. "If I had thought of that, I could a-finished my coffee and bacon."

The next minute Mary Ann came out of Joel's house, the empty tray under her arm. Seeing Matt there in the slanting rays of the sun, gazing at her so critically, she flushed. She paused on the steps for an instant and wound a stray lock of her rich brown hair about the knot behind her head, and then stepped down into the rank weeds.

"He didn't come home last night?" said Matt, breaking a sassafras twig and chewing the end of it.

Mary Ann drew her damp skirt from the clinging briars and climbed over the rail fence. Matt could not help admitting to herself that Mary Ann was graceful in movement. She was so well-formed, too, and the fresh morning air had given her such a wonderful color.

"No, he didn't," Mary Ann replied, as she got down on the other side, near to the questioner. Then she sighed. "I have just been over to give little Joe and Fanny a bite to eat."

"You needn't tell me what you went for," sneered Matt, with a hard, unforgiving stare. "You are making a fool of yourself. I'll bet my life you didn't close your eyes all last night, a-listening for him to pass."

A look of weary resignation came into Mary Ann's face. She was too deeply troubled to mind Matt Digby's reproaches. She hitched the tray and napkin up under her arm.

"I couldn't help it," she sighed. "The sight of them little things a-standing at the gate last night a-looking down the road nearly broke my heart."

"You went over and put 'em to bed, I'll be bound," went on Matt, tentatively.

"They was afraid to go in the house by themselves," replied Mary Ann, looking down and shaking her damp skirt. "I set by them till they went to sleep, and if he had come home any ways out of sorts, I'd a-gone over again. I didn't undress."

"It is a pity about that promise he made to their mother," continued Matt; "for he really ought to marry somebody."

Mary Ann's pretty lips twitched, and she wiped them with her shapely hand. She nodded, but that was all the answer she made. There was an awkward pause, then she caught up her skirt.

"I must go in and help sister about her ironing," she said; "and I reckon you got your own work to do." She turned and, treading the weeds beneath her, made her way across the yard to her cottage

A woman about fifteen years her senior was in the sitting-room, bending over an ironing-board, which rested on the backs of two chairs near a window. As Mary Ann entered, she went to the fireplace and took up a fresh iron. She dusted the ashes from it with her apron, and tested its heat with a damp finger.

"Was they out of bed?" she asked sympathetically.

"Yes, and a-setting by the window a-watching the road to town. Little Joe had been a-crying. He dried his eyes, and tried to make out that they hadn't been up long, but I heard them thump out of bed before daylight."

The older woman sighed. She went to her board and rubbed her iron on a folded newspaper till it began to scorch.

"I don't know what's to be done, Mary Ann," she sighed, "but this can't go on. I have been thinking. In one way it looks like you ought to marry Joel. He's the only man you ever wanted, and you are the first one he ever took a liking to. If it just wasn't for that promise to a dead woman—"

"I hain't no idea of trying to make him break it," interrupted Mary Ann, despondently. She put the tray in the cupboard and came and stood before her sister, her hands at her shapely waist. "It's just them poor children I'm a-thinking about now. Seems to me if they was just provided for, the balance wouldn't matter. I reckon he's made a night of it, and will be along some time to-day."

"Not till dark," opined Mrs. Batson, sprinkling the garment on the board with water from a bowl. "He's always that ashamed to let you see him after one of his tantrums that he waits for the shelter of darkness to pass the house."

The two women had the children over to dinner that day. Matt Digby saw Mary Ann go through the weeds for them. She brought back the little yellow-haired girl in her arms, and led the boy by the hand. Matt went out in her back yard to her beehive, near Mary Ann's fence. She wanted Mary Ann to know that she had observed the proceedings. She would have made some pertinent remark if she could have caught Mary Ann's eye, but she could not do so. Little Joe was talking and Mary Ann was looking down at him and holding the little girl's head close to her face.

As the afternoon began to wane, the two sisters concluded that the little ones would be apt to spend the night with them, but happening to go out on her porch, just as the sun was going down behind the mountain, Mary Ann saw a familiar form coming up the road. It was Joel Holtzclaw. Her heart rose in her throat, and she fell to trembling with excitement. She did not look up as he drew near, fearing to notice something in his walk that would indicate that he was still under the influence of drink. She did not look towards him till she heard his voice at the bars.

"I wish you would step down here, Mary Ann," he called out. "I want to see you."

She nodded and went down toward him. As he stood there awaiting her, his hat off, in deference to her, and his long hair brushed back from his brow, she was glad that her house cut him off from Matt Digby's view. Her heart throbbed painfully as she thought that it would be only another embarrassing confession of weakness and shame for the neglect of his children. But to her surprise, as she drew near him his glance met hers frankly and steadily, and there were about him none of the signs of dissoluteness which her sight had grown keen to detect.

"Howdy do?" he said. "Have you been looking after them children again?"

She nodded, unable to speak for a moment.

"I 'lowed you would," he added, and she found her voice in the silence that followed his words.

"They are in there now, Joel," she said. "They've had their supper and look sleepy. I was just thinking they might as well stay with us, but if you want 'em, now you are at home—"

"I'd hate to disappoint 'em," he answered, seeing that she was going no further. "They like over at your house uncommon well. If it hain't too much trouble, let 'em stay to-night." Then a red flush on his face and neck showed that his thoughts had taken a turn. He tore a splinter from one of the bars, thrust it between his teeth, and plunged suddenly into what he wanted to say. "You may not think so, Mary Ann," he stammerd, "but this time I've kept sober. The minute I heard I couldn't get back last night, I knew what you'd have to think, but there was no helpin' it. They nabbed me on the jury in the Matthews' case; Bill Wilson hung us, as he does every jury he's on, and they kept us under lock and key till we declared a verdict, an hour ago. I'd 'a' sent word, but nobody was coming this way. I didn't worry; I knew you'd look after them like you always have done."

"I thought—I thought—I'm sorry—"

She paused. The look on her face was one of mingled pleasure and contrition.

"The Lord knows, you don't owe me no apologies," he laughed, awkwardly chewing the splinter. "I've made a hog of myself so many times hand running, that getting credit for a extra time once in a while ain't going to shatter my reputation. It's a wonder, though, that I didn't go wrong yesterday. I was in good hands. I was with Fred Bartlett and Jake Plain, and they begun as usual. I believe it was the last talk you and me had about liquor that helped me to hold out. You recollect me a-telling you that if I just had you for my wife I'd never drink no more? Well, I got to thinking of that, and it struck me I'd said something mighty foolish. Because, if a man can keep from doing of a thing for his wife's sake, surely he could for a woman that would be his wife if she could. The long and short of it is, I'm going to give up drinking, wife or no wife."

She put her apron to her eyes. His face softened as he leaned over the fence toward her.

"I didn't mean to make you cry, Mary Ann," he added, gently, "or I wouldn't 'a' said it."

"I wouldn't 'a' missed hearing it for my right arm," she sobbed. "I'm going in. I see Matt Digby out in her yard. She'll have something to talk about now."

She turned towards her cottage, and Joel walked on to his house.

That night Joel Holtzclaw did a thing he had not done since the death of his wife. He came over and stood on the porch of Mary Ann's house, and through the window, watched her moving about in the candle-light within.

She had heard his step, and knew that he was there, but she did not speak to him. She was cold all over, and her hands trembled over everything she touched, as she put things in the room to rights. He rapped on the window.

"When you get through in there I wish you'd come out here, Mary Ann," he said. "I've got something to say to you."

She glanced at him as he stood in the light, but said nothing. She could not have spoken then to save her life. She saw that he had shaved himself, and put on his Sunday clothes, and she knew, from the look of determination on his face that his visit was to be a momentous one. She knew what he had decided to say, and she loved him the more for it. She would never marry him with that promise hanging over him, but she admired him more than ever for boldly trying to win her over every obstacle.

CHAPTER II.

In a few minutes Mary Ann came out, bringing two chairs with her. She would not invite him into her house, but she would sit there with him in spite of all that Matt Digby might put into circulation about her. Matt's house, on the left, was dark. Joel was happy over the thought that she had gone to bed, and that she could not have heard him open the gate and ascend the steps. But Mary Ann knew that if Matt was alive, she was sitting at the open window, thirty yards from the porch, straining her eyes and ears to see and hear all she could. However, Mary Ann soon forgot Matt Digby. There was something tense and manly in Holtzclaw's face that absorbed her. He waited till she had seated herself before he sat down, then he placed his chair near to hers.

"I've come to the conclusion something's got to be done, and that quick, Mary Ann," he began, nervously stroking his beard. "This way of going on don't seem to me to be right. I ain't good enough for such a pretty girl as you are—that could git the best husband in the county, but I'd be a better, more steady man if I had you. I believe if Sarah could look down from where she is, she'd want you to be a comfort to me and a mother to her children. When she made me make that promise she was just peevish and jealous, because Matt Digby had said so much to her about me a-courting of you. I've always thought if she'd just a-been in her right mind at her death she'd a-released me."

Mary Ann started. She spread out her skirt carefully and then smoothed her apron over it. She glanced at him shyly, and then looked cautiously through the darkness at Matt Digby's window before venturing upon a reply.

"Why, Joel," she said, suddenly, "I never did hear all about it, because I—I didn't want to seem interested, but somehow I got the idea that—that she asked it on her death-bed."

"No such thing!" he answered quickly. "It was fully three months 'fore she died, when she was starting off for a visit to Aunt Molly Peevy, over in Fannin' County. On the way home she had a stroke of paralysis, and didn't know a thing till she died two days later."

Mary Ann moved uneasily and her chair creaked. She felt that she was leading him on to talk of such things, and she wanted to change the subject.

"Little Joe tells me that Mrs. Peev coming to see you to-morrow."

"That's what she wrote the other d She'll get here about eleven o'clock in morning."

"She'll be hungry," replied Mary A "and she won't be in no fix to set righ and cook dinner for you and the childr If you'll let me, I'll have you all come and eat with us. I reckon nobody w talk about it with Mrs. Peevy on hand."

"That'll be just the thing!" he cr "It will be right sort of a welcome. A Molly always did think a lot of you folk

The conversation paused. She saw f his face that he was coming back to subject uppermost in his mind, and would have stopped him if she could h resisted the temptation to hear what he to say. It seemed so much like the t when he used to come to see her in the y before. There, in the semi-darkness, he not seem to have changed greatly. T his hair was slightly gray, but his eyes his voice were the same, and he still lo her.

"I'll tell you what, Mary Ann," he w on tenderly. "I've made up my mind t I just can't do another year without y I am able to keep straight and dec when I've got something to live for. I know I did all right when Sarah was al although me and her wasn't at all sui nor never was. Now, if I am willing to aside that unreasonable promise, surely y ought not to object. It wouldn't be y a-doing of it."

She caught her breath and shrank fr him as he leaned toward her.

"Don't talk that way, Joel," she plead "I'd do anything on earth to help y I'd willingly work my fingers to the bo but I can't sin against a dead woman. B sides, we'd both be churched for it, and couldn't continue to live in the communi The Lord knows I'd rather be your wi I'd die the next minute, it seems to me, be able to call myself that, if it was right the sight of God; but it would be a sin, a there ain't no good or happiness in sin."

He leaned back into the darkness fo moment; then he rose and pushed away chair.

"There is two sides to it," he said, desp ately. "You say it will be a sin agains dead woman. What about it being a against a living man? You can save from the dogs if you want to. If you do marry me, the Lord only knows what w happen. I've just got so much mor strength, and no more. I can stand against temptation when life is worth l ing, but that's all. I am as weak as a to-night."

She covered her face with her hands. H breast rose convulsively. A low sob escap her, and then a little moan. She got suddenly, and without a word shambl into the candle-lit room behind him. S extinguished the candle. Her footst ceased, and the room became so still that could hear the clock on the mantle ticki He leaned against the wall, hardly dar to draw his breath.

Something told him she was on her kn beside her bed, and he folded his arms a bowed his head. He tried to resolve to b better and stronger man; but he could thi of nothing except her bowed figure and sobs. Ten minutes passed, then he he her coming. She advanced to him from darkness, and laid her hand on his a Her hair, which had always added suc charm to her face, had become unfaste and made her look so much younger. S held a handkerchief balled in her hand.

"Go away, Joel, and let this be your l visit, after to-morrow at dinner," she s "I have decided. It has been like dyi hundred deaths, but I can't be the caus your breaking that promise. I admire y for making it to her, weak and sickly as s was, but I couldn't no longer if you br it. A promise is a promise under Heav there ain't no ifs and ands about it; i just so. If you'll let me, I'll take the c dren and bring them up. I'll never mar and they would be a comfort. A man hisself can't do justice to children."

He turned away.

"Keep 'em," he said, huskily. "As soo my crop is in, I'll sell out and go West. don't think we ought to be so nigh e other."

He passed through the gate and ente his house. She stood motionless on porch. She heard his heavy boots ring hollowly on the bare floor, and watched light in his window till it went out. T she went to bed.

The next day about noon the hack brou Mrs. Molly Peevy and her little hair-tr and carpet-bag to his door. Joel and children were standing at the gate, a a moment later Mary Ann and her sis came out and shook hands with the visi and invited them all in to dinner.

A tempting meal was spread in the kitc of the two sisters, and Mrs. Peevy could hide her satisfaction at the sight of it.

"I'm as hungry as a bear," she said as took her seat at the table. "I hain't tas a bite since before day, except a piece of c liver and some buttered bread, and nothi makes me as hungry as a jolting vehicle.

All were seated and had turned up th plates, when Matt Digby appeared at door.

"May I come in?" she asked with a smi "I just couldn't wait to come and tell M Peevy howdy. Howdy you do, Mrs. Peev I'm glad to see you looking so hearty."

Mrs. Peevy extended her fat hand a

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smiled and nodded, but she did not rise. She was trying to remember where she had met Matt, and if she was a relative of Mary Ann or Mrs. Batson.

Matt sidled along the wall and sat down on a closed chest in the chimney-corner, and tried to look as if she did not see the dinner-table. Mrs. Batson had never been accused of inhospitality, even to people as unwelcome as Matt Digby, so she said:

"Shake that cat off that chair, Matt, and pull it up and eat a bite."

Matt obeyed, muttering something about having put on some potatoes to boil, but that they would keep for supper.

"I had liter'ly forgot that Joel had such good neighbors," said Mrs. Peevy, with her mouth fall of turkey; "I'd think him and the children would just live over here."

Mary Ann, who sat opposite Joel and the children, blushed scarlet, and busied herself in helping Matt's plate to vegetables. Matt Digby laughed softly and significantly, and Mrs. Peevy went on, as she reached to the center of the table and broke a piece off the large corn pone:

"I hain't got a bit of patience with you, Joel, nohow. I 'lowed you would have had the common sense to get you another wife before this, especially as Sarah wanted you to."

"It was just the other way," replied Joel, his eyes irresistibly drawn to Mary Ann's face. "She made me promise never to marry again."

Mrs. Peevy laid her knife and fork down. She rested her hands on the edge of the table, and stared at him over her glasses.

"I know she did *once*," she said, wonderingly. "But that was before she come to my house. Over there, during our big meeting, me and her had a long talk. She confessed she had been narrow and spiteful, because she had heard about you and Mary Ann's doings before you married. A powerful change come over her. She saw she was going to die, and she wanted to prepare for it. Why, she told me the chief thing she wanted to hurry home for was to release you from that promise, and make her peace with some folks she had fussed with. Why, Joel, didn't Sarah mention it when she got home?"

He was pale, and the hand encircling his goblet of milk was trembling.

"She had a stroke of paralysis on the way over," he replied, "and she didn't know a thing from then on till her death."

"My Lord! And all this time you've been a-thinking— Why, what a pity! Well, that needn't be no hindrance any longer. She actually wanted you to marry. I can testify to that; and it's your duty, if—if you have found anybody."

Mary Ann rose abruptly to pick up the spoon little Joe had dropped. She did not resume her seat, but went into the sitting-room. There was a silence. No one was eating except the children. Matt Digby was smiling, half sardonically, half fearfully, and watching Joel's face. He got up and awkwardly pushed his chair under the table.

"I'm going in there to speak to her," he said, and he went into the other room and closed the door. Mrs. Peevy shrugged her shoulders, and, with a very serious face, helped herself bounteously to the apple dumpling and the sweetened milk. The meal was finished when Joel came back, a manly sheepishness on his face.

"You just come in the nick of time, Aunt Molly," he said. "I'll never get over being obliged to you. I'm going to run over and feed my stock. I reckon I'd better not be around for awhile. Mary Ann is mightily teased, but she's willing. Your comin' is a godsend to us both."

As he went out at the back door, Matt Digby rose and started to go to the sitting-room, but Mrs. Batson detained her.

"I wouldn't bother her just now if I was you, Matt," she said, peremptorily, and Matt sank back into her chair.

THE END.

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SCIENTIFIC HORTICULTURE.

It would be somewhat surprising to those who have never given the subject a moment's attention to be told that horticulturists have produced at least 20,000 new forms of plant life. They have created new species; the proof of this is botanical classification. There are now thousands of cultivated plants of which no one who has not followed it knows the original form, because they are so unlike that it is impossible to connect the one with the other.

Scientific plant culture is carried on as a high art at Cornell. Here the student learns the principles of vegetable existence, and learns also how to apply them. Here, under perhaps one of the most perfectly equipped systems in the world, he learns the theory of plant culture and how to apply that which he has comprehended. There are agricultural schools that are doing more for the farming interests of the country than all other methods of instruction combined.

Lecturers are sent out to talk to country audiences about destructive insects. There are papier-mache models which are passed around from hand to hand. The people investigate them and for the first time realize what a remarkable and interesting thing a bug is. Florists serve time in establishments in the same way that they learn trades of other sorts. Considering the short time that such institutions have been established, their achievements and progress are really wonderful.

RUSSIAN WOMEN.

BY SOPHIE FRIEDLAND.

Our women want to become emancipated and our men don't like it, so there is quite a *fin-de-siecle* fight between the two elements; a fight in private and a fight in public. Every day our papers bring articles in which woman is made ridiculous and man is abused, and our belletristic treats of nothing but the "intelligent woman."

If our women should ever raise their heads and take an honored place at the side of their British and American sisters, it will certainly not be owing to the generosity of our men!

"My dear," writes one friend to another in an outburst of indignation, "men and women were made to be eternal foes! Man has conquered for himself the best which life offers—an intellectual sphere, the only one in which there is liberty; and to woman was left the humiliating part of an auxiliary and supplementary being, whose duty it is to make life comfortable and pleasant for him. Now the time has come when we are beginning to criticise the part we are made to play, and it already seems to men that we have turned from the right path and are rushing toward perdition. They are suddenly seized with a terrible foreboding of our future; but in reality they are afraid that with our mental developement their lives should become less pleasant and comfortable."

There is a great deal of truth in this letter, but the writer seems to forget that the Russian woman of ten years ago, thanks to her superficial education and her position in society, was hardly ripe for an "intellectual sphere," and if men are now afraid of the "emancipated woman" they are to be pardoned, for they have known by experience what they had to expect from the Russian woman who claimed equal rights.

Years ago, when female students first made their appearance on the stage of Russian life, they belonged to a category of which not only our men but our good women were afraid.

They had emancipated themselves, above all, from soap and water, for they were never seen with a clean face; from comb and brush, for every one of them wore her hair short; from decent dress, for they went about in ragged garments; from good eyes, as they made it a point to stick a *pince-nez* on their nose. I do not speak of their manners and morals; these were below criticism; but with all this they meant to manifest a royal disregard for the conventionalities of common life.

This was the first period of what they called emancipation. The second was worse, for the Russian female student would not be behind the man student, so she joined him and became a Nihilist. The famous Vera Sassvlitz, the murderess of General Trepoff, the chief of the St. Petersburg police, and Sofja Perovskaja, the woman who was so strongly mixed up in the death of Alexander II., as well as a great many others, were good specimens of the emancipated woman of that time. The result was that the medical institutes for women were closed and meetings of the students prohibited. Every respectable family restricted the freedom given to their daughters, and pointed at the higher education of girls as something that sooner or later led to Nihilism.

I think this is the reason why the daughters of good families are so often educated at home, and why the Imperial institutes are more like prisons than anything else.

With the new Government, Nihilism seems to be a thing of the past, and there are no signs that it may reappear unexpectedly. The result is that the so-called "higher courses" for women, as well as the medical institutes, are once more opened and everything is done to promote the higher education of our women.

This higher education has till now proved a blessing in every other country but Russia. The American woman, as far as I have studied her, is emancipated in the right direction. She has emancipated herself from the petty cares and everyday troubles which make life a burden to her foreign sisters, from prejudices and traditions which seem unconquerable here. When I was once asked to read a paper on Russian customs before an American audience, I hesitated long before I accepted, thinking it a most unwomanly thing to be an object of suspicion before a large audience, for here in Russia the proverb still exists: "The less a woman is seen and heard, the better for her."

We have several categories of women which are especially well described by our modern novelists. To one of these categories belongs the society woman, whose only ambition is to be well dressed, to possess a handsome carriage, a box at the opera, and a *jour fisee* always crowded with men of all ages, of whom she has made up her mind that they are, one and all, from the youth of nineteen to the old general of seventy-nine, her devoted admirers. These women think it the greatest bore if they have even for an hour to entertain a being of their own sex, and they are often heard to boast of this fact. I am happy to say that very few women of our old aristocratic families belong to this class, which is a mixture of the wives of wealthy merchants, of military men and government officials of a loose grade, as well as stray artists, like painters, actresses, singers, dancers, and women who appear with spots of ink on their fingers—in case the world should forget that they use the pen. This is the class of women who cause foreigners to consider Russia the most immoral country in the world. Unfortunately this class is large enough to put in the shade the societies of worthy women who are fast beginning to understand that "life is but an empty dream," and the part they play in it, as the half of the human race, is ignoble and unworthy of themselves and the men.

We have lately accompanied to her last rest a woman whose life has been one long endeavor to emancipate the Russian woman. Nadeshda Stassoff was the first woman in our country who by her sterling goodness and her undaunted energy has conquered the existing prejudice against the higher education of our women. Thanks to this energy and to her unbounded belief in the necessity of a higher education as the means toward the moral development of the Russian woman, she succeeded, in 1878, in organizing "the Higher Pedagogical Courses" in St. Petersburg. As the sole manager of this institution, she worked for many years faithfully, indefatigably, with no other reward than the one she hoped to find in the result of her work.

Several times "the courses" were threatened by the Government—the Dowager Empress and Count Deljanoff, the Minister for Public Instruction, being against them. It was then that Mrs. Stassoff showed how far her energy and her love for the work could go. Like none other, at least in Russia, she has understood how to reconcile people of opposite views in regard to higher education, and, by taking the right measures at the right moment, she has a number of times been able to evade the danger which threatened her work. Thanks to the esteem and love she enjoyed amongst all classes of society, she has won people over to her ideas, and if to-day there is a strong movement throughout Russia toward the solving of the woman's question, it is principally owing to the earnest efforts of the woman who loved humanity and felt the humiliating position of her sex.

Tolstoi, in his drama, "The Power of Darkness," has described the lower class of women in our empire, their ignorance, immorality and brutishness. Some critics were of the opinion that if the genial author would but write a drama and criticise the women who live in a higher sphere of life, the result would be of greater importance to humanity in general.

The young peasant-mother is induced by the offer of a sum of money to leave her own child in order to nurse the child of a woman who, living in an atmosphere of refinement and culture, ought to understand the immorality of the thing. There is not a country in the world where the nurse system is so developed and brings about so much immorality as in our country. There is not a mother amongst the middle classes of Russia, or, for the matter of that, amongst the aristocracy, who will think it worth while to nurse her own child if she can induce some poor woman, for ten roubles a month, to leave her husband and children in order to take a mother's duties off her hands.

To this, thank Heaven, our young Empress will put a stop by giving the example how a mother, even if she be of royal birth, should fulfill a mother's duties.

"The Russian Czarina," we read in one of our leading papers, "nurses her own baby, and from the heights of the throne the example is given to every Russian mother. Henceforth neither social position nor wealth will justify the throwing off of a mother's duty, the loosening of ties which nature has established between mother and child."

Apart from the example given by the young Imperial mother, we point to the fact that a Russian Czarina who nurses her own child is an important feature in our country—a feature which will not fail to promote social and moral reforms. The Russian people have always seen in their Czarina-mother their intercessor, but now the faith is growing in every mother's heart that she who shares the joys and burdens with every mother among her people will always find a word of pity and mercy even for those who have forfeited it.

It will not be long before the independence of Russian women will be an established fact, for, with the best intentions, and with all the *savoir-faire* which society—the moral and physical world of our women—teaches, they possess no executive ability. At the time I am writing, we have here a number of benevolent entertainments, bazars, concerts, balls, etc., in which our women who are naturally kind-hearted and benevolent take a great part, but which are mostly organized by men.

The papers brought the news that a Women's Club was about to be organized, the first in our Empire; but when I found that it was to be a club where women should meet to play at cards, or, rather, to gamble—for in Russia everybody plays for money—I was afraid that emancipation was taking a wrong direction. The fact is we have to become educated before we become emancipated, and it is to be hoped that the number of "Higher Courses for Women" which are now under the protection of our Czarina, who has given them into experienced and trustworthy hands, will do their part.

At present we have a society of women who think it necessary to develop their physical strength before they attempt to do any more. This morning's paper brings the following little criticism, and shows how our men look upon women's progress: "And so we are to have 'A Woman's Gymnastical Society!' This is too terrible to be true. The only thing for which our women had to be excused was their weakness, and now they want to be strong! We have often complained of their superficiality, their extravagance, their want of intelligence and education, but we have never complained of their want of muscles, and never shall."

You are wrong, Mr. Somebody, about the last sentence; you seem to forget that *In einem gesunden Koerper wohnt ein gesunder Geist* (in a sound body lives a sound mind). Why not strengthen your body for a good purpose, and then, don't you know, we need it for the time when we shall be called upon to take the half of life's burdens off your shoulders on to ours. With you Russian men everything is a matter of habit. You were ready to send all bells ringing when women were first seen on a bicycle, but you are quite reconciled to it now. You felt quite reproachful that I had returned from my American trip in a plain travelling dress and not in "bloomers." Keep yourselves prepared, ye Russian lords of creation, for the time has come when even your women will throw off their slavish bonds, and will become useful members of society, better wives and better mothers!

◆

THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY CALEB DUNN.

Seek ye the light of knowledge,
For wisdom is more than wealth,
It gives to the mind the blessing
Of spiritual strength and health.

Ignorance leads to sorrow
Often, and oft to pain;
Its ways are hedged in with troubles,
And its hopes are weak and vain.

Learning is great and noble,
When ripened in purpose high,
And its beauty and perfect glory
Shall never, never die.

For knowledge, the true, is eternal,
And beyond the other shore
It shall become a joy immortal,
And live for evermore.

Gold hath its pleasures and uses,
And sometimes 'tis one's best friend,
But it passes away like a vision,
And its power must certainly end.

Like the dreams wherein one owns riches,
And holds them, it seems, for aye,
Alas, when he wakes from his sleeping,
The wealth has all faded away!

So one may have costly possessions
And treasures as rare as of Ind,
But when he sails o'er the dark river
He must leave all his riches behind.

But knowledge, if true, is eternal,
And, beyond the other shore,
It shall become a joy immortal,
And ripen forevermore.

◆

KEEPING CHILDREN AT HOME.

There are few investments that parents can make which will pay so large profits as amusements that will keep their sons and daughters at home of evenings.

At almost any sacrifice of comfort it is worth while to set apart a room in the house that the children may call their own. In this each one may have a cupboard or closet where his or her belongings in the way of books, toys and trinkets may be kept undisturbed by other hands. Of course, if each child can have his or her own room, so much the better; indeed, it is becoming an unwritten law that separate beds are necessary for children, and separate rooms, if the situation of the family will permit it. It costs but little in building a house to provide an extra room; if this cannot be afforded, there is almost always an attic that could be made tolerable as a play-room at a small expense.

In one family where there are many children, the dining-room, which is the largest apartment in the house, has been, by a sort of general consent, turned over to the little ones every evening after the last meal of the day. They may spread their toys and books on the table, turn somersaults over the floor, play antics of all sorts with the furniture, and nobody objects so long as they do not indulge in breakage and quarreling. The line is drawn at that point. The din is sometimes dreadful, but there are two wise parents who have learned by a careful study of the children in the neighborhood that noise at home is a good deal better than sly wickedness abroad. The result of this course is that there is scarcely a suggestion of going out of evenings. When the children are invited to the neighbors' they sometimes meet the invitation with a sigh and the remark: "Oh, I suppose we will have to go!" They are always delighted when their little friends come to see them, because they declare they can have so much more fun at home.

This is a healthful and hopeful state of affairs. There is no greater compliment that can be paid to parents than to have the children always willing to remain in the house. It shows good feeling and fellowship between parent and child, and an absence of the dread and fear that is one of the most pathetic phases of child-life. The little ones who live under a continual cloud, who fear to express an idea or give utterance to a thought in the presence of their parents, are greatly to be pitied, and such children are far too plenty in every quarter of our wide land.

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MULTIPLYING WORDS.

At a dinner, a few evenings since, where a number of eminent journalists and philologists were assembled, the conversation turned on some eccentricities and caprices in the use of language. Among other things, the tendency of professional men, to use large and cumbersome words was greatly deprecated.

One of the guests produced some leaves from a medical journal in which occurred the most astonishing number of unnecessary terms and words that had been increased in syllables until they were almost absurd. "A number of writers," he said, "seem to be continually straining to drag in unusually and unnecessarily long words."

In view of the fact that the most strenuous efforts are being made to simplify language, not only for the sake of economy of space but clearness of understanding and general lucidity, the action of our professional friends in this matter is much to be regretted. There are already quite enough terms that are puzzling and long-drawn-out, and these, of course, we must accept and get along with the best way we can. It leads one to suspect that these men desire to be obscure, that they fancy that to use big-sounding names and to cumber their counsel with words give a greater impression of their wisdom and capabilities.

It is a very grave question whether a man gains anything by the use of such language among people of ordinary intelligence. Certainly among the educated, this sort of talk verges on the ludicrous. He may get himself some repute among the profoundly ignorant, the few who are caught by high-sounding words, but the great masses of the people of the present day have dictionaries and know how to study them, and when they discover that a man uses a word simply because it is ponderous and suggests wisdom, they lose their opinion of him. Even the rank and file of humanity, especially in this country, have sense enough to understand that such talk is the legitimate offspring of pomposity and, therefore, is something to be made light of.

ART IN AMERICA.

Lovers of the artistic abound all over the world. There are degrees in art and specialties in the artistic, and those who have some idea of what art means may be found in almost every corner of our country. But really competent, comprehensive and intelligent artists and art critics are few and far between.

It has been said that an accomplished and thorough critic must himself be an artist, but that is not true. It stands, however, as a fact, that a very large amount of what passes for good criticism is unworthy of the name. In many instances it is nothing more nor less than ignorant and self-assertive verbiage. Budding artists are scared out of their senses, as budding musicians and singers have been, and so completely discouraged that their ambition is perhaps crushed.

There is nothing more unjust and unfeeling than many of the diatribes that are hurled at beginners in art. And these are almost certain to proceed from those who know little of the true spirit of this great subject. They desire to be critical, and not knowing how to praise discriminately, they blame and abuse in the most sweeping fashion.

All thoroughly competent artists recognize the spirit of art, even though it may not be handled in a masterly way. The great artist is likely to be the gentle, painstaking and conscientious critic. The blusterer is he who knows little of that which he so scathingly condemns.

◆

THE VIRTUES OF ANTI-TOXIN.

It is a curious fact that although so many years have elapsed since the discovery of vaccination startled the world and robbed of its terrors one of the most dreaded of maladies, an interval of surprising length passed before this identical theory was put to work in other diseases. If the virus of one disease can be so filtered through the system of any living creature as to rob it of its fatal or even dangerous qualities, it stands to reason that all of the serious maladies of life may be combated by the same means. It only needs careful, intelligent and scientific study to ascertain the best methods of securing perfectly pure cultures. All animals are not adapted for this purpose, and many can be treated with one form of culture that cannot successfully bear another.

It is the opinion of some scientists that there are in the animal kingdom creatures that are exempt from every disease that flesh is heir to. Once these are found, the first step in this wonderful work is accomplished. As the cow for small-pox, the horse kind for anti-toxin, so other animals will be found through whose systems the various germs may work with such satisfactory results that all diseases will become, first, controllable and afterward possibly stamped out of existence.

There is no more interesting or profitable field than bacteriology, the science of disease and the action of disease germs. The one thing to guard against in this research is the possibility that in inoculating for immunity from certain ills the patient may be placed in danger from others. In the cultivation of cultures science has not yet arrived at the ability to recognize all forms of disease at sight; therefore, who knows but in attempting to secure safety from diphtheria one may not inadvertently have implanted in the system the seeds of erysipelas, cancer or other ills as much to be dreaded as those of the disease that the medical man is trying to combat, if not even more so.

Anti-toxin, even in the short time it has been before the public, has done a wonderful work. It is said that in certain cities not more than five per cent. of the cases treated with it have proved fatal. The percentage is reduced to even less than this when the treatment is begun before the disease has made great progress. The death rate among children is notably decreased already, and this, considering the infancy of the new method, is a most encouraging and brilliant showing.

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SLEIGHING BY MOONLIGHT.

BY W. R. BARBER.

Nestled in sleigh-robes cozy and warm,
Huddled up close like quails in a storm—
Is it not rare through the night to go,
When moonlight smiles on the sleeping snow!

Coupled by gender (as in the Ark
Birds were paired by the Patriarch),
Mighty content are the belles and beaux
Bundled up snug in the "buffaloes!"

As for a bridal the joy-bells ring,
Peal after peal as the horses spring,
Cedar and larch, in the snow bedight,
Bride-maidens seem in the silvery light.

High in the heavens, a cloudlet pale
Jewel-pinned, hangs like a bridal veil,
And the glittering dust of the diamond snow
Hints at the gems of a bride's *trousseau*.

Nuptial engagements all things suggest,
All the landscape in white is dressed;
Nothing but warmth is wanting there;
Warmth—well, young hearts have enough to
spare.

Sometimes it happens that lovers say
More in the night than they dare by day;
And many courtships by daylight slow
To a focus come on the sparkling snow.

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GERMAN STUDENT LIFE.

BY COUNT A. BERNSTORFF, OF BERLIN.

The life of the German student is a peculiar part of German life. Though its dangers and drawbacks are very generally recognized, it is yet surrounded by an undeniable halo in public opinion. The student, with his colored cap, which is so small that it can hardly be said to cover the head, with his high boots and sword, and, perhaps, with the big dog at his side, is a popular figure. When the life of our great statesman, Bismarck, is described, Bismarck as a student will certainly not be wanting. Even old men like to remember that part of their lifetime. The pupils of the higher schools (called here gymnasiums) do not enjoy the same liberty here as in the United States and in England. They are kept under close control. The change from this life to the perfectly unfettered one of a student is a great temptation to young men. They are often not able to make a good use of that liberty, to which they have not gradually been trained. But most men like to be entirely free for once in their lives, and they will not deny to their children what they enjoyed in their own youth. Therefore the unlimited freedom of the student, which is larger in Germany than in any other country, remains unchanged.

PRACTICAL TRAINING.

The young man who begins his academical studies at the age between seventeen and nineteen takes for the first time lodgings of his own—the students do not live in closed institutions or otherwise together in Germany—and he is virtually his own master. Even his studies are under a very small control. The examination by which he has to prove the result of his studies is three years off, and, therefore, very little influences this new time of freedom. The preparation for the examination is generally left to the very last part of the triennium, and is then not done by attending lectures of the professors, but by private lessons received from individuals who make a business of coaching students for the examination. The student has to pay for the lectures, and at the end of the half year the professor has to give a certificate that the lectures have really been heard; but the general practice is very lenient in this respect. It is pretty generally recognized that the acquirement of knowledge is not the only, or even the most important object of the years of study, but that it is chiefly an education for life, that young men are to learn to use their freedom and to behave among other men. The students' world is a small world in itself, preparatory for the great world in which every man has to fight his own way. The German student finds himself a privileged being—he comes down from a certain height when the triennium is over and the ordinary routine of life begins.

BEER-DRINKING AND DUELING.

Two great features of student life imprint their character on these years. The one is the excessive drinking of beer. Even those who are not abstainers, and who find the moderate use of our light beer an allowed recreation, must regret that young men should have the tendency to learn to drink fifteen to twenty glasses of beer at night, not for the sake of enjoyment, but for the honor of being able to drink so much. This takes place every night, and the individual has difficulty to withdraw himself from what all his comrades think necessary. Many a student takes from this habit the germ of ill health into his later life. The second dark point is dueling. It is true that these duels are not of a very dangerous character. The places where a wound might become fatal are carefully bandaged. It is also true that they do not result from real enmity. They are, in truth, hardly more than an athletic sport. The young man who wields the sword strengthens his arm and learns to keep a firm nerve in danger. In the vast majority of cases the consequences are only slight cuts, which disfigure the face, but are considered as tokens of honor. A decision of our Supreme Court of Justice at Leipzig, that these students' duels are real duels was strongly criticised in the German Parliament last winter. Notwithstanding this we cannot consider these duels quite so harmless. Dueling is, alas, not abolished yet in Germany, and duels in after life, then generally executed with more deadly weapons, are natural as long as such views are held as honorable by the young men at the universities.

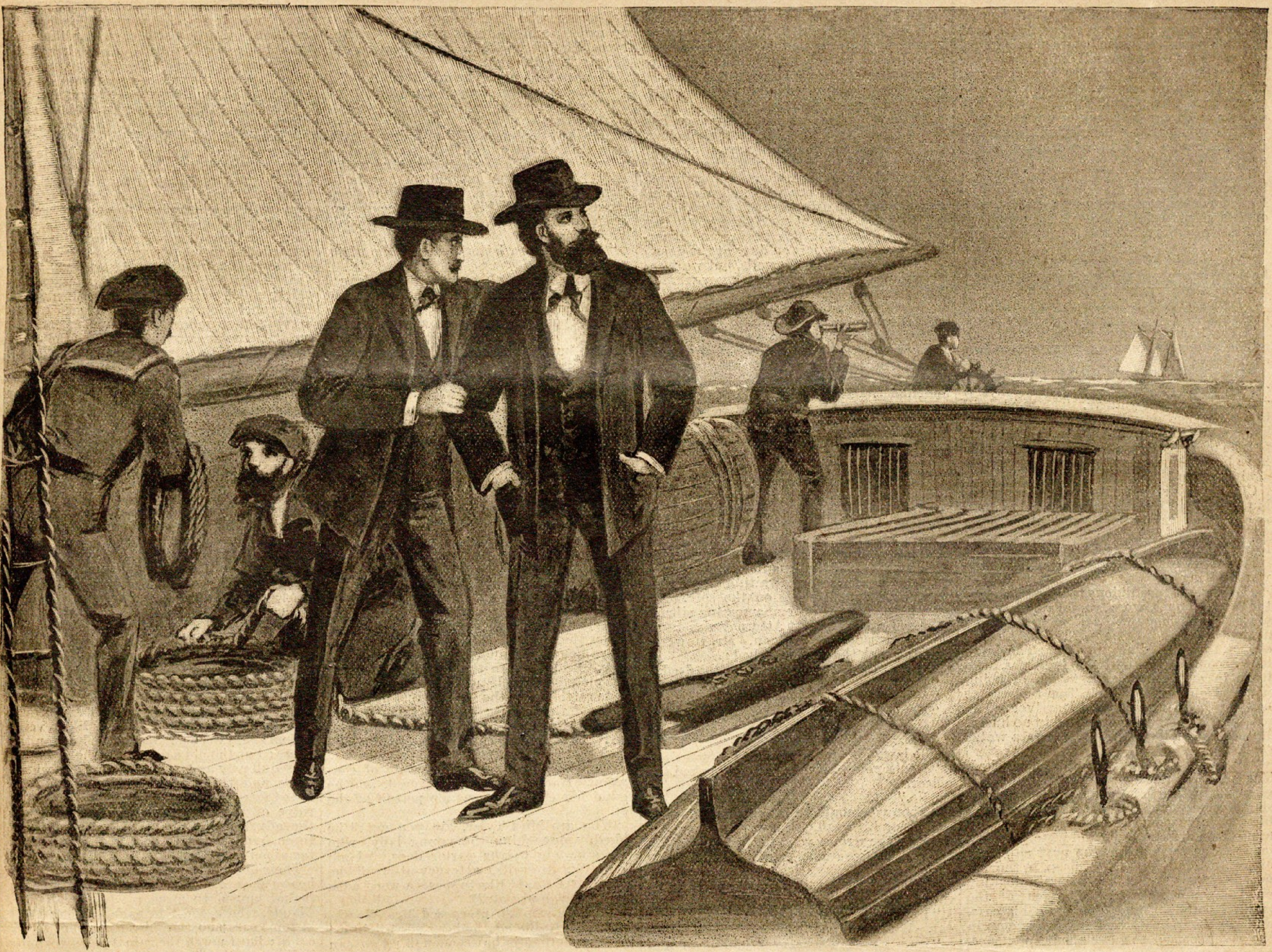
The student who reaches the university will have to decide himself whether he enters a "corps" or "Burschenschaft" or remains for himself. Of course, there are always students who avoid these associations, but then they hardly take part in students' life. Their academical triennium is thus very little different from other parts of life, with the exception of the great freedom and the long vacations. For those who join the "corps" this time is one when friendships are made. The "corps" are very different—some of them, like, for instance, the Borussia at Bonn, the Saxo-Borussia at Heidelberg, are considered especially elegant. The cream of the nobility flock to them. At Bonn generally the royal princes of Prussia also take part. The corps have their colors, which are worn in a ribbon and a cap. The costume mentioned above with the small cap is worn upon solemn occasions, while the cap worn in ordinary life has the same shape as the caps worn by other men. Of course, every member is very proud of these colors. A young man, who after his conversion thought it his duty to leave the corps, recently told the writer of these lines how hard he had found it to give up his colors. It is in these corps that the drinking of beer and dueling are most at home. The "Burschenschaften" represent a social class a little inferior. They labored formerly under the suspicion of being political clubs. This was hardly well founded, but it is true that German unity had a place in the songs of the German students long before Bismarck accomplished it through the sword. Among the students of divinity there is a corps which does not allow dueling, as, of course, future ministers cannot indulge in this habit. This corps, called "Wingolf," is therefore hardly recognized as such by the others. The "Wingolf" still forms among clergymen who belonged to it a bond of friendship. The members of the "Wingolf" publicly profess Christianity and engage themselves to lead a moral life. The value of this corps must therefore not be underrated, though often the Christianity of its members is more a public one than one designating the full state of their inward life.

OUTSIDE WORK NOT FAVORED.

A few years ago the "Association of German Students" was formed, which seeks to promote patriotism. It would be altogether unfair to deny that our institutions have done a great deal to raise the patriotic feeling in the nation. When in 1817, Prussia, the greatest State of divided Germany, lay crushed under the heels of the great Napoleon, Frederick William III., King of Prussia, founded the Berlin University in order to raise the moral powers of the nation.

But that direct Gospel work is not quite easy among students will be easily understood. Nevertheless it has not been quite unsuccessful during late years. The professors are generally of opinion that the student ought to use his time for learning and not for practical work. Yet we can mention with satisfaction that a great number of students have taken part in Sunday schools and have taken the love for that branch of Christian work into their future pastoral office. Though the long vacations make it rather inconvenient for superintendents of Sunday Schools to have students as teachers they have always gladly overlooked this difficulty on account of the valuable propaganda which it contains for the cause in connecting students with this work. Within the past few years mission work among students has taken a more systematic form, and in this respect the example of America with her college secretaries has given many a salutary impulse. Though we recognize with gratitude the coöperation of a number of students in the Young Men's Christian Association of Berlin, the tendency of students to consider themselves quite a special and privileged class renders it essential that the mission among students be recognized as special work. For five years past every summer a students' conference has been held for the deepening of spiritual life, and it is being assisted by increased numbers. The mission has a special secretary now. The members are not chiefly students of divinity, but come from all branches of study. The science of the professors is as free as the life of the students, and, therefore, our young theologians must go through much "higher criticism," and are often more disturbed than strengthened in the faith they bring from a Christian home.

A reform of our association, if it ever takes place, will be a very difficult task. The free life of the university is rooted too deeply in the German nation, and after all, a number of men, eminent in science and in practical life, have come from our universities. We would not curtail the liberty of the students who but too soon feel afterward the yoke of official life with hard work, scanty salaries and limited vacations. But we wish that impulses might be given to use this liberty better—that public opinion might change on the value of dueling and on the excessive consumption of beer, that more ideal tendencies might take hold of the young men at our universities.



TOM, TOUCHING HIS ARM, POINTED TOWARD THE SCHOONER.

THE DARK STRANGER.*

BY JOHN R. MUSICK,

Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard."

["THE DARK STRANGER" was commenced in No. 3. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

[In order that *new* readers of the *Ledger* may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published: The scene of the story is New York, and the time nearly fifty years ago. Robert Morton is a rich merchant and a childless widower. When his nephew, Claude Morton, his only relative and heir, left college he took him into his business house. Claude falls in love with Hallie Tyler, whose father, George Tyler, a former friend of Morton's, had failed in business seven years before and had gone to California to recuperate his health and fortune. Morton objects to Claude's engagement to the daughter of the bankrupt. News comes from California that Tyler has made a fortune, and Morton, about to start on a business trip to that State, tells Claude that if he finds this news to be true he will withdraw his objection to his engagement. Morton finds the news true, and he and Tyler start for New York. On their route they are attacked by robbers, and Tyler is robbed and killed, but Morton escapes. When he reaches New York he is very reticent about the affair, giving but the barest facts in a letter to Hallie, whom he declines to see. He will not speak to any one about the details of the crime, except to his lawyer, Mr. Howells, who also refuses to speak about it. This excites unfavorable comment, and the relations of the lovers become strained because of the suspicion aroused by Morton's conduct. A dark-featured Frenchman named Pierre Le Clerc, from Martinique, West Indies, calls on Morton, who declines to see him, but when Le Clerc sends him a note he is at once admitted. After this Le Clerc has frequent interviews with Morton, at which the latter takes care that the lawyer shall not be present. Claude suspects that Le Clerc is in possession of the facts concerning Tyler's murder, and he has high words with his uncle about his reticence regarding it. His suspicion is confirmed when he discovers that Le Clerc had an interview with Hallie and that his rival for Hallie's hand, Ambrose Fletcher, is on terms of intimacy with Le Clerc. It is ascertained that Le Clerc had a quarrel with Morton and had stated that he would return to Martinique. Claude believes his uncle to be innocent of wrongdoing and Le Clerc to be a villain. When he goes to see his uncle at his residence he finds him murdered in his study.

Claude's recent quarrel with his uncle directs suspicion to him, and he is placed under surveillance, but is led unwittingly out of the way of the detectives by his friend, Tom Coleman. Words spoken by Claude in anger at his uncle's reticence are repeated at the inquest with telling effect by his enemy, Fletcher, and the verdict of the jury declares him to be the murderer. Under pretense of friendship, Fletcher induces Hallie to show him a letter written to her by Claude in which he threatened to do something desperate if the barrier to their marriage by his uncle's silence was not removed. (Claude had in mind going to California with Coleman in making this threat.) Fletcher, seeing the importance of this letter as evidence against Claude, refuses to give it back to Hallie when she, suspecting his purpose, demands its return. While they are contending for possession of the letter, Hallie shouting for help, a carriage stops in front of the house and two bearded men rush into the room and one of them knocks Fletcher down. Hallie recognizes Claude in his disguise and falls fainting into his his arms.]

CHAPTER VII.

A TIMELY ESCAPE.

"WE must get out of this," said the disguised Tom Coleman, picking up the letter which the insensible Fletcher had dropped from his hand.

"I can't leave until she recovers," said Claude.

"The whole house is roused and we shall have the police at our heels in ten minutes."

"Hallie—Hallie, speak! oh, Heaven! speak just one word before I leave you, perhaps never to see you again. Tell me that you love me still, and I will go away happy."

The exciting incidents recorded in the last chapter occupied but a moment's time. The shriek of Hallie roused the whole household. Mrs. Weathergate and her daughter Celia rushed into the parlor, where they found Hallie lying insensible in the arms of a dark-whiskered man, while another stood near him, and Mr. Fletcher was lying insensible on the floor. In their excitement, they wrung their hands and shrieked:

"Murder! Robbers! Police!"

"Claude, Claude, we must get away from here," cried Tom. "In three minutes it will be too late."

"I must speak with her."

"You must not."

As Claude laid the unconscious Hallie upon the sofa, and began to call for restoratives, he was seized by Tom and forced into the hall.

Then he actually pushed Claude from the house, forced him into the carriage, and they were driven furiously away. In a few moments they were lost in the great throng of people and vehicles which crowded the streets. In an out-of-the-way place they left the carriage and walked several blocks to a small house, which they entered. Claude Morton was like one stunned. He had not uttered a word since they had left the house of Mrs. Weathergate.

The two men were hurried up into an attic chamber, and, sinking into a chair, Claude groaned:

"It was all no use, Tom; I got no chance to say a word to her."

"But you had the glorious satisfaction of knocking Ambrose Fletcher down."

"What was he doing?" asked Claude. "Why was he holding her, and she shrieking?"

"It seemed to be something about a letter which he held in his hand. I brought it away with me, and here it is. Claude, it is your writing." Glancing over the letter, he added: "Why, this thing would hang you."

"Why?"

"You say that unless she will permit you to call, you will do something desperate, which you may both repent all your lives."

"I meant by it that I might go to California."

"It would be construed by the jury to mean that you intended to kill your uncle," said Tom.

"What was he doing with it?"

"He had perhaps deceived her, and coaxed her to let him see the letter, and it was a struggle for its recovery that attracted our attention."

"Tom, do you suppose that she still cares for me?"

"Of course she does. If she didn't, do you suppose she would fight for the letter? Now, Claude, you are in need of sleep. Forty-eight hours is too long for one to go without rest. Here, I will mix you a draught that will quiet your nerves, and you must take it."

Tom had provided himself with a medicine case for his journey, and a quieting draught was given Claude which soon had the desired effect. While he slept his faithful friend kept guard over him. As he stood guard Tom thought:

"The brig sails to-morrow at ten. Now, how are we to get on board unseen? That's the question. I have one or two friends whom I can trust to post me. It was lucky that I engaged a berth for him in the name of I. S. K. Perkins." When Tom engaged berths for two, not being sure that Claude would go, he secured him a stateroom under an assumed name. As no one save Tom knew that Claude had ever entertained any notion of sailing in the brig, it would probably be the last place they would look for him.

* * * * * *

The little brig *Francis* lay at the foot of Roosevelt Street—a pygmy among the larger vessels which surrounded her. Just as the human tide ebbed from the high-water mark of Fourteenth Street and Union Square, and subsided for the day amongst the banks and shallows of Wall and Pearl Streets (we speak of the New York of fifty years ago), two men reported on the little brig.

Tom Coleman had made no effort to disguise himself. His companion wore a heavy beard, and long, dark-brown hair in harmony with his eyes. Both were bound for California.

The *Francis* had received her freight, and her decks were encumbered with pigs and poultry, spars and tarpaulins, to say nothing of water-casks and tar-barrels. The quarter-deck was so called by courtesy only; it was elevated but a few inches above the waist, and, deducting the room occupied by hen-coops, water-casks and the man at the helm, afforded but about ten square feet of space in which the unfortunate passengers might promenade if they felt inclined.

When Tom Coleman and his disguised friend came on board, they found themselves in the midst of a confusion which none but experienced travellers can coolly contemplate. A few others were coming on board. Some of the more daring scrambled over the intervening decks, or hailed their friend from the rigging of neighboring vessels. The partings were, as usual, made with a prodigious affectation of good humor. As soon as the two travellers for California

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were aboard and had stored their luggage in their berths, they went aft and gazed out through a narrow space between two ships, and wished they were well out to sea.

"So far all goes well," Tom declared. Claude made no answer. "Whatever happens, Claude, keep cool. Stand here, smoke a cigar and wear that look of unconcern."

With this parting injunction Tom went forward, as he said, to see what was the matter.

They were to have sailed precisely at ten; but when eleven chimed, the number who had come "expressly to see the little vessel off," had materially diminished; and at twelve they were left to their own contemplation.

"We are not off yet," growled Tom. "But be patient, and we will get away soon; this is infernally trying on a fellow's nerves."

"Tom, I have a notion to go back," Claude declared.

"Why? Are you mad?"

"No, but this running away seems like evidence of guilt."

"Claude, don't be foolish. I know you are innocent, or I would not exercise myself so much to get you away. The world will know it some day, but for Heaven's sake keep out of the clutches of the bloodhounds for the present. Numbers of innocent men have been hung because circumstances were against them."

Claude was silent. He remembered that his friend had exacted a promise from him to obey him. It was deep humiliation to the proud spirit of Claude to fly in disguise and leave his uncle to be buried by strangers.

Tom went forward again to see how they were getting en.

There was a prodigious pulling of ropes; the same boxes were tumbled from one place to another and back again; trunks disappeared and came to light. At one o'clock the pilot came on board. The delay had become painful to the fugitives, who lived in momentary expectation of being pounced on by the police. Tom thought at last the hour for sailing had arrived. The pilot was a fat man and seemed in no hurry. He sat down imperturbably upon a water cask.

"Well, Mr. Pilot, are we off?" Tom asked. The pilot deigned no audible reply, but glanced upward significantly towards the slender streamer at the masthead. The wind blew briskly from the Narrows. Tom seated himself on a water cask and watched some men who were painting the next ship, and almost nodded himself to sleep, to the monotonous "Yo-ho" of the sailors unloading an Indiaman near by. The roar of the city fell subdued and distant on his ears, and the ferry-boats and little steamers in the river seemed to move about in silence, going to and fro, apparently without any object, like ants around an ant-hill.

Suddenly Tom started to his feet with an exclamation of astonishment. He had caught sight of a tall, stately stranger, whose black eye and swarthy face indicated the hot blood of the South.

"By Jemany! there is that dark stranger, or I don't know my own head! Why, I thought he had gone two weeks ago."

The man was carrying a cane in one hand and a light hand-bag in the other. He walked down the dock past the pier where the brig lay, in the direction of a West India vessel that was taking on the last of her cargo. Tom did not wait to see if he went aboard, but running over boxes and casks to his friend, said, in a whisper:

"I thought you told me he had gone?"

"Who?"

"The man from Martinique, Monsieur Le Clerc."

"That was my belief."

"But he has not. I have just seen him on the dock."

"Impossible. You saw some one who looked like him."

"Just come around the main gangway and see for yourself," said Tom. But when they had returned to the spot from where Tom had seen him, the man was nowhere to be found.

"It could not have been he," Claude declared. "He was seen to take a vessel for Martinique some days ago."

"If it wasn't he, it was his ghost," Tom declared.

At this moment a little, black bull-dog of a steamer thrust itself valiantly through the crowd of vessels, made a rope fast to the bow of the *Francis* and dragged her into the stream, past Governor's Island and down the outer bay, and then left her to take care of herself.

As the tug-boat steamed back toward the city, Claude and Tom, standing on the deck, gazed back on the receding shore, which lay like a blue mist in their wake.

"Thank Heaven we are off!" ejaculated Tom.

"We may be pursued and overtaken yet," Claude answered, indifferently.

"Don't look on the dark side, Claude."

"I must, or not look at all," he answered sadly. "What do I gain if I should escape? I leave every hope, every joy, everything worth living for, behind."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. HOWELLS AND HALLIE.

The inquest was over, the verdict returned, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of Claude Morton before any one thought of the only man in New York who had ever shared the full confidence of the murdered man. That man was Mr. John W. Howells, the legal adviser of the dead merchant.

The District Attorney, the inspectors and chief of police were all so busy investigating the crime that they had not had time to give Mr. Howells a single thought. Perhaps they would not have thought of him at all had he not, uninvited and unexpectedly, put in an appearance.

Mr. Howells was very tall, his face had about it something that struck the beholder. His eyes, a deep, clear gray, were piercing and keen, and sunk far in his head. The servant who opened the door for him started a little at sight of one who had always inspired him with awe.

"Why did you not notify me when this happened?" he asked, entering and ignoring the policeman left on duty at the door.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Howells, but we were so upset by it that we didn't know what to do," stammered the servant.

"You have made a mess of it," he declared, in his deep voice.

The District Attorney and two officers from the central station were in the study engaged in a very earnest consultation when the lawyer, tall and stately, stalked into the apartment. The District Attorney arose and said:

"Is this Mr. Howells?"

"Yes, sir. You should have sent for me sooner."

"We had not thought of you."

"And I his legal and confidential adviser! Who should have been here if not I?"

The District Attorney grew very red in the face and said something about its being a case of the people.

"The people can best be served by acting in a straightforward manner," the lawyer returned, and, without awaiting any invitation, he seated himself on the sofa. For several moments an embarrassing silence followed. The District Attorney was dumb in the presence of this man. Mr. Howells, first to break the silence, asked:

"Have you discovered who did the deed?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Claude Morton."

"His nephew?"

"Yes."

The lawyer shook his head.

"Don't you think him guilty?" asked the officer.

"No."

"Then who could be the criminal?"

Shaking his head, the lawyer answered:

"It 's the wrong way to theorize by the *reductio ad absurdum* principle in murder cases."

"Well, sir, what is your theory of this case?"

"I have none that I care to state at present. Was there any evidence of robbery?"

"No. Nothing whatever had been disturbed. His purse was in his pocket. The young rascal did it out of revenge on account of a girl. He came in this room, stabbed the old man, threw the knife out of the window and raised the cry of murder."

Again the old man shook his head in an incredulous manner,

"You have searched the house well?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then leave me alone for awhile in this apartment. I was his legal adviser and trusted friend, and his only confidant, so I am entitled to that privilege."

"It 's a very odd request."

"It 's a very reasonable one, and you must grant it."

The tall lawyer had a way of impressing people, and the District Attorney and inspectors left the study and repaired to another apartment for further conference. Left alone, Mr. Howells closed and locked the door, closed the blinds and let down the curtains. He was alone but a few moments when he came out and asked for the keys to the dead man's private secretary.

One of the inspectors, who had the keys, said:

"It 's no use to examine it. I have examined it, and there is nothing amiss."

"How could you possibly know whether there was anything amiss or not, when you do not know what was in the secretary?"

The fellow gave him the keys, and he went back to the room and locked himself in. What he did, no one ever knew. Hour after hour passed. The detective, with an ear at the keyhole, could sometimes hear him moving about, but knew not what he was doing. He tried to peep through the keyhole, but the shrewd old lawyer had anticipated such an attempt, and not only left the key in the keyhole, but had thrown a handkerchief over the door-knob. To see through was utterly impossible.

No word was uttered by the man within. He never indulged in the dangerous practice of thinking aloud. Mr. Howells was more cautious and close-mouthed than any of the detectives. Once the eavesdropper thought he heard rustling of papers.

At the end of two hours he emerged from the study, his face very grave and his brow gathered into a mass of wrinkles. The District Attorney tried to stop him in the hallway, but he put out his hand and the official stepped aside.

"Did you discover anything new?" the District Attorney asked.

"No, sir, nothing."

It was late in the evening and the great chandelier in the hall had already been lighted when he left the study where the merchant had been found dead. Mr. Howells was walking toward the door when there came a quick, violent ring at the bell. The policeman who had been placed on duty opened it, and the next moment Mr. Ambrose Fletcher, with a badly bruised eye, sprang into the hall.

"I have seen him!" he cried.

"Whom?" asked the police officer.

"Claude Morton."

"Where is he?"

"He is at the house of the Widow Weathergate, the aunt of Hallie Tyler, to whom he was engaged. I was there talking with Miss Tyler, who had just shown me a letter from Claude Morton, in which he had threatened to kill his uncle if she did not grant him an interview. The letter would have hung him."

"Where is the letter?" asked the attorney.

"Just as I got hold of it, some one leaped into the room and struck me a blow that sent me senseless to the floor."

"Did you see the person who struck you?"

"No, but I am certain it was Claude Morton."

"But the letter—the letter?"

"When I regained my senses the letter was gone and the man who struck me was gone also."

"How long since this happened?"

"All within the last half hour."

"Then perhaps he is at the widow's house yet?"

"No, no; it's no use to search for him there. He is gone."

The attorney turned to the police officer and said:

"Report this to the central station at once, and set enough men on his trail to capture him. He is in New York City. Let us catch him like a rat in a trap."

Mr. Howells, without a word, left the house, and, going to his carriage, gave the driver the number of the Widow Weathergate's house and told him to drive there at once. Leaping into the carriage, the door was closed with a bang, and away the carriage rattled over the stony street at a rate of speed that caused some of the night patrolmen to stare after it in amazement. Arriving at the widow's house, Mr. Howells alighted and rang the bell.

The whole house was in a state of confusion. Hallie had just recovered, and he found her the most sensible person of the lot.

"You are Miss Tyler, are you not?" he asked, approaching the young lady, who was standing in the parlor door. "I am John W. Howells, attorney-at-law," he added. "I would like to speak a word with Miss Tyler in private."

"No, you won't," interposed Mrs. Weathergate. "Hallie has had one private interview, and that is quite enough. You can just turn about and leave the house."

The tall, gaunt lawer, fixed his eyes on the woman in a stare which caused her to shrink from him, exclaiming:

"He has the look of a devil!"

"You were Mr. Robert Morton's counsel, were you not?" asked Hallie.

"Yes."

"Then I want to talk with you. Aunt, please leave us alone for a few moments."

"Of course, if you say so," snapped Mrs. Weathergate. "But it seems to me that we have had scenes enough in my house for one night."

When they were alone in the parlor, and the door closed, Mr. Howells said:

"I saw Fletcher, and he had a bad-looking eye. He said some one knocked him down, and he is of the opinion that it was Claude Morton. They will probably come here soon to hunt for him, and while it is not necessary for Claude to leave the country, for prudential reasons, he ought to avoid arrest, if he can, for the present, especially as he has started in to do so. If you are in communication with him you may convey my advice to him."

"I do not know where he is," she truthfully answered.

The lawyer looked very grave. His stoical features were unmoved by any emotion, and the closest observer could not have told what was passing within. His manner was always the same. After a moment's silence, he added:

"If he is gone, perhaps it is well, for the present at least. As he is the only heir of my client, it is my duty to look after his personal interests. If he wishes to communicate with me, I suppose he will do so."

Then the lawyer rose to depart.

"One word before you go," said Hallie, laying her hand on his arm. "You, as legal counselor of Mr. Morton, ought to know something of this case. Do you think Claude guilty of the terrible offense?"

"No," was the unhesitating response.

"What will they do with him if he should be captured at present?"

"Probably hang him," and Mr. Howells left the house and entered his carriage and was driven home

CHAPTER IX.

THE PURSUER

A calm under the high capes of San Domingo; an infinitude of thunder squalls, with the pleasant consciousness of a hundred kegs of gunpowder stowed snugly around the foot of the mainmast; a "close shave" on the coral reefs below Jamaica, with occasional alarms of imaginary pursuers—for twenty-six mortal days this was all that Claude and Tom had of relief from the detestable monotony of shipboard.

When left to themselves, the friends frequently discussed the frightful past and doubtful future. Claude asked Tom a hundred times during that voyage if he thought it possible that she still cared for him. He would have given worlds to have heard her speak one short sentence of love, but an iron fate had torn him away, and he was sure that he would never see her again.

One dark, rainy morning the lookout sang out:

"Land on the lee bow!"

In less than a minute's time Claude and Tom left their little cabin, made their way to the deck and looked for the first time upon the coast of Central America. The dim outlines of the land were just discernible through the murky atmosphere, and many and profound were the conjectures hazarded as to what precise point was then in view. The result finally arrived at was that they were off "Monkey Point," about thirty miles north of their destined port. This conclusion was soon confirmed by observing, close under the shadow of the shore, an immense rock, rising with all the regularity of the Pyramids to the height of three hundred feet; a landmark too characteristic to be mistaken.

The brig was sweeping along with a stiff breeze, and the passengers were comforted with the assurance that they would be in port to breakfast, "if," as the cautious captain observed, "the wind held." But the perverse wind did not hold, and half an hour after the promise was made they were rocking about with a wash-tubby motion, the most disagreeable that can be imagined. They had had three days of such experience off San Domingo, which had driven Tom almost wild and caused him to swear by all the saints in the calendar that he would never again try his patience and risk his peace of mind on a sailing vessel.

The haze cleared a little, and with their glasses they could make out the long, low line of shore, covered with the densest verdure, with here and there the feathery palm, which forms so picturesque a feature in all tropical scenery, lifting itself proudly above the rest of the forest, and the whole relieved against a background of high hills, over which the gray mists still hung like a veil.

Tom could even make out the huts on the shore; but the old sailor at the helm smiled incredulously and said there were no huts there, and that the unbroken and untenanted forest extended far back to the great ridge of the Cordilleras. So it was when the adventurous Spaniards coasted there three hundred years before, and so it had remained ever since.

Their observations were interrupted by a heavy shower, which brought a wind with it that moved them nearer to their haven. Claude, who seemed to take little interest in what was passing about him, went to the cabin; but though the rain fell in torrents it did not deter Tom from getting soaked in his vain endeavors to harpoon the porpoises that came tumbling in numbers around their bows.

The shower passed and with it the breeze, and again the brig rocked lazily on the water, which at this point was filled with branches of trees and pieces of wood. Among the rubbish that drifted past, Tom saw a broken spear and a cocoanut; the one proving the proximity of a people whose primitive weapons had not yet given place to those more effective of civilized ingenuity, and the other a certain index of the tropics. The shower and puff of wind which had passed had carried them within sight of their port.

Tom, who had persistently declared that he saw cabins on shore, could now discern no signs of human habitation, and declared they had lost their reckoning, and were far from their destined haven.

At this moment they saw a trim schooner moving rapidly along under a pouring shower in the same direction they were going. Tom's cheek turned deathly white at sight of the craft. That was the sail which, during all their long, tedious journey, had hovered like a bird of prey in their wake, and under the most absolute conviction that it carried an officer to capture Claude he was in a state of great trepidation.

"Do you know that vessel?" he asked.

"That must be the schooner *Betty*, from New York," the captain answered, after taking a squint at it through the glass.

The information did not tend to relieve Tom's anxiety. Who knew but that the *Betty* had a detective aboard in pursuit of Claude? It might have been learned after they left that the man whom all the police in the city were trying to capture had left on the *Francis*.

"What time did she leave New York?" Tom asked.

"A few hours after we did," the captain answered. "Her captain swore he would beat us in at least ten days, but blow my eyes if we don't reach the harbor first."

Tom was more anxious than any one that the brig should lead the schooner into port. Many were the desperate efforts on the part of the sailors to avail themselves of every "cat's-paw" that passed.

The excitement was great, and Tom inquired for sweeps, and recommended getting out the yawl to tow the vessel in. Such was his excitement and eagerness to get into port that he forgot to admire the emerald shores which were now distinct no more than half a mile distant, and he prayed that a black-looking thunderstorm, looming gloomily in the east, might make a diversion in their favor.

A speck was discerned in the direction of port, and by and by the movement of oars could be seen and bodies swaying to and fro, and in due time a pitpan—a long, sharp-pointed canoe—pulled by as motley a set of mortals as one ever saw, all stripped to the waist, darted under their bows, and a burly fellow pulled off his hat to the captain and inquired in bad English:

"Want-ee ah pilot?"

"Go to Davy Jones, you lubber!" cried the mate. "What has become of your eyes? Can't you tell the *Francis* anywhere? She's made thirty-seven voyages to this port, and knows the way better than any son of Neptune who ever put to sea in a bread-trough. If ye want to pilot something, go and tow in that lubberly schooner to wind'ard."

The black fellow looked blacker than before, and said something in unintelligible jargon to the rest, and away they darted toward the schooner.

By this time Claude had again come on deck, and Tom, touching his arm, pointed toward the schooner. Claude nodded his head in a comprehending manner, while a look of resignation settled over his face.

"Claude, don't be so careless about this," said Tom. "If you have no regard for your own neck, have some for mine, for they will make an accomplice of me for the part I have taken."

Claude started, gazed a moment at his friend, and said:

"Tom, we ought not to have come away together. I am to blame for permitting you to endanger yourself on my account."

"Don't blame yourself, Claude. All that I ask is that you obey my instructions. We may beat the schooner in yet. See, the thunderstorm is coming our way."

They glanced toward the storm sweeping toward them, piling up a black line of water, crested with foam, with a noise like distant thunder. It reached them at last. The sails fluttered a moment and filled, the yards creaked, the masts bent to the strain, and the little brig darted away through the hissing water. It grew so dark when they were enveloped in the cloud that they lost sight of the schooner, and the shore was no longer visible; but they kept on their way. The *Francis* seemed a thing of life and eagerly flew to reach her old anchorage.

"Don't she scud!" cried the mate, rubbing his hands in very glee.

"Will this breeze carry us in?" Tom anxiously asked.

"If it only holds for ten minutes, we'll be in like a spike."

Tom turned his anxious eyes toward the schooner as soon as the cloud cleared, and he was quite sure he saw some one on the deck leveling a glass at them.

"Claude," he whispered, "don't betray any anxiety. The pursuer is on the schooner, and is even now sweeping our decks with a glass."

Claude made no answer, but turned his eyes shoreward in a careless manner. The breeze held out, and the brig was close to Point Arenas, a long, narrow spit, partly covered with water which shuts in the harbor, leaving only a narrow opening for the admission of vessels. The schooner was behind the brig; but a new difficulty arose. The bar had changed since the last trip; the captain was uncertain as to the entrance, and the surf broke heavily under their lee. Excitement of another character prevailed as they moved slowly on to where a great swell proclaimed the existence of shallows. Tom kept his eyes fixed on the captain, who stood in the bows, as if waiting the eventful moment. Suddenly he cried, with startling emphasis:

"Hard a-port!"

"Hard a-port!" was echoed by the helmsman, as he swept the tiller round. But it was too late; the little vessel struck heavily as the wave fell.

"Lost! Heavens, we shall be overhauled!" groaned Tom.

"Twenty-seventh, and last!" muttered the mate between his teeth, as he rushed to the fastenings, and the mainsail came down on the run.

"Round with the boom, my men!" cried the mate, and the boom swung round, just as the brig struck again with greater force than before, unshipping the rudder and throwing the helmsman across the deck. "Round again, my men! lively, or the *Francis* is lost!" cheered the mate, who seemed invested with superhuman strength and agility; and as the boom swung round the wave fell, but the *Francis* did not strike.

"Clear she is!" shouted the mate, who leaped upon the companionway and waved his hat in triumph; then, turning toward the schooner, he shouted: "Do that, ye rascal, and call yourself a sailor!"

Claude Morton, whose liberty and even life depended on the success of the dangerous maneuver, stood gazing on the exciting scene, the least concerned of any.

Tom was wild with excitement, and ran to the captain as soon as the vessel was afloat, and asked:

"Is she over the bar? Is she safe?"

"She's clear."

"Will we beat the schooner in port?"

"Certainly, mate, but you seem strangely anxious to get ashore."

"It's the end of our destination," Tom answered evasively, "and we want to beat that schooner."

"By the trident o' Neptune we did it right handsomely. I fancy you won't see the schooner inside the harbor 'fore morning."

The mate fixed his weather-beaten eyes on the schooner, which, failing to come up with the wind, fell short of the Narrows, and noting the danger to which the brig had been exposed, luffed alee and fell off two or three points. The officers and crew of the *Francis* uttered yells of derision, and the captain was heard to say:

"She had better take the black pilot. Unless they are towed in to-night the morning will find 'em outside the harbor. The ground is too dangerous for 'em to venture into it."

"It is our salvation, Claude," Tom whispered, as he led his friend to the larboard rail.

"Why?"

"We can land and be hidden somewhere in this strange country before they get ashore."

"I suppose we can," Claude answered, with a sigh.

"Don't be so apathetic, Claude."

"I have no fears of being overhauled and taken back to New York, for I am not making my escape. Misery is bound to be my companion wherever I go. I may fly to the uttermost ends of the earth and it will follow me. My uncle's dead face and that last cry of Hallie's will haunt me as long as I live, and wherever I may go."

"Think no more about them."

"How am I to banish them from my thoughts?"

"Why, my dear fellow, we are entering a new world, and will begin a new life. In the gold fields of California, we will forget the past."

Claude shook his head sadly, and answered:

"No, I never shall—I never can—I never want to forget her."

The *Francis* was in the harbor snug and safe, and the schooner beating up against the wind, but the tide being out, did not venture in. Notwithstanding the accident to the rudder of the *Francis*, she passed readily to her old anchorage, in the midst of a spacious harbor, smooth as a mill pond. There was music in the rattling cable as the anchor was run out, and the *Francis* moved slowly round, with her broadside towards the town. The well was tried, but no indication of a leak was found, which was the occasion for a new ebullition of joy on the part of the mate.

All dangers being past, Tom and Claude had a chance to look about them. They were not more than two cables' length from a low, sandy shore, upon which was ranged, in a line parallel to the water, a double row of houses, or rather huts, some built of boards, but many of reeds, and all thatched with palm leaves. Some came down to the water like sheds, and under one were drawn up pitpans and canoes. Larger contrivances for navigating the San Juan River, resembling canal-boats, were also moored close in shore.

"What town is this?" Claude asked. It was the first interest he had expressed in anything since he left New York; and Tom Coleman was both astonished and delighted.

"It is San Juan de Nicaragua," answered the mate.

Then Claude again relapsed into silenee, gazing off shoreward in his listless manner.

The anchor was hardly dropped before a canoe came alongside, containing as variegated an assortment of passengers as can well be conceived. Among them were the officers of the port, whose importance was made manifest from the numerous and unnecessary orders they gave to the oarsmen and prodigious bustle they made getting up the side. One was an Englishman, who, going to the captain, said:

"Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General, Mr. Chase, has sent me to say he hopes you had a pleasant voyage, and to invite you to the Consulate as soon as you have rested."

Tom, who was trembling in his boots, thought:

"Maybe they want to get us there, and hold us until the infernal schooner makes port."

But as there was no peremptory demand, merely an invitation, he began to breathe easier. He went to the officer from the Consulate and made cautious inquiries about a quiet, retired house where a couple of gentlemen might live for awhile free from the annoyances of the town or harbor.

A respectable-looking negro was pointed out as a suitable landlord, as he had a desirable house, quite retired from the town. Tom was so impatient to be on land that he could not wait for the yawl to be hoisted over the side, so he gathered their luggage—rifles and revolvers—and, pushing Claude before him, descended into the canoe of the "Harbor Master," and thus went ashore.

The population of the town was all there, many-hued and fantastically attired, to see them land. The dress of urchins from twelve and fourteen downward generally consisted of a straw hat and a cigar, the latter sometimes unlighted and stuck behind the ear, but oftener lighted and stuck in the mouth; a costume which Tom declared "sufficiently airy, picturesque and excessively cheap."

Men, women and children were smoking cigars, and stared at the two "Americanos" as they passed through the town as if they were strangers from another planet. The novelty of the scene to a slight degree distracted Claude from his grief.

Two negro boys, sons of their landlord, volunteered to pilot them to the house where they were to rest for the night. Passing through the main town, they entered a forest, followed by a train of boys and some ill-looking grown-up vagabonds.

The path led to a beautiful lagoon, fenced in by a bank of verdure, upon which were a number of women dipping clothes in the water and laying them in an old boat and violently beating them with clubs. Turning down a narrow path which led along the shores of the lagoon, our travellers found themselves in the cool, deep shades of a tropical forest. A flock of noisy paroquets were fluttering above them, and strange fruits and flowers appeared on all sides. Before they had gone far an odor of musk was discernible, and directly a tremendous plunge in the water. Claude and Tom both paused and looked in the direction of the water to see the cause, but one of their juvenile guides waved his hands contemptuously, and said:

"*Lagartos!*"

And, sure enough, glancing through the bushes, they saw two or three monstrous alligators slowly propelling themselves through the water.

"Dragons in an earthly paradise!" muttered Tom, clutching the barrel of his rifle.

One of the little black rascals, by way of caution, said:

"*Muchos culebras qui!*" ("Many snakes here!")

As Claude had some knowledge of the Spanish, he managed to translate the warning to Tom.

They reached the house of the negro, which was built of palmetto logs, thatched with palm leaves, and standing on posts some two or three feet from the ground, which they were assured was to protect them from snakes and lizards.

They were given a pile of cow-hides for a bed, and after a dinner of tortillas and fruit they sat in front of their house gazing on the scenes about them. Their house was situated in a sort of suburb of the town, which was composed about half-a-dozen huts, filled with negroes, Indians and mixed races. After smoking a cigar they sauntered forth to take a view of this suburban portion of San Juan de Nicaragua, looking into the doorways, and catching an occasional glimpse of the domestic economy of the inhabitants. There seemed to be a perfect equality and general good understanding between pigs, babies, dogs and chickens. The pigs gravely took pieces of tortillas from the mouths of the babies, and the babies as gravely took pieces away from the pigs.

They remained in the vicinity of the house all day, and when evening came Tom insisted that his friend should retire while he crept down the bay to reconnoiter. Claude threw himself on a pallet of hides and was soon in a light slumber. He had just begun to dream of Hallie when Tom leaped into the hut, crying:

"Claude, Claude, get up! We must travel!"

"Why, what's the matter, Tom?" Claude asked, starting up and laying his hand on his rifle, which was conveniently near his head.

"The infernal schooner is just coming into port, towed by a hundred canoes, and, now that we have got so far, let's not be caught napping."

Claude started to his feet, and seizing his rifle and travelling-bag, announced himself as ready.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 6.]

OVER THE SNOW.

BY CALEB DUNN.

The white road glitters like a belt of silver,
The stars look chilly in the cloudless sky,
While o'er the snowdrifts in the peaceful valleys
The evening's shadows lie.

No lowing herd I hear down by the river,
No tinkling bell of sheep or grazing kine;
Earth is as silent as a dreamless slumber—
Solemn and all divine.

Yet on the air I hear the cheery music
Of merry bells, whose voices sweetly flow
As smoothly as glad riders glide in rapture
Over the gleaming snow.

Bright cheeks grow rosier with exhilaration,
Bright eyes beam lovelier in the starry light,
And voices ring with a warm joy that vibrates
Through the deep soul of Night.

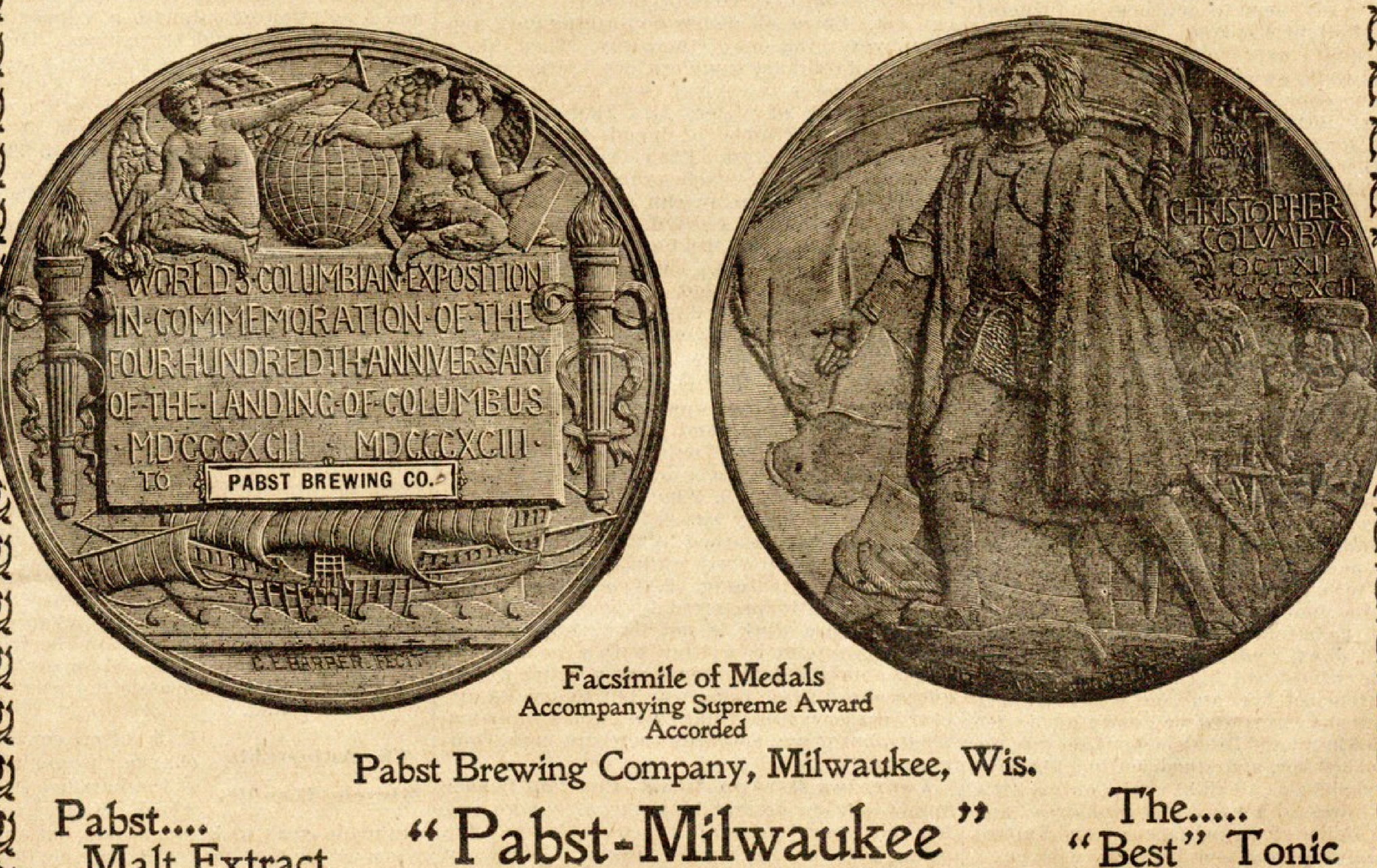
What if the North Wind with a voice sonorous,
Strike from his lyre his surliest, fiercest tone,
And smite the riders with his airy sabre
Forged in his arctic zone?

These are glad riders, and no voice of anger,
No rude attack the North Wind dare essay,
Can take from their warm hearts the shielding pleasure
That drives all care away.

Still, though the midnight moon has reached the zenith,
I hear the gliding of the sleighs along,
And hear the merry bells, whose music mingles
With hearty laugh and song.

The night flies fast, and joy is the sole master
Of the bright hour—a type of that grand time
When perfect joy shall live and grow forever
In a serener clime.

World's Columbian Exposition



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CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Dear Doll Delight.

When we lived in the country, the dressmaker, Miss Smith, used to come to work by the week, and she was the kind of person who took an interest and cared how a little girl felt.

So when I told her how, though I had a lovely doll—Estelle Marie her name was—I was afraid to play with her, because the damp took her hair out of curl and the dust spoiled her complexion and the grass stained her silk dress, and altogether she was not an out-door country doll at all, but just a city parlor doll, Miss Smith said she remembered just the same sort of thing herself, when she was a little girl, and that her good grandmother made her a doll that would not spoil whatever you might do with it, and that in the evening, when work was over, she would make me one.

So she did. It was made of flesh-colored silesia, and the face was embroidered in worsted of the right colors. As for the hair, Miss Smith took a ball of light-brown worsted and knitted a piece as long as a garter and no wider. Then she dipped it in boiling water, and when it was nearly dry pressed it with an iron. Then she sewed one edge to the doll's head, round and round like a cap. Then she cut the other side and ravelled it, and there were the loveliest crimps you ever saw; and after the top ones had been clipped a little, it was as tidy as if a hairdresser had fixed it.

When mamma saw it, she said it was one of the most sensible dolls she ever saw; and then Miss Smith cut out a number of garments and taught me how to fit and sew them. They were all of muslin and calico, and came off and on and could be washed and ironed.

Then I asked Miss Smith what would be a good name for such a doll; and she said:

"My grandmother named *my* doll, Delight; that was her mother's name; her own was Patience. They are both old-fashioned names. I do not know whether they will seem pretty to you."

I said I liked Delight very much, and it seemed suitable for a doll that would give me so much pleasure.

Certainly I was very happy with Delight. She could go boating or lie under the trees or take a walk on the dustiest road, and even go blackberrying without being spoiled, for I could put her things in the wash, and our Dinah knew just how to take all the stains out of calico and muslin.

Do you believe girls are ever as bad as boys? It seems funny to break off and ask a question like that when I am telling about dear doll Delight, but I have a reason. Girls can be mean. Fanny Spruce took the Valentine I sent her one year and sent it to Sallie Brown, and Sallie Brown showed it to me; so I knew. And she said she painted the rose and bud that decorated it, when my auntie did. But I do not think any girl would do such a cruel, cruel, cruel thing as Sam Hopkins did.

Sam Hopkins lives on the next place. He cut his dog's tail short off, and all night the poor thing howled and howled. When he came to our house one day I told him what I thought of him.

"You are cruel and wicked," I said, "and I can't bear to see you any more. There now!"

"Who cares?" said Sam. "You are only a girl. Who cares for girls—sitting about, playing with things like that doll! A pretty doll without any nose! I do you a service if I cut her head off."

At the thought of poor Delight with her head off, like Lady Jane Grey and the wives of Henry the Eighth in the histories, I began to cry, and Sam began to whistle.

"Just like sister Kate," he said. "Tears all ready at any minute. I am glad I am not a scary girl." Then he ran around the house.

Sam Hopkins had come to ask if he might pick a basket of apples for his mother, and my mamma said yes, and he went up the tree and did it. Delight and I were cleaning the baby-house that day, and there was a great deal to do. When all was finished but putting up the clean curtains, I went up to my room to get them, and when I went back, Delight was gone. She was the most intelligent doll I ever knew, but she could not get up and walk away herself, and I felt sure Sam had done something with her, cut her head off, perhaps. But mamma said that I was foolish to think so, for Sam was too old to meddle with a little girl's doll. Mamma hasn't half an idea how wicked boys can be.

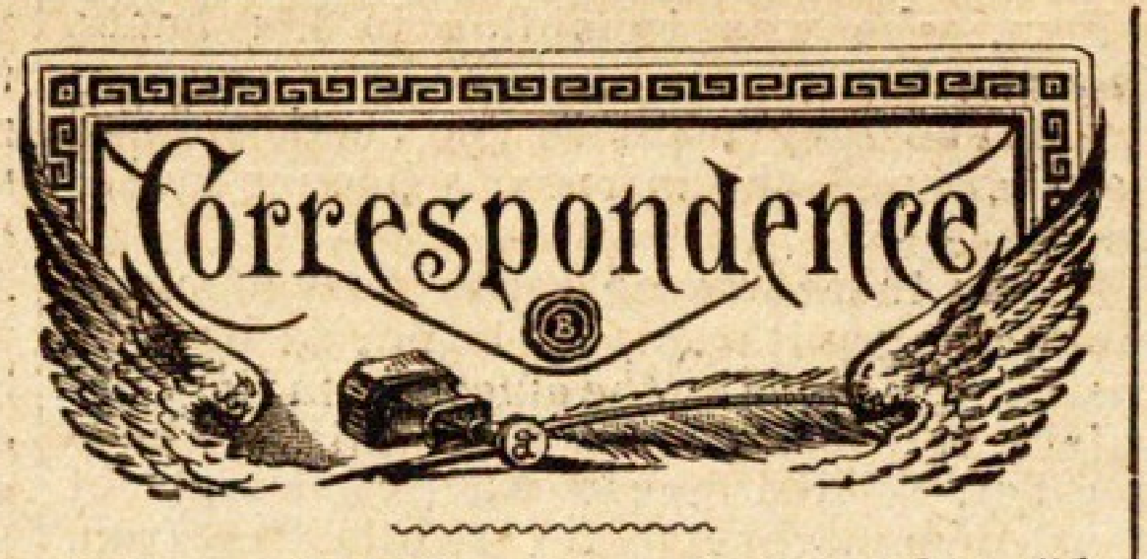
Dinah and I felt sure he had done something dreadful to Delight. But we could not find her body, and I was very sad all the rest of the summer.

It was late in autumn before we went to the city, and the last day, when the wind was blowing and all the leaves were on the ground, it seemed so sad to go home without my dear Delight. I had gone up to the garret to get all my toys, and right opposite the window was the apple-tree, so full of leaves and fruit the day I lost Delight, all bare now, and brown.

"Oh, goodness gracious!" I cried aloud, "what is it that I see!" Something so bright and blue—the color of dear Delight's last new calico, crushed in amongst the branches.

The next moment I was calling downstairs for everybody to come. It was my doll; that wicked Sam Hopkins had carried her up and left her there. But the butcher's boy climbed up the tree and got her down, and I held her in my arms again. The winds had blown on her, and the rain had drenched her, and she was very, very streaky; but she was sewed well and stuffed with white, curled hair; and Dinah just put her into the tub and washed her, and stood her in a big bowl to dry. And she was all right again, only a little paler, and I dressed her in a nice pink dress, and put on her dimity cloak and lace cap and knitted boots and mittens, and took her home with me.

When I think of the hardships you would have suffered this winter, up there in the apple-tree, when snow-storms came, dear doll Delight, I feel very glad to see you sitting there so comfortably in your own chair before the grate-fire.



Correspondence

Points of Etiquette.—Reader asks: "1. When callers arrive, how should they be received? 2. How are wedding presents to be acknowledged? 3. How should one announce an engagement? 4. When napkins are passed with the plates to the guests, what should be done with them? 5. How should cards be written, and should the street and number appear on them? 6. Are sleeves and skirts as large as heretofore? 7. When receiving, how and where should the callers take leave of the hostess? 8. When a caller is informed that the lady whom she wishes to see is in, what is she to do about cards? 9. Should the servant always attend the door, and is it considered bad form for ladies living in the city to open the door and answer the bell?" *Answer:* 1. The callers ring, the servant answers the bell and admits them, then opens the door of the drawing-room, and if the hostess is in, announces the guests by name, taking their cards, if they are strangers, so as to be certain of the names. The cards are then placed upon a plate on the hall table. 2. Wedding presents are supposed to be sent as evidences of good will and may be answered by polite notes more or less friendly, according to circumstances. 3. It is considered good form for the parents to announce an engagement. A simple statement of the facts is all that is required. 4. Napkins should be taken from the plate and spread upon the lap. 5. It is always best to send an order for cards to a first-class stationer, and after telling him what is required leave him to arrange all details in accordance with the prevailing custom. This saves a great deal of trouble, and as experienced stationers are expected to be up with the times it gives a consciousness of being in the right, which is always pleasant. 6. Skirts and sleeves will undergo no marked change within the next season. 7. When leaving, the guests should take leave of the hostess, and may express their delight at the meeting; also the hope that they may soon enjoy a like pleasure. The hostess should not leave the drawing-room. A servant should be in attendance in the hall. 8. When the servant says that the hostess is in, or she believes so, the callers are taken into the drawing-room, and the maid takes the cards to her mistress. 9. In cities and elsewhere ladies who observe the strict letter of the social law insist that the servant should answer the door-bell, and would not, under ordinary circumstances, do such a thing themselves.

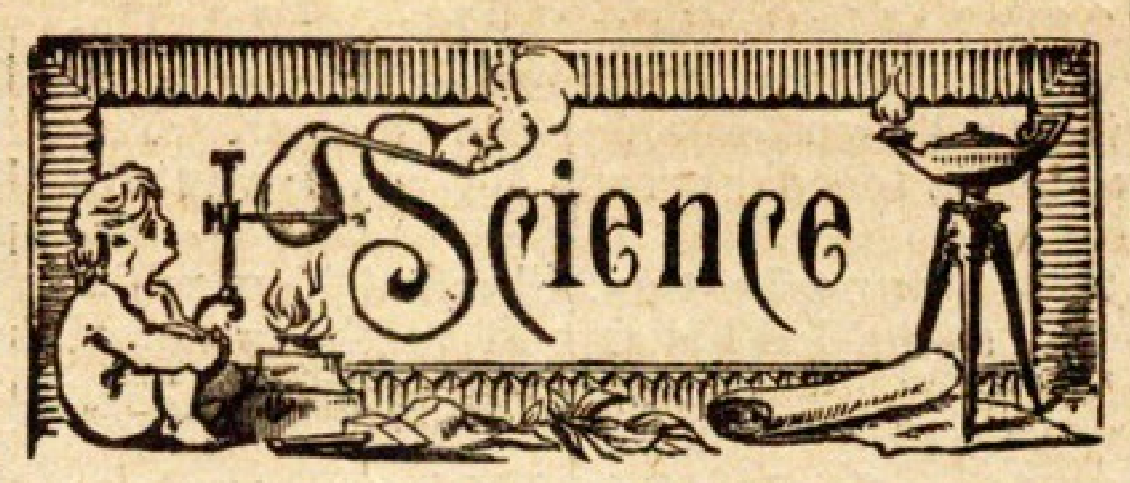
Star Route Frauds.—B. W. has often heard mention made of Star Route Frauds, and would like to know what they were. *Answer:* A number of years ago, some very sharp and rather unscrupulous politicians conceived the idea of imposing upon the Government and making money by some sharp practice. They arranged to carry mail to certain post offices, many of them unnecessary and absurd. They secured enormous appropriations of money for this purpose, and conducted their business for a long time before they were detected. When this time came and they were found out, the Government tried to punish them. But although they had grown rich by the job, they had taken advantage of the fact that there was no law prohibiting the establishment of such routes, and plenty of laws under which they could screen themselves if they prospered in their dishonest enterprise. They were arrested and tried, but there was no law under which they could be convicted, and therefore they were acquitted, although the entire power of the Government was brought to bear to find some way to punish them. The incident was a bright and shining example of the way in which people take advantage of circumstances to get money.

Getting Rid of Water Bugs and Roaches.—P. C. says that life is almost a burden about his home on account of the roaches and water-bugs that have taken up their abode there. All efforts to dislodge them have thus far been fruitless. *Answer:* The first point in getting rid of these pests is to starve them out. It is extremely difficult to clear them out if there is anything left that they can eat. Cover all dishes containing food, and keep everything out of their way. Then take a number of ordinary tumblers, put a large spoonful of molasses in each of them and about four tablespoonfuls of water. Mix thoroughly and drop in some crumbs of bread—half a dozen crumbs in each glass. Place these tumblers in all places where the roaches run. They will soon be so full that no more can get in, when they may be emptied and refitted. One house where they had been very troublesome was entirely cleared by this means. There are powders and pastes and mixtures, but they amount to but little while ordinary food is left around. As fast as the roaches grow up and go out for something to eat, they are caught by this molasses mixture, and once in they cannot get away.

Literary Aspirations.—Greenhorn writes to ask: 1. If shorthand can be successfully learned by mail? 2. Would typewritten manuscript be more likely to be accepted by publishers than handwritten? 3. What are the chances of success in a literary career? *Answer:* 1. Stenography *may* be learned by mail, but it is hard work and not at all worth while, unless one has no other means of learning. 2. Typewritten manuscript is greatly preferred by some publishers, but first-class work is not likely to be thrown aside because it is written with a pen. 3. No one is able to tell whether or not a writer will be successful. There is no way but to try. A literary career is full of hard work and disappointments, but if one succeeds there are great compensations.

Learning Dressmaking.—Constant Reader wants to learn dressmaking free of charge, and her only spare time is after business hours. She asks where she can learn. *Answer:* Unless you could arrange with some dressmaker to accept your services in return for evening instruction, there seems to be no way to gain the knowledge you require.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*



Science

Change of Color in Animals. In cold countries, upon the approach of winter, the fur of the animals begins to change in color. The black-coated creature begins to turn dust-color and gray, finally the color fades out and the animal becomes pure white. This is nature's provision for their protection, as, were they to retain their dark color, it would be extremely easy to see and capture them on the snow-covered surface. The Arctic hare is an interesting example of this change. In summer it is on the upper side black, with light brown mixed; when cold weather approaches the fur fades out and becomes snowy white, except on the tips of the ears, which retain the dark color. These little animals are wonderfully hardy and prolific, and expeditions have found them of great value as a food supply in time of necessity. There is also a much larger hare, known as the polar hare. This animal has a somewhat fluffy coat, and it takes a very sharp eye to detect it when running over a field of light snow There is also an Arctic fox that changes color in the same way. It is very small, and a most beautiful creature. In summer its fur is a delicate slate gray; when the snow comes the hair becomes wonderfully thick and long, especially on the tail and the feet. To bring the summer and winter coats of this animal together, it would seem impossible that they came from the same creature. These foxes are very sly and unusually intelligent. They are most accomplished thieves, appearing to steal for the fun of it, as they carry away articles that could by no possibility be of any use to them. The ermine is another of the coat-changing creatures. In summer its fur is of a rich mahogany brown, but in winter it acquires that beautiful white with which we are so familiar.

Vinegar by a Quick Process. Vinegar may be made in a very short time by a sort of filtering process that can be handled by any person of ordinary ingenuity. A large barrel has a perforated shelf, fitted in a few inches below the top. From the holes fall ends of pack thread, which are knotted at the upper end so that they may not be drawn entirely through. Glass tubes are fixed in the shelf as air vents. The lower edge of the barrel is filled with holes placed about six inches above the bottom, and a siphon carries off the liquid that accumulates below this point. Diluted alcoholic liquor, slightly sweetened with honey or with extract of malt, is slowly dripped through the holes in the shelf, and runs through beechwood shavings that have previously been steeped in good vinegar. The liquor, which should be kept at a temperature of 75 to 85 degrees Fahrenheit, filters down through the threads and over the shavings to the bottom of the barrel, whence it runs over through the siphon. After awhile the temperature in the barrel rises to about 100 degrees Fahrenheit, the chemical action going on meanwhile. It is necessary to pour the liquor again and again through the generator before it is satisfactory. From three or four to half a dozen filterings are usually sufficient, though more are sometimes required, depending a good deal on the quality of the materials and the temperature at starting.

Preserving Wooden Posts. Posts for telegraph service are prepared in Switzerland by a process that commends itself for cheapness and inventiveness. On a skeleton framework of wood, standing something like twenty-five or thirty feet above the ground, is a tank with a capacity of about two hundred gallons. From this a pipe falls to within two or three feet of the ground where it joins a cluster of pipes, each having a cap, to the center of which the pipe is attached. The poles are placed on an inclined plane, the larger ends up, then on each is clamped one of these caps, so arranged that no liquid can escape except through the fibers of the wood. Troughs are placed underneath them to catch drippings, and a solution of sulphate of copper descends from the tank through these pipes. There is sufficient fall to produce a pressure which drives the solution through the wood. As it drips out at the smaller and lower ends of the poles it is gathered and returned to the tank. When sufficiently saturated the poles are dried. The chemical has so penetrated the wood as to render it much more durable than by any other known process.

Acoustics of Large Halls. The ease with which one may sing or speak in some rooms, and the difficult experiences in others should lead architects of all classes to a more careful study of the principles that govern resonance and echo. Some of the finest music halls in the world have been made so by double paneling. The wall of the room is thin wood thoroughly seasoned. A wall made of hard cement or plaster is totally unfit for music or oratory. One talks or sings against a dead surface without elasticity or rebound or any yielding quality. Perfect acoustics and fire-proof construction seem to be wholly incompatible, as thin wooden paneling is, up to date, the only wall material for this purpose. It is said that the ancient Greeks secured a certain amount of resonance by placing an enormous number of thin earthen pots in the room, with their open ends turned toward the orchestra, the vibration of the sides assisting greatly in the volume of sound.

The Adjustable Bicycle Handle. It is often convenient to change the angle or pitch of the handle-bars of one's wheel. Many handles are not made so as to be adaptable, but a new style has a device that makes it possible to suit it to all positions and heights. The handles also fold down to the post, making them no wider than the axle of the wheel itself. This is convenient, as it occupies much less space for storage than when the handles are wide-spread.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

All questions which may be asked on the subjects treated in this Department will be answered in the Correspondence column.

Fashion and Fancy. The separate waist appears to have lost none of its popularity, although efforts have been made to bring complete costumes into favor. For dresses of ceremony this has succeeded to an extent, especially for matrons and elderly ladies, but for the younger members of society the fancy waist holds its own.

Fancy silks are still among the favorite materials for these separate waists, although velvet and satin are frequently employed. There are, of course, new caprices in the making of the waists, but, as a rule, the foundation is plain and simple, the novelty consisting in the draping and arranging. A pretty and original design has the waist portion made of striped silk. This is gathered in at the shoulders and drawn down to the waist-line, where it is shirred in. The sleeves are made of wide bands of the silk, alternating with rows of insertion, under which is silk of a contrasting color. A soft belt and fancy collar are made of a combination of the lining material, insertion and the striped silk.

A stylish waist is of cross-striped material. The front and yoke are of solid embroidery, as are also the collar and deep cuffs. Over the shoulders are draped wide sections of the material, which form a jabot effect from the shoulders over the arms to the elbows. Another model has polka spotted silk, with yoke of shirred velvet and deep cuffs and corselet of the same.

A new waist has very small sleeves, small at the shoulders and the desired fullness is made up by the most enormous bows, the ribbon being about eight inches wide, and used in the most prodigal fashion, about three yards being required for each sleeve. Just what this shrinkage of the sleeves will end in no one seems able to predict intelligently, but small sleeves are not at all well received, and there is little reason to suppose that the contraction will be sudden or marked, at least for some time.

There is a fancy for a separate basque waist of heavier material following in the same line as the ordinary fancy silk waist. For example, a basque of heavy, handsome brocade in dark rich colors is ordered to wear with a skirt of black satin. A black satin basque is worn with a black velvet skirt, and there are numbers of fancy fabrics that are worked up by themselves or with velvet, lace, satin or ribbons of various colors and qualities.

House dresses made of a single material are liked by many young ladies for a change. A dress of red wool delaine is made up with yoke, collar and cuffs of black braiding. The waist is fitted perfectly plain, save at the front, where there is a shirring from the lower edge of the yoke to the bodice point; the collar is shirred, and a standing is of the braided material; the sleeves are very full and droop far over the elbows.

A dress of olive-green surah has a plain skirt, a blouse waist, folded belt and collar, full-topped sleeves with fitted cuffs, and an enormous cape-collar of crimped linen lawn edged with Vandyke embroidery.

Another house-dress is of smooth serge. The skirt has an overlapping front, having the appearance of being buttoned on to the side sections with large buttons. The waist is a short basque, pointed in front and fitting smoothly just over the curve of the hips. The back is in a full ruffle, not over four inches long below the waist-line. The waist and sleeves are elaborately trimmed with very narrow gimp, and a line of the same trimming extends entirely around the skirt and up the sides on either side of the buttons and buttonholes.

A dress modeled for an evening at home is made with a skirt of heavy brocade. The waist is of rich net lace over plain silk the color of the ground of the skirt. There are enormous sleeves of the brocade, and lace draperies in the old-fashioned peplum form fall over the top of the skirt. The front of the waist from collar to belt is filled in with a jabot of lace, and a brocade collar has points that turn out from either side, like the collars worn by men.

Fashion Notes. An evening dress for a young lady is made of white poplin. The skirt is plain; the waist has a bodice point, and is gathered into a full puff across the front over the bust; the sleeves are a succession of puffs from shoulders to elbows. Bands of cardinal velvet pass over the shoulders and between the puffs of the sleeves. Similar bands extend from the ends of the puff across the front down to the waist-line, meeting at the bodice; the lower edge of the waist is outlined by a similar band.

An attractive evening dress is of steel-gray velvet, with an embroidered band in Greek pattern at the hem and a ruching of silk underneath the embroidery. The waist is cut out square in the neck and filled in with shirred crépon. The belt is in Greek embroidery, and there are Vandyke bands of embroidery falling over the skirt; the sleeves are large puffs of velvet with bands of embroidery to hold them in around the arms.

An elegant and stylish dress is made of maroon velvet. The waist is close-fitting, the sleeves are very full at the top, and in a modified leg-o'-mutton shape. The collarette is of embroidery, and the turned-over collar is of the velvet. A wide belt of ribbon, with a rosette and bow almost covering the back at the waist-line, completes this costume.

A tiny girl's dress is of striped silk. The skirt is of straight widths, and a band of Dresden ribbon is placed just above the hem. The waist is very full, and a wreath of roses is set around the shoulders; the sleeves are full puffs to the elbows with little lace frills below. A wide sash is worn with this dainty dress.

The fancy for high rolled back collars seems to be growing. Very many of the new models have the collar about three inches high at the back of the neck, and extending about three-fourths of the way around to the front.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

(Continued.)

A small girl's dress is of dark-blue velvet and embroidery. The skirt is plain, and has bands of narrow satin ribbon in a cluster at the hem. The waist is gathered into a yoke of embroidery. There are satin shoulder-straps and satin belt; the full-topped sleeves are of velvet and the cuffs are of embroidery.

An evening-dress is made of blue crépon with small pink roses and foliage. The waist and sleeves are a succession of frills of silk muslin in accordion-plaits. A wide belt and shoulder-straps of satin, and long gloves make up an exceedingly dainty and effective costume.

Ermine is in good demand as a trimming for handsome dresses. A street costume of fancy velvet has a very wide turned-over collar, with long, pointed lapels of ermine. An edging finishes the basque skirt, and a muff of ermine is provided to match.

A girl's jacket is of Scotch goods in broken plaid. It has two wide box-plaits at the back, is double-breasted in front, has very full-topped sleeves and close cuffs. Large buttons are the only trimming.

For information, thanks are due to Messrs. James McCreery & Co., B. Altman & Co. and Arnold, Constable & Co.

Importance of Fruit as a Regular Article of Diet.

Grape-fruit is coming into general use as an anti-malarial. Physicians say that grape-fruit eaten in its natural state or prepared in a salad is not only among the most delicious of dishes, but is of remarkable value in a medicinal sense. A grape-fruit eaten every day is by many doctors considered an almost sovereign remedy for malaria and bilious troubles. It is also useful in some fevers, but should be taken in these cases only on advice of a physician.

When in ordinary health, a grape-fruit or an orange or two eaten every day will do much to keep the person in excellent condition. The grape-fruit—or, to call it by its Chinese name, pumelo—makes the most delicious salads when mixed with lettuce and dressed with a little powdered sugar or with mayonnaise.

Grapes of all kinds are exceedingly valuable as preservers of health. They contain a number of elements indispensable to good conditions, and if more of them were eaten there would be fewer invalids and more good tempers. They are soothing to the nerves as well as grateful to the palate. Oranges and lemons are also valuable fruits. The orange is a corrector of bilious conditions, and is one of the best complexion restorers imaginable. Any lady who eats two or three oranges a day is quite certain to discover a marked improvement in her complexion within a few weeks.

But by far the most useful and important fruit is the apple. A free use of this orchard product means exemption from many prevailing diseases. Some of the ablest doctors assert that a diet of apples and brown bread will cure any ordinary case of gout. Rheumatic difficulties are greatly relieved, if not cured altogether, by apples, and as an aid to digestion they have no equal. But it must be borne in mind that apples are to be eaten as part of the food, not merely as a finish and when the appetite has been fully satisfied with other things. One man has cured himself of life-long dyspepsia and an intestinal trouble by the use of apples and ordinary bran at his meals.

If the leaves of the trees are for the healing of the nations, surely the fruits must be quite as effective, and are certainly a great deal more palatable.

Danger from Damp Linen.

Damp linen is sufficient to account for frequent colds, consumption and premature death of a whole family. Rheumatism, when produced from damp linen, develops into a form which is generally incurable. All body linen, shortly before putting on, should be made dry by a good fire. Those who have experienced no signal evidence of the mischief of damp linen are apt to be careless on the subject; but the carelessness will inevitably entail its punishment, which is likely to accumulate insidiously until it is too late.

Sunshine Cake.

Whites of ten egg and the yolks of seven; one and a half cups of granulated sugar, measured after sifting, one cupful of flour, after sifting four times, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one of orange extract. Beat the whites to a froth and add the sugar. Beat the yolks thoroughly, and add to them the whites, the sugar and the flavoring. Last of all, stir in the flour. Mix quickly and well. Bake in a slow oven.

Cranberry Pudding.

Sift into a bowl two cups of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix into this one-half of a cup of molasses and two-thirds of a cup of sour milk, in which half a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Add one beaten egg and one and a half cups of cranberries. Turn into a buttered pudding dish and steam an hour and a quarter. Serve with a sweet sauce.

Prince's Cake.

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one quart of flour, four eggs, half a cup of wine or brandy, and the same amount of thin cream, one pound of fruit. Spice to taste. Warm the wine and cream together, and beat quickly in the sugar, butter and eggs. Add the flour, then the fruit. Bake in deep pans.

Small Sugar Cakes.

Take one and one-half cups of butter and three cups of sugar. Beat to a cream, add three eggs and one cup of thick milk, to which add one teaspoonful of soda, five teacups of flour; mix the night before baking; use as little flour as possible to roll out. When baked exactly right they have the appearance of macaroons.

Patterns.

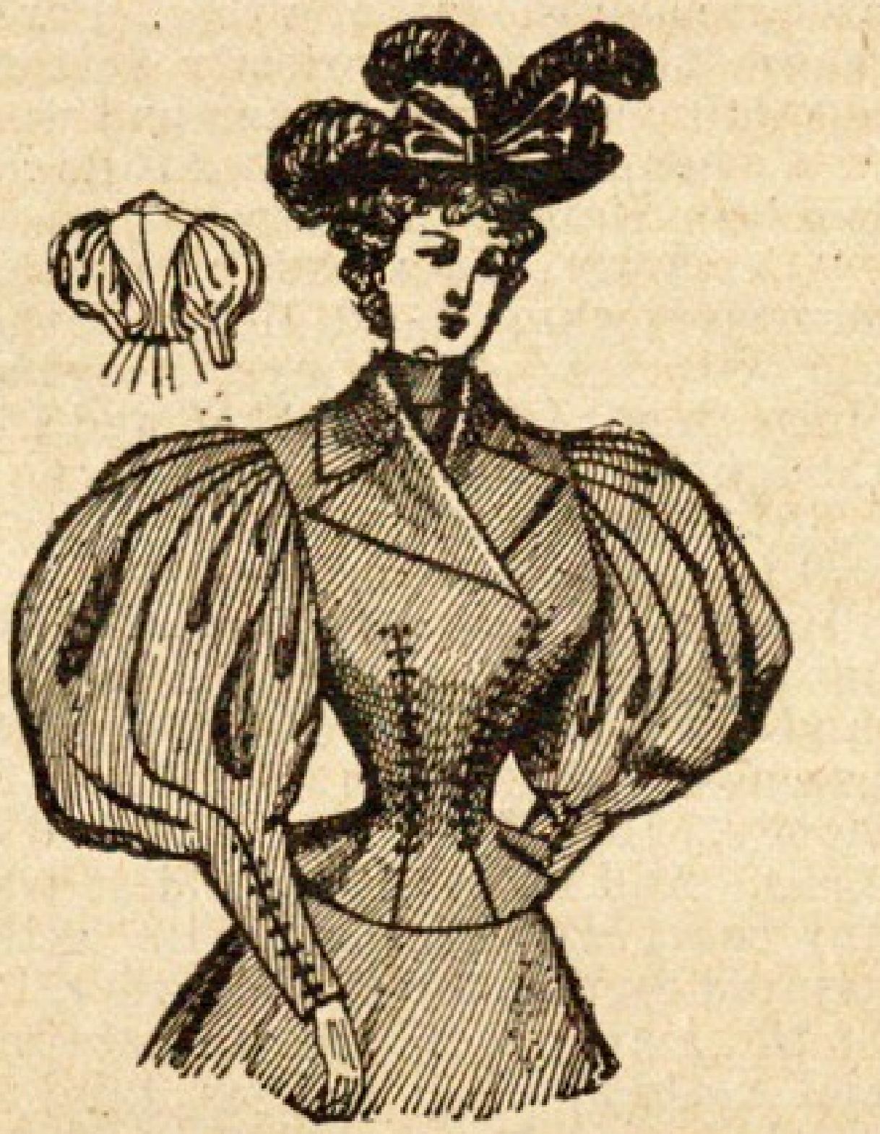
We have made special arrangements by which we can supply our readers with dress-patterns by mail, prepaid, at the nominal price of ten cents per pattern.

Each issue of the *Ledger*, hereafter, will contain illustrations of two or more new styles, for which patterns will be supplied to order. Parties ordering will please use a small sheet of plain writing-paper, small enough to go into an ordinary envelope, write name very plainly and give post-office and State, together with street and number, wherever necessary. Be careful to give correct bust-measure and the number of the pattern desired, using the number under the illustration. Inclose ten cents in stamps for each pattern ordered. State that you are a reader of the *Ledger*, otherwise these patterns will cost you 25, 30 or 35 cents each, as the case may be, these being the regular prices for which the patterns are sold.

The patterns selected for illustration in this issue are numbered 6646, 6655 and 6618.

Ladies' Basque.

Mixed cheviot is here stylishly decorated with pipings of dark-green velvet and small, smoked pearl buttons. The seamless chemisette, with standing collar of the material here pictured, can be changed for one of white linen or piqué, and a bow or four-in-hand necktie is a natty finish to this style of basque. The basque is glove-fitting, shaped with single bust darts in front that are piped with velvet, the small buttons being sewed on each side of seam. The closing is invisible on the left side, or buttonholes can be made to adjust to the first row of buttons. The upper portions are faced and reversed in stylish lapels that meet the rolling-collar in notches. The back has the usual seams and gores that adjust it closely to the waist-line, under which it is widely sprung to stand out in fashionable ripples with fluted effect. The full mandolin sleeves are piped with velvet on the two upper seams, a double row of buttons ornamenting the wrists. Basques in this style are among the first spring importations, and are stylish and comfortable for walking, shopping, cycling or general wear. Tweed, cheviot, camel's hair, serge, mohair and all plain or mixed woolens, with smooth or rough surfaces, are chosen for basques by the mode, and worn with skirts of the same fabric.



6646—LADIES' BASQUE.

Pattern **6646** is cut in six sizes, viz.: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

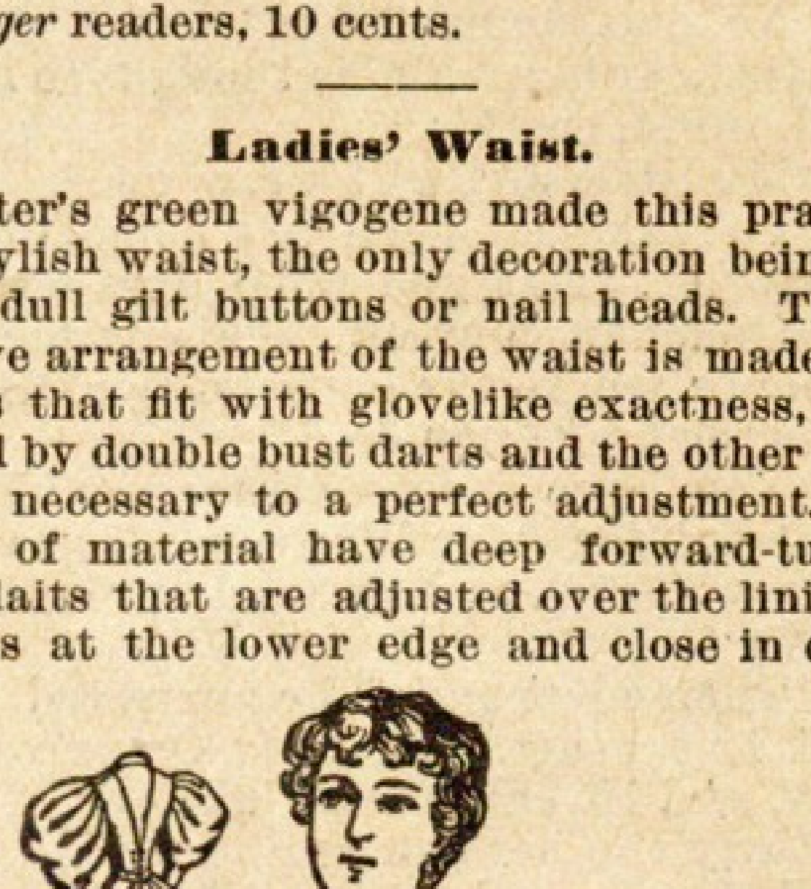
Quantity of Material 44 Inches Wide.

For	32	inches	bust	measure	$2\frac{7}{8}$ yds.
"	36	"	"	"	$3\frac{1}{8}$ "
"	40	"	"	"	$3\frac{3}{8}$ "
"	42	"	"	"	$3\frac{5}{8}$ "

Retail price of pattern **6646** is 25 cents. Price to *Ledger* readers, 10 cents.

Ladies' Waist.

Hunter's green vigogene made this practical and stylish waist, the only decoration being the small, dull gilt buttons or nail heads. The attractive arrangement of the waist is made over linings that fit with glovelike exactness, being shaped by double bust darts and the other usual seams necessary to a perfect adjustment. The fronts of material have deep forward-turning side plaits that are adjusted over the lining by gathers at the lower edge and close in center front. A broad graduated box-plait conceals the closing, the lower edge being gathered and arranged with the fronts to droop slightly in French blouse or pouch style. The seamless back has single side plaits turning toward the center, the edges of which are held for some distance at the waist-line by the small buttons. The lower edge is completed by a shaped belt that points slightly in back, the rounded fronts being fastened at each end and decorated with buttons. The close collar is decorated in front with a strap to match. The fashionable sleeve has inturning side plaits from the wrist to near the elbow that are decorated with small buttons to match waist, the tops being gathered and arranged over comfortable linings. Waists by the mode will develop handsomely in wool, silk or mixed fabrics to match, or contrast with the skirt. The waist is simple in its construction and dressy in effect, and will admit of combination if desired, as the front box-plait can be made of silk, velvet or other contrasting material.



6655—LADIES' WAIST

Pattern **6655** is cut in five sizes, viz.: 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

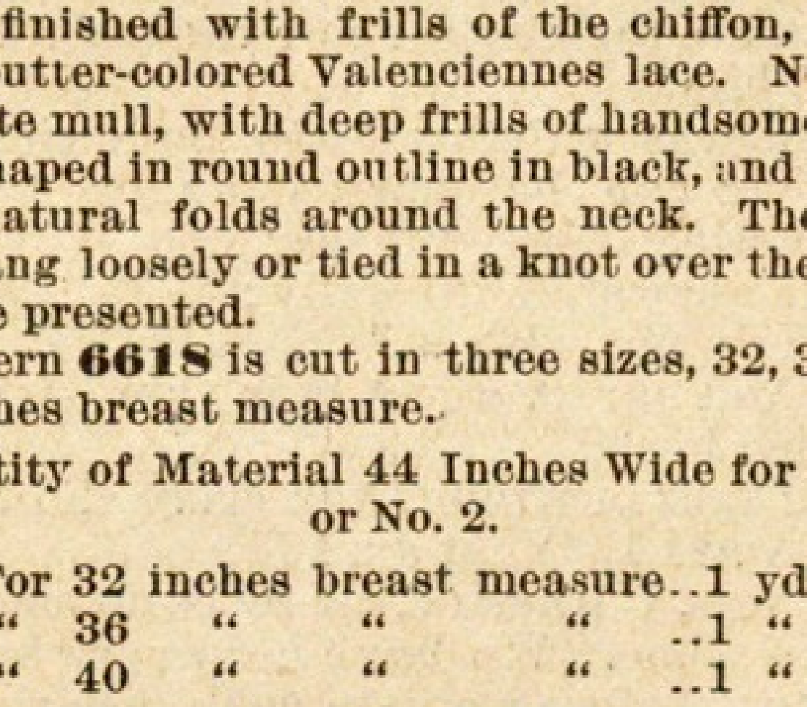
Quantity of Material 44 Inches Wide.

For 32	inches	bust	measure	....	3 yds.
" 36	"	"	"	....	$3\frac{1}{4}$ "
" 40	"	"	"	....	$3\frac{1}{2}$ "

Retail price of pattern **6655** is 25 cents. Price to *Ledger* readers, 10 cents.

Ladies' Marie Antoinette Fichus.

The picturesque neck draperies of the Marie Antoinette period are found among the dainty accessories to the toilet of the fashionable women. The soft, fine mull, chiffon, silk, muslin, crepe-de-chine or Brussels net, of which they are usually made, draped around the neck in soft folds, with the fluffy, ruffled edging of soft lace or fine embroidery, render them graceful and becoming alike to young and old. No. 1 is here pictured of butter-colored chiffon, shaped in square or sailor outline at the back, the edges being finished with frills of the chiffon, edged with butter-colored Valenciennes lace. No. 2 is of white mull, with deep frills of handsome lace. It is shaped in round outline in black, and lies in soft, natural folds around the neck. The ends can hang loosely or tied in a knot over the bust, as here presented.



6618—LADIES' MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHUS

Pattern **6618** is cut in three sizes, 32, 36 and 40 inches breast measure.

Quantity of Material 44 Inches Wide for No. 1 or No. 2.

For 32	inches	breast	measure	..1	yd.
" 36	"	"	"	..1	"
" 40	"	"	"	..1	"

Retail price of pattern **6618** is 25 cents. Price to *Ledger* readers, 10 cents.

The Theory and Practice of Baking.

A great many cooks make a failure of baking, simply because they do not understand the management of the oven, and seem to be unable to grasp the few simple facts necessary to its successful handling. Most cooks fire up the range and fix the proper point at the degree when the outside of the oven door will hiss sharply if touched with the wet finger. This is a degree of heat unsuited to almost all delicate articles. It scorches and sears them over; things that should rise are held in by the crust that forms too quickly, and daintiness with such management is out of the question. Cakes are crusted over and either become soggy or burst out at the top of the dish and run over like volcanoes. This spoils the shape and symmetry and is unworthy of a culinary artist.

As a matter of fact, the number of minutes an article should bake is but a very small part of the knowledge required for successful cookery. Ten minutes in some ovens is equal to twenty in others, and forty may make the article as dry as a chip.

The old-fashioned brick oven had points of grace, perhaps because bakers knew how to manage it.

It has been suggested that the modern oven should be provided with a thermometer and that cook-books should have degrees of heat as well as the number of minutes required for baking. Under ordinary circumstances the oven is of proper temperature for plain cake when it will brown a sheet of white letter-paper without setting it on fire. Bread ought to be baked in an oven as hot as possible without burning, and the heat should be maintained steadily until done. Cakes may have the heat slightly reduced by putting a little can of hot water into the oven. This lowers the temperature and should be removed if the fire becomes at all slack. Practice, watchfulness and experimenting are the only ways to successful baking, and will be so until our range ovens are provided with thermometers, and until our cooks learn how to use them.

An Unprofitable Experiment.

Upon the advice of some friends a woman of an economical turn of mind tried an experiment not long ago which she is not likely to repeat. Somebody had told her that she could buy half of a lamb or a quarter of beef at the market for so much per pound, then have it cut up and sent to her as she needed it. She thought this a very bright idea, and went into the speculation with enthusiasm. One of the members of her household, who had protested against this way of buying, took the trouble to weigh the meat as it was brought home, and found, by keeping careful track of it, that the purchaser received a little less than three-fourths of the number of pounds she had bought and paid for.

Of course, this was attributed by the butcher to waste in cutting up and all of that sort of thing; but, all the same, she found, when she had footed up the account, that she had paid a fraction more than the ordinary retail price for her meats.

The only way to buy meats profitably is to provide proper cold storage for them, and buy in good-sized pieces. On a rather cool day one may purchase a quarter of beef, and, owning a cleaver, meat-saw and sharp knife, may cut it up and put it into dry cold storage and have it keep in excellent condition until required.

There are refrigerating appliances that are so cheaply made that it would pay a family of moderate size to keep one. The ammonia process is exceedingly inexpensive, and costs but little after once it is set up in proper shape. In this one can keep a quantity of articles, and may, if the amount consumed is large enough to pay, have a variety of meats and fresh fruits constantly on hand. The refrigerator should be furnished with drawers for each article, and these may be drawn out without opening more than the outer door.

It is a great mistake to construct an ice-box so that everything in it is exposed to the air when a particular thing is wanted from it. Drawers should be made of zinc, and should run easily on metal tracks, so as to push back into the cold air. They will keep everything in the most perfect order, and, when emptied, can be scalded and thoroughly cleaned.

Compartment refrigerators are also convenient. These have separate cupboards with doors opening into each. The refrigerator problem has been very badly solved in the past, but cold-air processes are furnishing an incentive to much more careful building.

The Management of Servants.

To be able to manage a household of servants, to keep all the threads in hand, to avoid friction, and maintain that discipline that is necessary to a well-ordered establishment, is a very rare accomplishment. Indeed, the ability to do this is a gift possessed by comparatively few persons. If one could get servants all of one sort, or those trained under one system, or even those with approximately similar ideas, the task would be less formidable. But when one must fill up vacancies from all the corners of the earth, it is a vexed question to struggle with. The manager of such heterogeneous elements must have a clear head, steady nerves, a tolerable knowledge of human nature, and a determination to sail along unruffled, however tempestuous the domestic sea may become.

Servants are becoming very exacting, and many of them are extremely disobliging. This is unfortunate, not only for the employers, but for the servants themselves. Nothing has a higher commercial value than a reputation for good temper, general manageableness, and a compliant disposition. It is worth many dollars a year to any one who has a living to get, and especially is it valuable to those who must be employed in households. Those who are not brought into immediate contact with the members of the family, can be tolerated, even though they may not be so agreeable and easy to get along with; but where there is constant communication, any tendency to fractiousness is almost certain to culminate in irritations that finally become unbearable.

A disposition to make the best of things must be shown on both sides. One person cannot bear the entire burden of conceding and smoothing out the wrinkles of daily life. First of all, children should be reared with habits of consideration for all employees, and the employees themselves would be greatly benefited by a full course of instruction in good manners, good feeling, and a determination to make the best of even the most uncomfortable circumstances.

The Mind in Disease.

The story is going the rounds of the papers of a young woman who fancied she had swallowed a frog in water that she had been drinking, and was rapidly sinking, all efforts of physicians and others having failed to afford her any relief. Finally it occurred to some one that at least she might be deluded into health, and a tiny frog was caught and put into a tube with which they were attempting lavation of the stomach. When the frog was thrown out of the tube the girl expressed the greatest relief, and said that she hoped they were satisfied that all of her complaints had a reasonable foundation. From that moment she began to improve, and was in a short time completely restored to health.

This may seem like an extremely foolish affair, but it is only one instance in many in which the mind has had a most marvelous effect on the physical condition. Strong men have died from the results of imagined injuries. No one doubts that persons have been frightened to death, and it is time that ridicule of and unbelief in statements of this sort came to an end. The influence of mind upon matter is a subject that calls for the closest investigation and the profoundest study. There is no question whatever that mental agitation and irritation aggravate if they do not actually cause disease. Delicate people and invalids should be carefully watched if they are to recover and retain their health. Many a child droops and dies because it feels that it is unappreciated or neglected. Many who survive merely drag out a miserable existence, instead of being full of joy, hope, energy, promise and pleasure, and making of themselves bright and shining lights in the world.

A handsome hat is of French felt. It is in a modified sailor shape, and is rolled up at the back. The trimming is of loops of wide velvet and two long ostrich plumes.

Will Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

cure your cough? Unless it's some unheard-of kind of a cough. Probably would cure, anyway. *It cures all coughs and colds.*

THE PRICE SHE PAID.*

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "The Beads of Tasmer," "Girls of a Feather," etc.

PART II.

Joyful or sorrowful days go by, but for many months after joining her husband, Catherine was a very happy woman. They travelled East and West, and added to their own individual pleasure the glory of southern sunshine, the romance of the past and the luxury of the present. In these days Catherine wrote constantly to her father; and the minister, shut in his lonely study, was charmed and refreshed by her delightful letters. He thought she was travelling with the Mowbrays, and duly sent little messages of gratitude to them. Catherine never undeceived him, and there came a day when she was glad he had been so innocently deluded.

It was quite two years before any shadow darkened her life. She was then in Rome, and her little daughter, Ada, fretful and not well. The child had much beauty and intelligence, and had attached herself with singular affection to her father. This affection was fully returned, though it seemed to him an unnecessary care to remain constantly at Ada's side. Catherine, however, was averse to leaving her, and thus it happened Almund went out very generally alone. One day he met an English family whose residence was very near his own seat in Yorkshire, and a close intimacy sprang up between them. He mentioned the meeting casually to Catherine, but he did not tell her how frequently he was at their apartments, nor yet how constantly he was Miss Allerton's companion. Catherine was only aware of an increasing loneliness, and of a vague estrangement, which she could neither check nor yet understand.

On a certain afternoon Almund promised to drive with his wife and child. The carriage arrived at the appointed time, but he did not come, and Catherine went with her daughter alone. She was unusually depressed, a sense of calamity was in her heart, and the very uncertainty of her alarm added to her ominous dejection. Suddenly her portensions became substantial and palpable. She saw a lover-like couple riding before her. The man was her husband; the woman, who was superbly mounted, was unknown to her. She went home with a heart heavy as lead. She had longed to find out the cause of Almund's growing coldness, and it had been shown her. What should she do? Her first impulse was to tax him with his unfaithfulness. Her second was wiser. She did not know that he had been unfaithful. Why suppose it? It would be better to take him away. She called forth all her beauty to meet him. She gave him only smiling affection. She made no inquiries, evinced no suspicions, but, in a favorable moment, spoke of Ada's continued fever, and said the doctor advised a change of climate.

She was delighted when Almund proposed to return to England, for this movement implied a great deal more than a mere return. He had always declared he would then publicly ratify their marriage. "It had been impossible," he said, "to do this in foreign countries;" and she fully believed him. But in England she must take her place. Her husband's proposal, therefore, implied his realization of her right and his intention to give her it. With a light heart, she prepared for the journey, but all the way homeward Almund was irritable and uncareful of her comfort, and when they arrived in London, instead of taking her to his own seat or to some fashionable hotel, he complained of poverty, and rented rooms in a private house in Baker Street. Every day the tie which had pressed so lightly in foreign countries, where he was unknown, grew more and more galling when among familiar faces and conditions. He began to stay very constantly at his club, and this change greatly troubled Catherine. She could not reconcile it with the public acknowledgment of their relationship.

In a few weeks her position became almost unbearable, yet she constantly said to herself: "Patience! Patience! It must be disagreeable for Almund to acknowledge a marriage three years old. I must let him do it when and how it seems easiest to him. But, for Ada's sake, it must be done. For myself, I should be a coward; but for Ada, I shall insist."

One morning she received a letter from her father in answer to one informing him of her return to her native country, and promising him a visit at Christmas. The letter was but a few lines, but it filled her with sorrowful remorse. "I am dying," he wrote. "God has been good to send you back. Come and let me bless you before I go the way no man returns." She wept bitterly over the pathetic entreaty, sent a messenger for her husband, and then went out to buy a warm garment for travelling. As she was walking through a store on Regent Street, Mrs. Mowbray entered. Catherine called her in eager recognition, and advanced with both hands outstretched. The lady looked at her scornfully and passed on.

Burning with the shame of this indignity, Catherine went quickly back to her rooms. The servants were in an inner one, and she heard what they said. Their words tore the last vail from her eyes, and when Almund arrived she temporized with the situation no longer. "My father is dying," she said. "I must go to him at once. Shall I take Ada with me?"

"No!" he answered quickly. "You would say the child was mine, and the opinion of Market-Sorby may be important to me, in a political sense."

"The child being yours, why should I not say so?"

"If those boors took it into their heads I had wronged you, or her, it might do me an injury."

"But you have not wronged us—you do not intend to wrong us. I am sure you will acknowledge our rights, the moment you think it proper to do so. And, indeed, it ought to be done at once. This afternoon Mrs. Mowbray refused to speak to me, and when I came home, unexpectedly, I heard the servants talking in the next room. Almund, they spoke wickedly of me; and they pitied Ada, because she was a girl child, and said it was so much harder on a girl than a boy."

"The impertinent wenches! Send them away this very night."

"Call me your wife before them. How soon will you do it before the world?"

"Catherine, there is no use in deceiving you further. You are *not* my wife. I have found out that Frank Mason, who performed the ceremony, was not in orders. He told me a lie, for the sake of the big fee I promised him."

She was white as death, but quite calm.

"We can be married again, love," she said, almost in a whisper.

He answered, gloomily:

"I do not wish it."

"And our pretty Ada is then—what they called her?"

"Right or wrong, Ada is my child."

"And I? What am I?"

"Now, Catherine, there is no use in making a scene. We have been very happy, let us part before we hate each other. Go and see your father. When you return we will consider things, and talk this matter calmly over."

"I shall take Ada with me."

"You will not. You will remember that the child is mine. The law gives her absolutely to me, if I wish it so. In order to retain Ada you will have to treat me with consideration." Catherine sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands, and he stooped and kissed her hands and then left the room.

The vague unrest and doubt of months had come in an hour to revelation. She did hope, she did not weep, and she did not trouble her false husband with either message or letter. She called the nurse, explained her intended journey, and promised the girl a gift of ten pounds if she was careful of and kind to the child during her absence. It seemed as if she left her life in the wet kisses she pressed on the sleeping little one, then she stepped into a cab, and went away in the rain and darkness to her father's deathbed.

He was almost at the last gasp.

"I have been waiting for you, Catherine," he said, and he drew her close, and blessed her, and so went praying into the presence of God.

She shut his eyes, and sealed his lips with kisses, and was glad that he had suffered enough. His sorrows were over; hers were but beginning. He had left her nearly £300, and when she thought how he must have worked and denied himself for this end, she wept abundantly; her anguish found a voice; she knelt by her father's chair, and poured out all her complaint and was comforted and strengthened. This money, and a recent letter from her brother in America, were all she brought with her from Market-Sorby. There was little for her to do. Mr. Raeburn had known he was dying, and had destroyed his papers, and disposed of his books; so that on the evening of the fourth day she was back again in London.

She hastened to the house in Baker Street, and her impetuous ring very quickly brought a servant to the door.

"Good evening, George," she said, and without waiting for an answer, she flew upstairs. Her room was in perfect order, a fire on the hearth, the gas lit and shaded, but there was no sign of her child. She ran from room to room. She frantically called the nurse. She pulled open the child's wardrobe, and found it empty. Then she fled downstairs to the landlady's parlor.

"Mrs. Dale!" she cried, "where is Ada?"

"Sit down, ma'am, and I'll tell you all about it."

"I cannot sit. Where is my child?"

"Quite safe, ma'am. The gentleman, her father, took her away. There is a letter for you on the table."

Catherine turned without a word and went upstairs slowly and uncertainly, like a creature stupid with a blow. The letter met her eyes as she entered the room, but for some time she did not touch it. What could it tell her that she did not know? How could there be any comfort in it for her lost honor, her lost husband, her lost child? When she compelled herself to read its contents, she found them just such as breaks the bruised reed.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE," wrote Almund, "I have taken Ada away, because it is best, both for you and the child. We can no longer remain together, for I cannot make you happy. But I shall never forget how happy we have been, or that your love has sweetened three years of my life. You need have no care for Ada; but try and remember me as kindly as I do you. I have placed five hundred pounds to your credit at Coutts's, and come to me as your friend in any trouble you may have. Only I will have no meddling with my daughter.

"ALMUND MORPETH."

It was a cruel letter even in its pretended kindness. She could only bear a sentence at a time, and every sentence was like a stone flung at her affections and self-respect. Yet, in spite of all, she wept passionately over her slain love and her faithless lover. All through the long night she could realize nothing but that he had left her forever. As morning dawned, she fell asleep and lay senseless and dreamless until the noon hour. In the moment of waking she endured it all over again. But the necessity for action was imperative, and she went at once to a lawyer.

She knew him only as a Mr. Nugent, the son of an Independent minister who had once been associated with her father, but he proved to be the very friend she needed. He heard her whole story without blame, for he understood why and how she had been so easily deceived in her marriage. She had never seen an Episcopal wedding, and she had often seen the simple rite of her father's church—a few words of exhortation and promise and the gift of a ring. For the same reason the lack of priestly vestments did not strike her. Her father had worn none. And when Mr. Nugent asked if no certificate had been signed, she answered:

"Certainly. There was a paper about our marriage, which Lord Morpeth, the priest, the witnesses and I myself signed. Lord Morpeth put it in his pocket, and I have not thought of it since."

No! She had trusted everything to Love, and Love had forsworn her.

Her friend was very honest. He pointed out the complete weakness of her case. She might, indeed, punish Lord Morpeth for his baseness. She might make him pay her money. He did not think she had other redress. And as for the child, it was likely any court would consider its welfare best assured by the care of the father. To move in the matter would be to gain notoriety, and nothing else; yet as Lord Morpeth would be much annoyed by such notoriety, she might in this way punish him if she so wished. But Catherine did not wish to punish him. She still loved him, and his shame could not heal her shame.

"It is my child I want," she answered. "I want to see her. I want to be near her; to be sure that she is cared for and kindly treated."

"If the little girl has been taken to Morpeth Court, I can find that out," answered Mr. Nugent. "And if you will be content with watching over your child and not over-particular as to opportunities, I can arrange that much favor for you. You shall hear from me in a week, perhaps less."

In three days she was summoned to Mr. Nugent's office.

"Your daughter," he said, "is now living at Morpeth Court. Her father left the place yesterday. I have obtained a position for you in the house as seamstress. You must disguise yourself as well as you can."

"The nurse may see and recognize me."

"No one connected with the child's old life is near her. She is thought to be a ward of Lord Morpeth's."

"My little girl will know me."

"I think you need not come in contact with her. But you must arrange for that contingency yourself. This letter will introduce you to the housekeeper, Mrs. Stead. It is the best I can do."

"You have done well for me. I am most grateful for your kindness. I have settled all my affairs, and am ready to leave by any train."

"Then go at once," he answered, "and do not lose heart. There is One greater than law, and He can bring right out of wrong."

Early the next morning she was at Morpeth Court, and an hour later she had presented her credentials, and gone to the room assigned her.

"A strange, sad-looking woman," thought Mrs. Stead; "so young, so pretty, and yet her hair is white as snow. All in black, too! I'll warrant she has seen trouble of some kind."

Strange and sad, indeed, were the circumstances that had brought Catherine as a servant to the splendid home which ought to have welcomed her as a mistress. Her place was in the linen-room, an apartment at one end of a long corridor, the nursery being at the other end. Here she sat sewing day after day, comforted at intervals by the sound of Ada's voice or the patter of her feet on the polished gallery or the sight of her going for or returning from her daily drive. Eagerly she watched and listened for these tokens of her child's welfare, and carefully she scanned the face of the nurse, a young girl, who at least appeared to be kind to her charge. As the winter passed onward, the familiarity of daily intercourse brought her other favors. She grew friendly with the nurse, and easily obtained permission to sit by the sleeping child while the girl passed her evenings among her companions in the servants' hall or at dances given by the neighboring farmers or by the servants of some of the large houses adjoining.

"I like to sit alone," said Catherine, in
explanation. "I have had troubles. I h
no heart for mirth, and I should only s
your pleasure."

And the servants thought her very
and good-natured, and pitied and pe
her. Only once during these sweet wat
did the child awaken, and then Cathe
lifted her to her breast and soothed
kissed her, and was sorrowful to tears
the little one asked:

"Are you my own mamma?" In the m
ing she said to her nurse: "My mamma
to see me last night;" and the serv
thought she had dreamed a dream, and
dered what was the meaning of it.

Several times during the winter L
Morpeth visited his home, and Cathe
learned in various ways that Ada was
petted by him. She saw him also very o
during these visits, and was obliged to
mit to herself that he looked like a
thoroughly happy. No memory of
ruined life appeared to trouble him; and
this opinion was hardly correct. He
often sad for the past; and he never
Ada flitting about the rooms that he did
remember Catherine with a regret that
near akin to longing. But he had bee
infatuated with Miss Allerton in Rome,
there were many things which would
a marriage with her a potential advan
to him. Her family had great political
fluence, and she had both beauty
wealth. She was also in love with him,
he was flattered by her preference.

In the spring it was commonly rum
that he was engaged to her. Cathe
heard the news as she sat at table, and
heart became suddenly still, as if someth
had died there; but it was not longe
strange, fierce feeling took possessio
her. She had become jealous—jealous of
love that was hers of right, and jealous
the future of her child. If Almund mar
this woman what would become of
She might be neglected; she might be
elly used; she might be sent away to
hard, loveless school. There would be
children and Ada would become an eye-
a reminder of what must be forgotten.
all risks, she felt she ought to protect
child.

During the ensuing weeks she endur
crucifixion of every womanly hope and
sire. Her suffering often made her reck
and imprudent; indeed, it was a mere
ter of personal vanity that prevented
several times from confronting the
beings who had wrecked her life. W
she saw them walking through the gar
with loverlike steps and attitudes, she
more than once flung away her sewing
resolved to make them suffer with her.
could she? She was not even sure that
wished Almund to suffer, and she was
that her white, false hair and plain, co
clothing would lay her open to ridic
and if she threw off her disguise, the
short, fluffy brown curls beneath it gav
her face a piquant, childlike expression
tally at variance with the tragedy she
living. Thus a moment's reflection alw
made her resolve never to give her false
and her hated rival such an opportunit
turning her into contempt and laughter.

In September the wedding was defini
fixed, and Almund was constantly at
Court, superintending its renovation. C
erine then felt her position no longer ei
safe or endurable, and she resolved to
an end to it as soon as possible. She
into the village and bought some co
stuff and made Ada a dress and hood
Her money she had always kept about
person, and her brother's address in
York City was firmly engraved on
memory. She now only waited for an op
tunity to leave Morpeth, and it soon c
One fine, warm evening, the nurse said
wanted to go to the Harvest Home at Fa
Gates's; there was to be a dance and s
per after it; and Catherine answered:

"Why not go, then? You know that
always willing to take your place. I
nothing better than to sit in the nursery
a few quiet hours. And if you are havi
good time, stay it out. I will go to bed
side Miss Ada."

The girl readily accepted the offer,
about eight o'clock Catherine felt fre
move, for Mrs. Stead had a card part
her room, and she was the only person li
to visit the upper part of the house. Be
this hour Catherine had given Ada a
drops of opium, and as soon as its influ
was apparent she lifted the child, dress
in the garments she had prepared, took
her white, false hair, threw round h
common-looking plaid shawl, and lif
Ada in her arms, went rapidly across
fields to the railway station. She k
there was a train to London at nine o'cl
and she arrived at the depot just in tim
take a ticket for Market-Sorby.

But she had no intention of getting o
Market-Sorby, though she left her next m
to the first favoring circumstance.
found it not more than twenty miles f
Morpeth, at Galston Village. There
been a fair at this place, and a great c
was at the small wayside station.
slipped out of the train, and passing thr
it, went into the ladies' waiting-room.
she stayed until the night express for G
gow arrived, and on it she went northw
When she reached Glasgow it was e
morning, and she knew that the child
missed. So she hastened to the Broomie
where she saw a steamer just ready to
for Belfast. In half an hour she was on
way to Ireland, and the child was cheerf
taking its breakfast at her knee. Onc
Ireland, she made her way as rapidly as

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* Copyright, 1896, by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller.

sible to Moville, and was fortunately in time for the Anchor Line steamer *Circassia*.

On the Atlantic she realized her position. Hitherto she had been like a person in a dream, moving with the same unconsciousness and celerity; and also with the same assurance and success. But sitting through the long days, she had time to consider her situation. Possibly Almund suspected her, and if so, he might cable the police in New York to watch for her arrival—but this was not at all likely. He did not know of her brother's existence, or if in some previous confidence she had named him, it was as a wandering black sheep; poor, and, perhaps, not reputable. Her knowledge of his newly acquired wealth had only come to her with her father's death. She had had no conversation with Almund after it. From what she knew of her husband, he was more likely to look for the child in some of the little European towns where they had been so happy together, and where life was secluded and economical to the last point.

However, if he had suspected her course, and had taken means to arrest it, her brother was in New York. She would appeal to him. He was rich, he would defend her claim, and she had also a conviction that the law of that new, free country would not, under the circumstances, take her child from her. If it was necessary she would tell all to save it. Surely she had paid dearly enough for the little one!

As the days wore on and they neared land she gathered strength with every hour. Her courage rose, she put doubt and fear beneath her feet and walked off the gangway, looking unflinchingly into all the faces she met. No one attempted to stay her, and she stepped into a cab and drove to a hotel, which she had heard recommended on the ship. She did not send for her brother at once; she knew too well the value of beauty adorned, and though she had bought some clothing at Belfast, it was not suitable for the importance of the first impression she wished to make. In a couple of days, however, Ada was radiant in white embroideries and pink ribbons, and Catherine gravely handsome in that soft, rich black silk which fits all occasions. Then a messenger was dispatched with a note for Mr. Thomas Raeburn, and Catherine anxiously awaited the result.

Before she had begun to expect the answer, her brother came himself with it. She heard his voice on the stairway, and knew it; and when he entered the room she saw a younger likeness of her father. It was a meeting of every desire. Catherine could not have gone anywhere in the world and been so heartily welcome. Mr. Raeburn's wife had died a few months previously, and his fine house had been at the mercy of careless servants ever since.

"I was just thinking of selling all they have left me to sell," he said. "You are a very godsend to me, Catherine. Come home, my dear ones, at once!"

"Come home!" These two words covered the life of the next three years. Catherine and Ada really went "home." All that great love and great wealth could give they had. Catherine ruled her brother's house with a firm and gracious hand, and Ada was his pet and pride; while both accepted their pleasant life and lot with a happy cheerfulness which made a perpetual sunshine. As far as it was possible, Catherine strove to forget the past. In the earliest hours of their meeting she had told her brother all her sad story; and in order to satisfy her natural anxiety, he had procured, through Brentano, files of English papers covering the period of her flight. From these she learned that Lord Morpeth had at first been prostrated by the loss of his ward, and that subsequently he had not only employed the best detectives, but also closed his house, put off his marriage, and gone himself in search of the abducted child. The papers named, with a tone of surprise, Bulgaria as his first point. But Catherine understood *why* he had gone first to Bulgaria; and this understanding included the less obvious one that he believed she had been the abductor, or else why Bulgaria? And if he divined so far, he would also comprehend that she had been in his house for months, and had seen and understood his relationship to Miss Allerton.

She gave him a year to go over the ground they had travelled together, and then, perhaps, he would come to America. But three years passed in serene content, and there was no sign which indicated that her asylum had been discovered. Catherine grew young again, more nobly beautiful, more self-composed, graceful and gracious. And Ada—who was now a charming little girl six years old—was beginning to rule her uncle with an absolute but loving authority. If Catherine had any longing or heartache from the past, she carefully kept it out of the present, and not one of her friends suspected the tragedy she had lived through. As she bore the name of Mrs. Almund, she was believed to be a widow, and society knows well that the loss of a husband is not always a calamity, so no one inquired into particulars that did not concern them. In the summer Mrs. Almund's house parties at her brother's Newport residence were delightful enough to quiet curiosity, and in winter her dinners and dances made the Raeburn home on Madison Avenue a resort to which many looked happily forward.

Thus the time went by, until more than three years had passed, and it was again drawing near to Christmas. One bright, frosty morning Mr. Raeburn, Catherine and Ada went out together. They were in an open carriage, wrapped in rich furs, and were going down the avenue at a rapid pace. Catherine was talking eagerly, her face bright with pleasure and rosy with health and fine spirits. Suddenly, in the midst of a sentence, she paused, turned deathly pale, and, laying her hand on her brother's arm, said a few words in a whisper. "Are you sick, Catherine?" he asked tenderly.

"It is Almund! I know it is! Oh, Tom, what shall I do?"

"Nothing," he answered fiercely. "Let him but speak to you, and I will kill him."

"No, no, Tom; take me home. I want to think. I want to be alone."

"You are mistaken, I dare say. He has forgotten by this time."

"It *was* Almund. Nothing could deceive me."

Yes, it was Almund. But Catherine's astonishment was not greater than his own. He had only been in America two days, and had not even begun the search, which was now the passion of his life. Standing at the hotel door, he was considering his first movements, when the approaching carriage attracted his attention, because of its fine horses. In a moment its occupants were in sight, and then Almund gasped in joy and amazement. "Catherine and Ada!" He had not a doubt. But the man! Who was he? A fierce jealousy filled him with a new rage. What right had that man with his wife and child! He felt as if he must slay him, then and there. Rapid as his recognition and emotions had been, the carriage had passed out of sight ere he was able to move. He rushed to the desk and described the vehicle and its occupants, but the clerks looked up with a blank annoyance, and could tell him nothing. Carriages passed constantly; how should they know one from another?

Day after day he watched and waited, and inquired, and searched. Every noted store was haunted, every opera and theatre visited; and at this time he learned something of what Catherine had suffered in Rome, and afterwards at Morpeth, when he ignorantly paraded himself through the summer days with Miss Allerton. That glimpse of Catherine smiling and talking with her brother, and of the lovely Ada at her side, had revived all, and more than his old passionate love. He told himself "there was no woman in all the world like her!" He could neither eat nor sleep nor yet rest; one idea and one hope possessed him—the idea of his lost wife and child, and the hope of regaining their love and society.

But though Catherine did not consciously evade him, they never met. In the social set to which Morpeth had introductions, Catherine was not known. No one visited a Mrs. Raeburn or a Mrs. Morpeth, which were the only names he could imagine her taking; though, if he had heard of a Mrs. Almund, he would instantly have arrived at a proper conclusion. Not, however, until Christmas was long over did he hear the word. Then one evening, suddenly, as he was talking to a lady in an opera box, he heard her companion say: "There is Mrs. Almund! How lovely she is to-night!" The next moment he was feasting his eyes and heart on her beauty. Never had he dreamed of such a Catherine. His life was at her very feet. She must love him again, or he must die for her sake. Scarcely could he control himself sufficiently to ask the questions that were all in all to him.

Through the night he walked the floor in a tumult of thought.

"She loved me once! Oh, how she loved me! She cannot have forgotten! I will go to her!"

Always he came back to these simple facts, and in the morning, not being able to endure the suspense any longer, he went. She was in; she was alone; she had seen him with her acquaintances the night before, and she was expecting the call. She thought, also, she was prepared for it. She knew nothing at all of herself. When he entered, she did as she intended to do; that is, she rose haughtily and attempted to say the proud, disdainful words she had agreed with her heart to say. But she was only a woman—only a *loving* woman. When he fell at her feet weeping; when he held and kissed her hands and would not let them go; when he wooed her with utter abnegation, with passionate contrition, with flaming desire, what could she do?

He was her first, her only love. He was her very lord and husband. He was the father of her child. Truly, he had sinned against her greatly. But he repented with all his heart. He said he would certainly die if she refused her pardon and her love, and she felt that he spoke the truth. Indeed, she now began to find it easier to forgive Almund than to forgive herself—her own readiness to be deceived; her impatience of destiny; her toleration of anything secret or underhand in a rite affecting so deeply her honor and her good name. These grave errors had justly brought her punishment. Shame and sorrow were the price she had paid for her own way. In a moment these things flashed through her mind, and she sat down and began to weep, but she let him sit at her side and comfort her.

He kissed her hands; he kissed her lips, and she trembled with the old, sweet pleasure. He drew her close to his heart and called her "wife! his own sweet wife!" He said, "to give her that name before the whole world, was now the great longing of his heart." And so he won all he asked for—absolute pardon, confident trust, and unreserving affection.

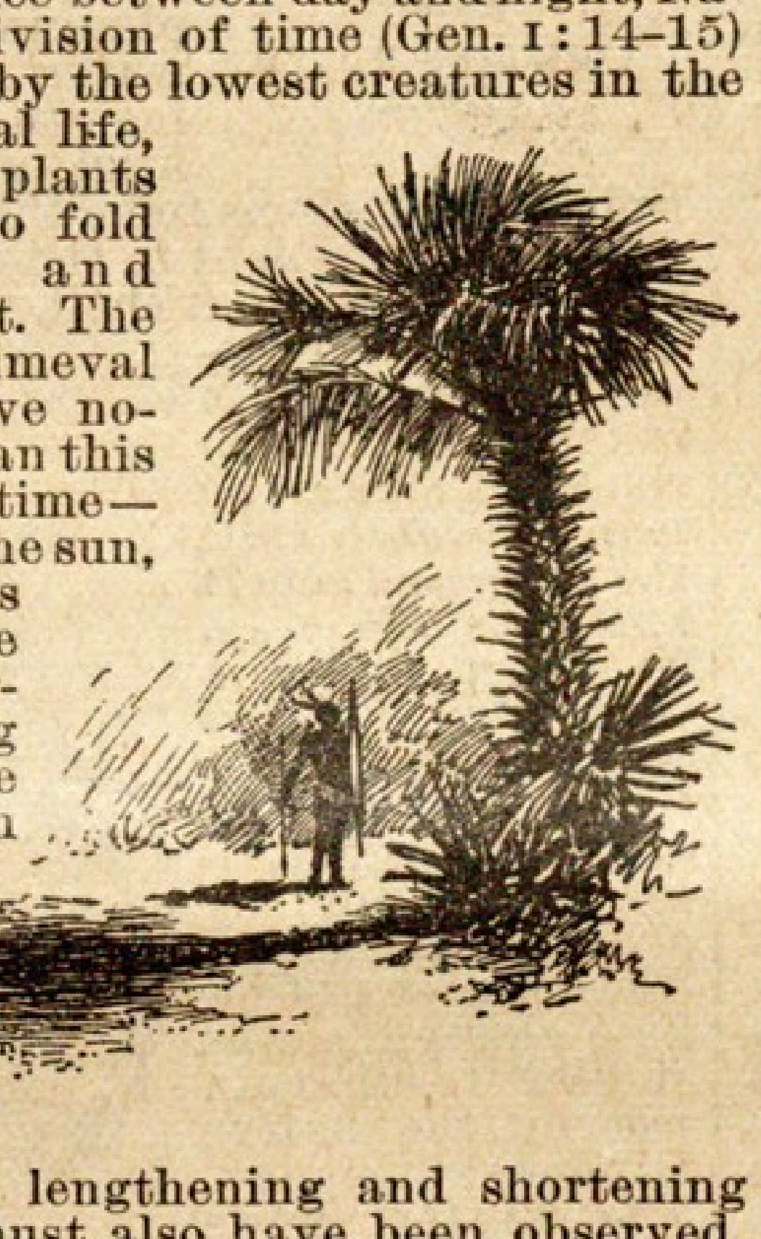
How could she help it? God has so made woman that, under such circumstances, she is a partaker of His own divine compassion; and when Catherine pitied the penitent offender and forgave his offense and again loved him freely, she only beautifully proved herself *a woman after God's own heart.*

THE END.

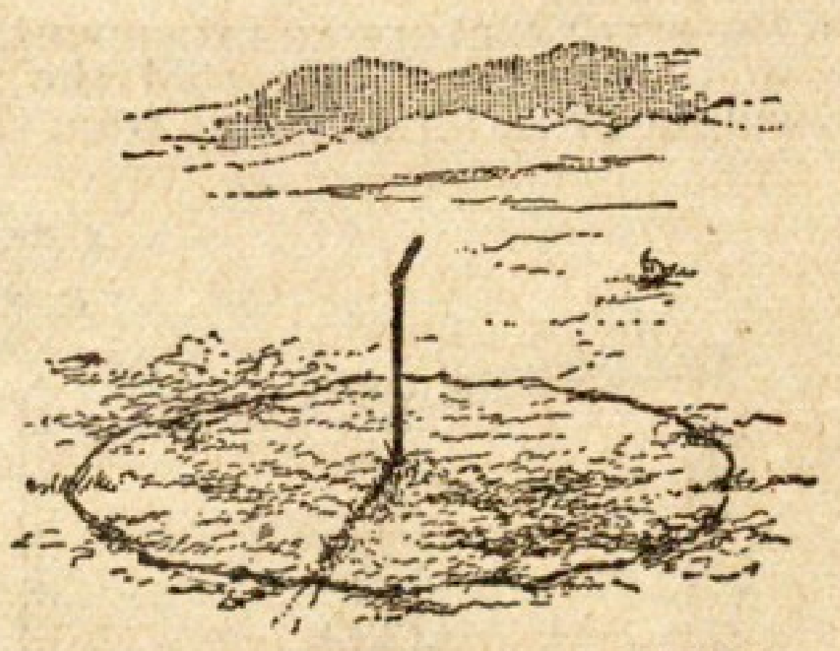
Evolution in Horology.

BY J. VAN VECHTEN WARING.

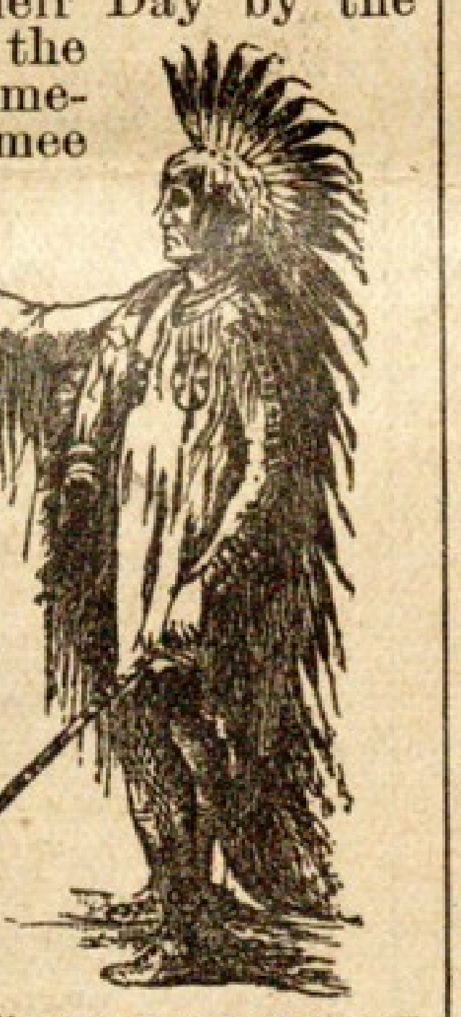
And step by step, since Time began,
I see the steady gain of man.—*Whittier.*



The difference between day and night, Nature's great division of time (Gen. I: 14–15) is recognized by the lowest creatures in the scale of animal life, and even plants know when to fold their leaves and take their rest. The rudest of primeval men must have noticed more than this division of time—the rising of the sun, its brightness at noon-time and its gorgeous setting at night are pictures which must have impressed the dullest intellects. The lengthening and shortening of shadows must also have been observed, as friendly shade was sought—the only protection against the heat; but the use of the shadow as a measure of time does not seem to have been suggested until comparatively recent times.



INDIAN METHOD OF INDICATING TIME OF DEPARTURE.



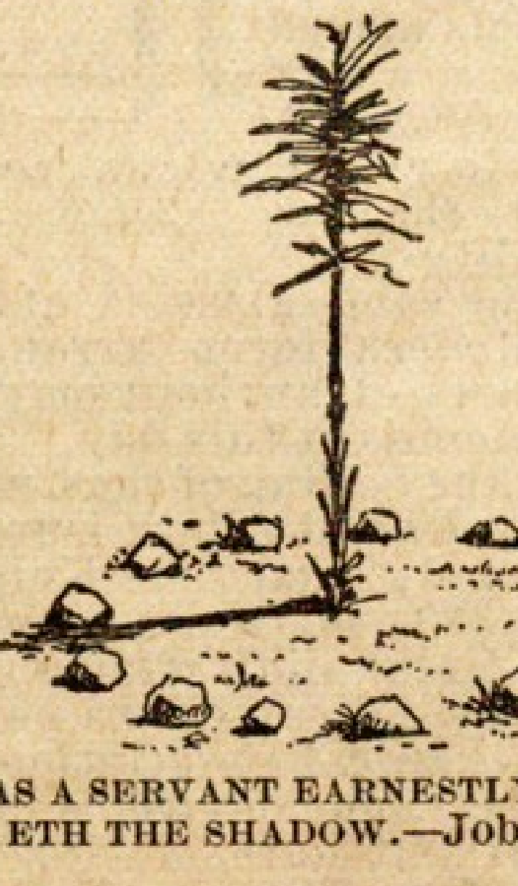
"YOU WILL SEE ME AGAIN WHEN THE SUN STANDS THERE."

Careful research has failed to discover any mechanical method of measuring time employed by the American Indians. Roger Williams (1643) said of them: "They are punctual in measuring their Day by the Sunne and their Night by the Moon and Starres," and "sometimes they have charged mee with a lye for not punctually keeping time, though hindered." They would ask: "How high is the sun?" (*Tou wuttuttan?*) and the answer would be: "It is sunrise," "it is broad day," "noon," "almost sunset," etc. "The Sunne and Moone," moralized Roger Williams, "in the observations of all the sonnes of men, even the wildest, are the great Directors of the Day and Night; as it pleased God to appoint in the first creation. More particular:

"1. The Indians find the Sunne so sweet,
He is a God they say!
Giving them Light and Heat and Fruit
And guidance all the day.

"2. They have no helpe of clock or Watch,
And Sunne they overprize.
Having these artificial helps, the Sunne
We unthankfully despise.
God is a Sunne and shield, a thousand times
more bright.
Indian or English, though they see,
Yet how few prize His Light."

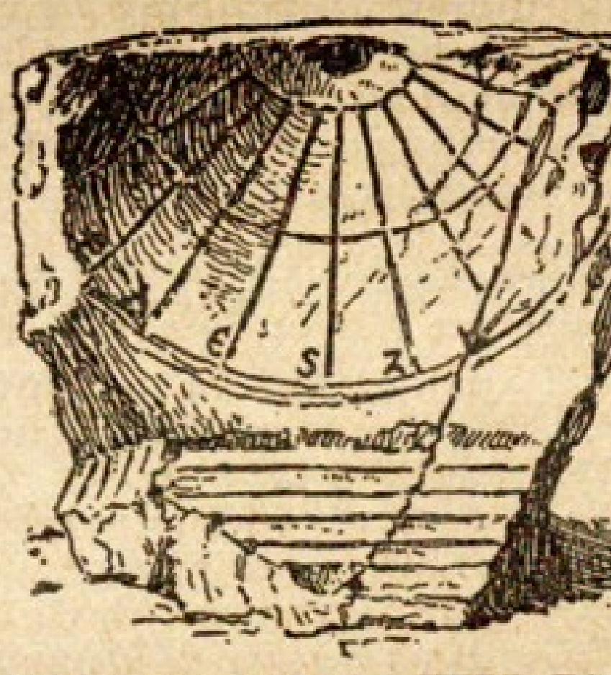
Lionel Wafer, in his "Description of the Isthmus of America" (1699), observed among the natives no parting of the day into hours "except by pointing to some part of the arc the sun describes," pointing higher or lower to suggest the time of day. The American Indians also have hand gestures for the time divisions of the day. Rev. John Heckwelder (1819) described a kind of dial used by the Six Nations on hunting expeditions. A ring was drawn on cleared ground, and a stick three feet long fixed in the center. This was bent to point to the position of the sun and show those who followed the time of departure. The higher tribes, Wachuas, Quichuas, Mayas, etc., erected poles as gnomons or sun dials by which they could divide both the year and day into aliquot parts.



AS A SERVANT EARNESTLY DESIRETH THE SHADOW.—Job, VII: 2.

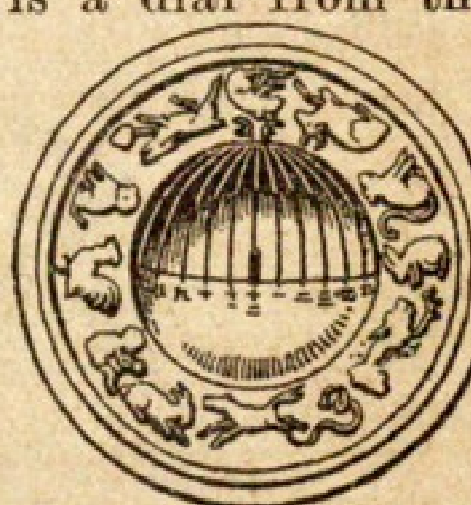
We would naturally look to Egypt for a time-keeping device which would ante-date all others, but the monuments yet discovered give not a hint of any instrument for the purpose, yet we know that some exact method must have been known. A primitive way of marking time still in use by the natives of Upper Egypt is to plant a palm rod in the open ground and arrange a circle of stones around it, to form a kind of clock face, the shadow dividing the hours.

The ancient Egyptians must have found the obelisk useful for this same purpose, just as one was later used in Rome, brought from Egypt by the Emperor Augustus. The dial of Ahaz, King of Judah, 742 B. C. (2 Kings, XX: 9–11; Isaiah, XXXVIII: 8), is the first of which there is historical mention; but this must have been quite an elaborate instrument. The word "degrees" in the revised Bible translation is rendered "steps," and some suppose that this was a kind of gnomon marking the shadows on a terraced walk. Early Jewish writers, however, describe it as "a concave hemisphere, in the middle of which was a globe, the shadow of which fell upon divers lines in the concavity." The gradual development of the sun dial from the simple gnomon would naturally result from the close study of the heavenly bodies which characterized the people of the East. The invention is generally credited to the Babylonians.

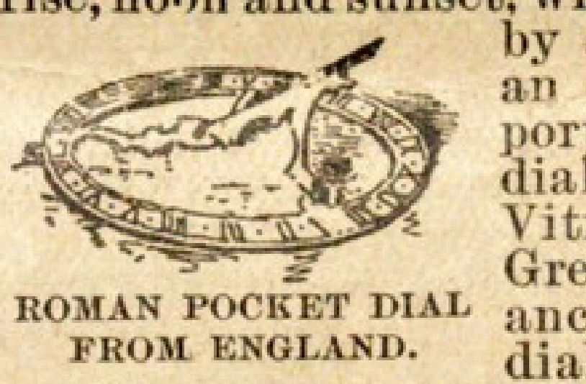


HEMICYCLE ATTRIBUTED TO BEROSUS, THE CHALDEAN.

Berosus, the Chaldean, who lived in the third century B. C., is credited by Vitruvius with the invention of the hemicycle "hollowed in a square and inclined according to the climate," and mention is found of such a horologium, "in the midst of which a perpendicular staff was erected, the twelve parts of the day being marked off by lines." Such a dial is now in the British Museum, having been found at the base of Cleopatra's Needle, near Alexandria. Somewhat similar in idea is a dial from the Buddhist Temple, Shiopka, a representation of which we show herewith, taken from a small hand dial sold in Japan. The name of the twelve hours correspond with the twelve signs of the Japanese zodiac. The sun dial introduced into Greece in the sixth century was a simple shaft, the time being determined by the length of the shadow.



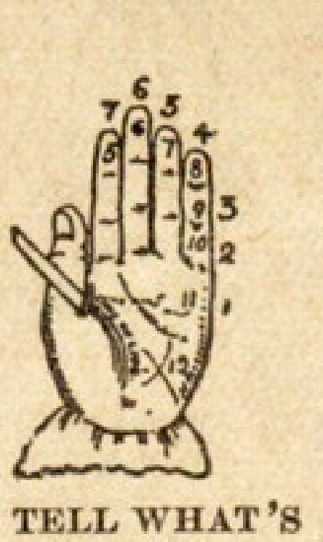
FROM THE BUDDHIST TEMPLE, SHIOPKA.



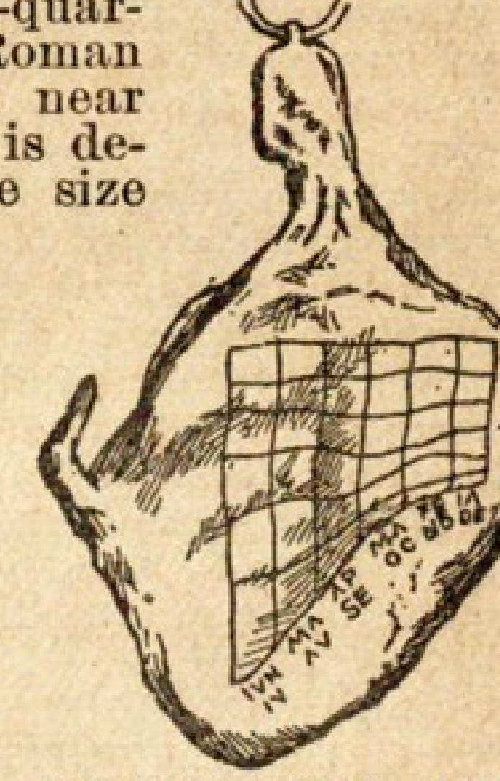
ROMAN POCKET DIAL FROM ENGLAND.

For nearly five centuries afer the building of their city the Romans only observed sunrise, noon and sunset, which were announced by a watchman styled an Accensus. Various portable or suspensory dials are mentioned by Vitruvius as in use in Greece by travellers. An ancient Roman pocket dial, unearthed at Pool's Cavern, England, is about the size of a silver dollar.

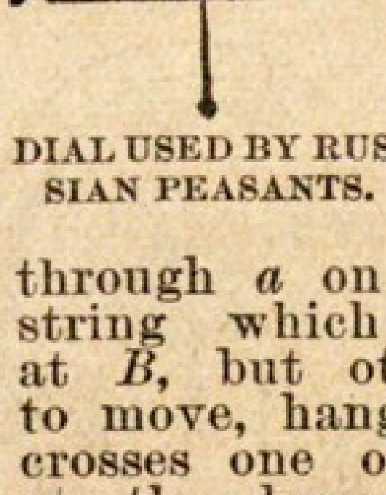
In the National Museum at Naples is one of bronze, faced with silver, which was found at Herculaneum. In our illustration it is shown about one-quarter size. Another Roman portable dial, found near the Gulf of Trieste, is described as about the size and shape of a penny, engraved on both sides (for winter and summer), with lines inlaid in silver.



TO TELL WHAT'S O'CLOCK BY ONE'S HAND.

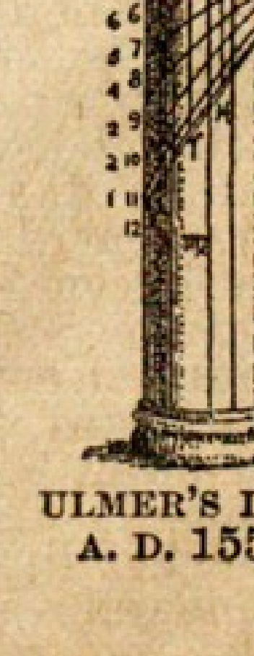


PORTABLE DIAL FOUND AT HERCULANEUM.



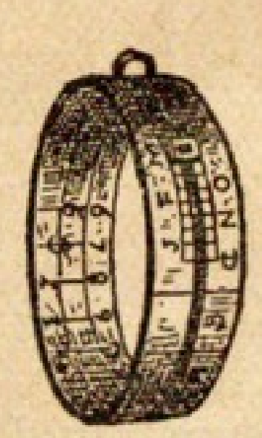
DIAL USED BY RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

Let us look at a few ingenious dials of more modern invention. The "Shepherd's Kalender, or the Countryman's Companion," is described in an old book. It is an ever-present device to tell time (when the sun shines). "Take a small stick of about four inches long, and hold it between the thumb and the forefinger of the left hand, and turn toward the sun till the shadow of the ball of the thumb touches the line of life, and the shadow of the stick will appear on that part of the hand which tells the right hour of the day." An odd triangular dial is used by Russian peasants. The device is tipped until the sun shines through *a* on the spot *b*, the weighted string which is attached at *B*, but otherwise free to move, hangs down, and crosses one of the points at the lower end, thus marking the hour.



ULMER'S DIAL A. D. 1550.

The peasants of the Pyrenees at this day use a cylindrical dial similar to "Ulmer's Dial," here illustrated. The top can be drawn out, when a small blade, turning on a pin, forms the gnomon, which can be adjusted to the month figures. The Pyrenees dials are of box-wood, about the size of a pocket-knife,



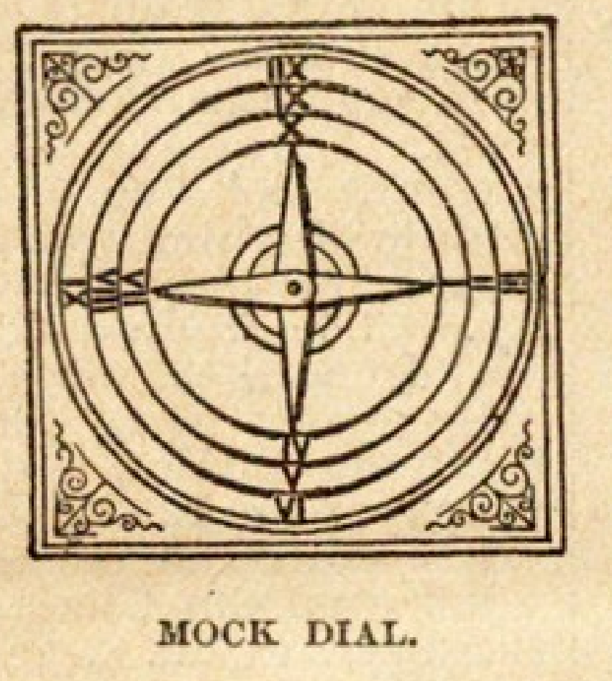
RING DIAL—15TH TO 17TH CENTURY.

> "Drew a dial from his poke;
> And looking at it with lack-lustre eye,
> Says, very wisely, 'it is ten o'clock.'"
> —*As You Like It.*

Ring dials were common in the early part of the seventeenth century, and probably earlier. They were inscribed with mottoes, and, in some cases, highly ornamented and jeweled.

A modern wit has devised the Mock Dial, here shown. The verse, from an old English inn, explains it:

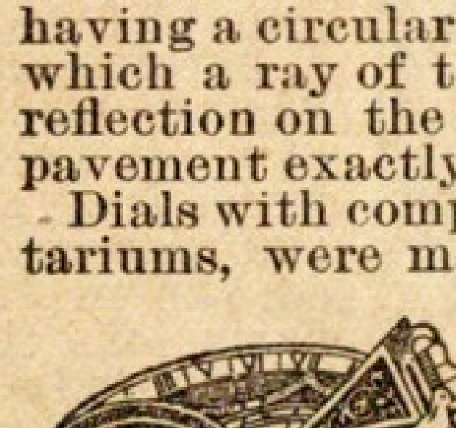
"The hour is shown on other dials
but when the sun doth shine,
They have a style projecting
whose shadow casts a line,
But always whether sun do shine
or whether clouds do lower,
One of my hands will never fail
to point to the true hour."



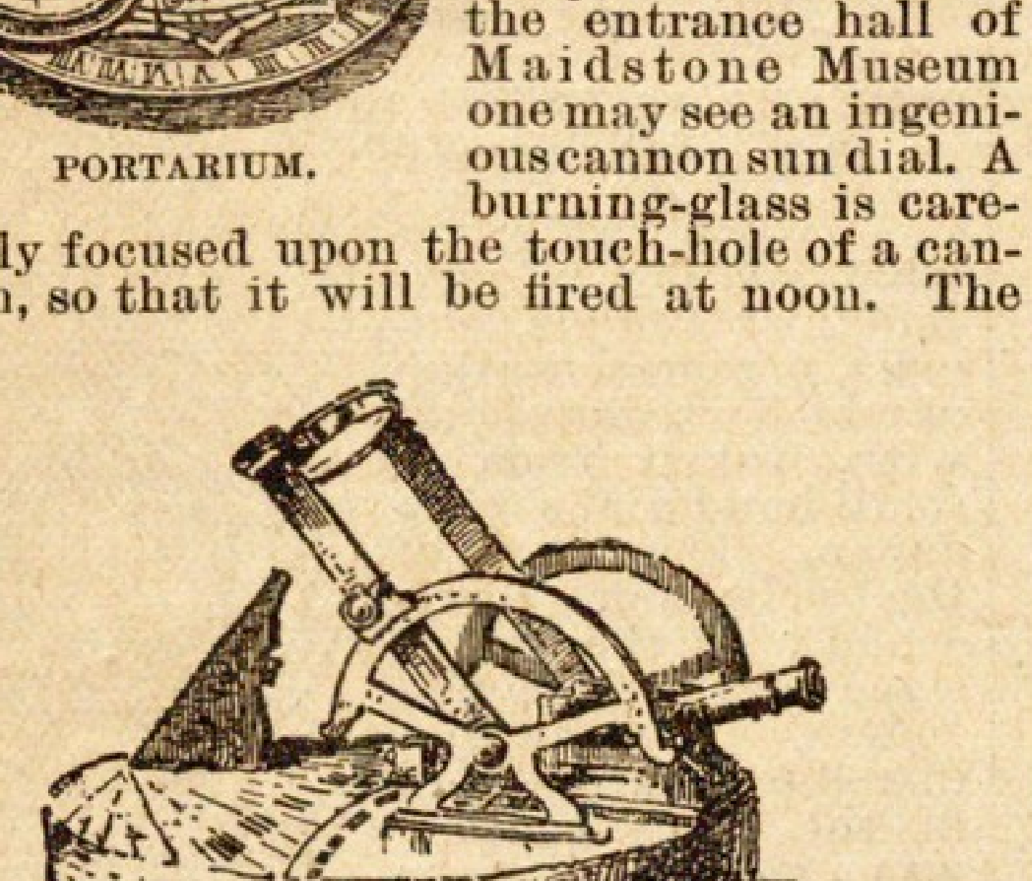
MOCK DIAL.

In 1663, Cassini, by permission of the Senate of Bologna, placed in the roof of the cathedral of St. Petronna a bronze plate having a circular hole pierced in it, through which a ray of the sun passed and cast its reflection on the meridian drawn upon the pavement exactly at noon.

Dials with compass combined, called Portariums, were made in Nuremberg in the 16th and 17th centuries, some of them very elaborately designed and carved in ivory and silver. In the entrance hall of Maidstone Museum one may see an ingenious cannon sun dial. A burning-glass is carefully focused upon the touch-hole of a cannon, so that it will be fired at noon. The cannon is of metal, fixed to a circular marble slab. A similar device used to be shown at the Gardens de Palais Royal, Paris.

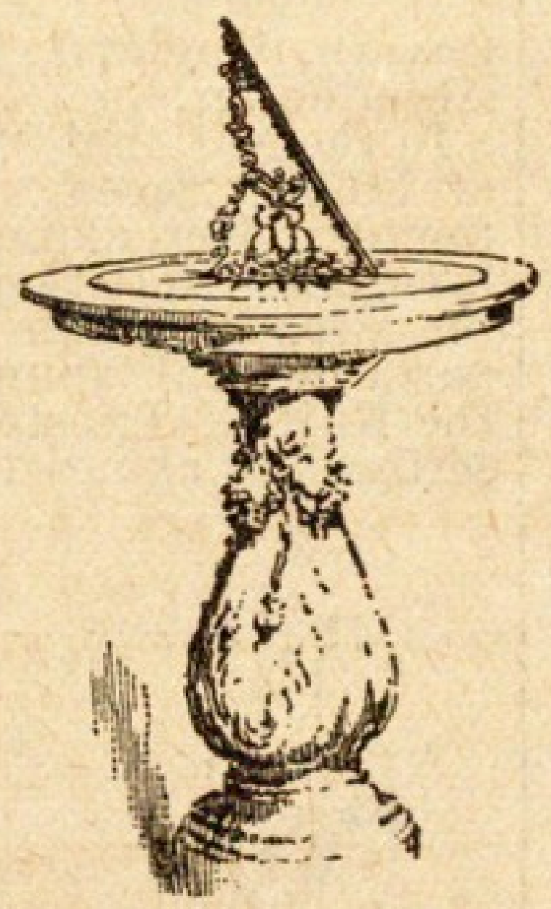


PORTARIUM.



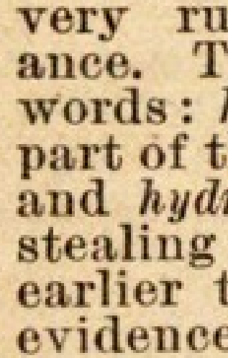
CANNON CLOCK.

At Windsor Castle, in the private gardens of the Queen, is a dial erected by Charles II. Its gnomon bears that king's monogram and crown. It was designed by the famous Grinling Gibbons. The dial plate is graven with the Star of the Garter and its motto, "Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense." Our illustration is from a sketch by the English artist, Warrington Hogg.

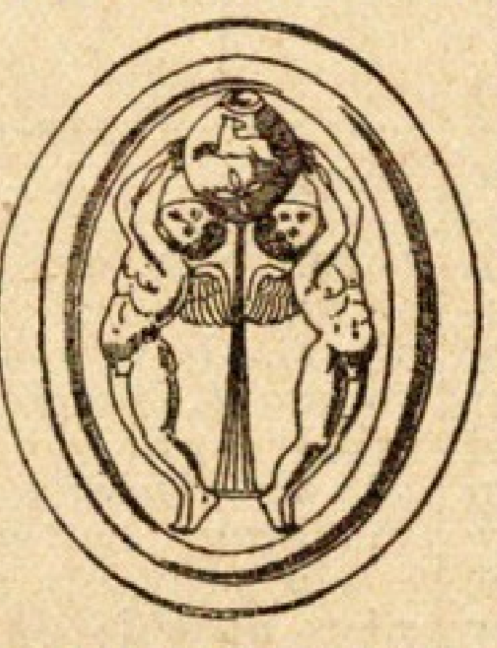


DIAL AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Aristophanes made frequent references to the water clock or clepsydra, and we may say it was in common use in his time (430 B. C.), though probably a very rude contrivance. The name is derived from two Greek words: *klepto*, to steal—from which also a part of the word "kleptomaniac" is taken—and *hydro*, water. It has reference to the stealing away of water. We cannot trace it earlier than this in Greece, but there are evidences that the Egyptians used some kind of a water measure for time. According to Chinese annals, the clepsydra was the invention of Hwangti, 2636 B. C. Illustrations of ancient clepsydræ are of very rare occurrence. An example in bas relief at the Mattei Palace, in Rome, closely resembles in form the modern hour-glass. A most interesting and very valuable relic of ancient art, an intaglio (here shown about twice size) in the possession of C. W. King, M. A., and by him described, gives what is doubtless a faithful picture of the kind of timekeeper that adorned the Circus Maximus in the days of the first Cæsars. It represents two Cupids, back to back, supporting in their uplifted arms a vase with contracted mouth, whence issued a stream of water. The horse at full speed and the large star (the sun) indicate the subject of the design—the clepsydra of the Circus Maximus, where the great races were held on December 25th, the Natalie Solis. The clepsydræ used in law courts were simple vases inverted by an attendant, each vase marking the third of an hour, a certain number being assigned each pleader. A wit of the time asked a dull speaker to drink from his clepsydra, and thus relieve hearers as well as himself.

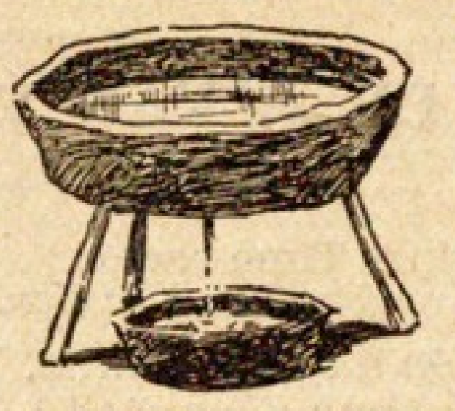


BAS RELIEF, MATTEI PALACE, ROME.

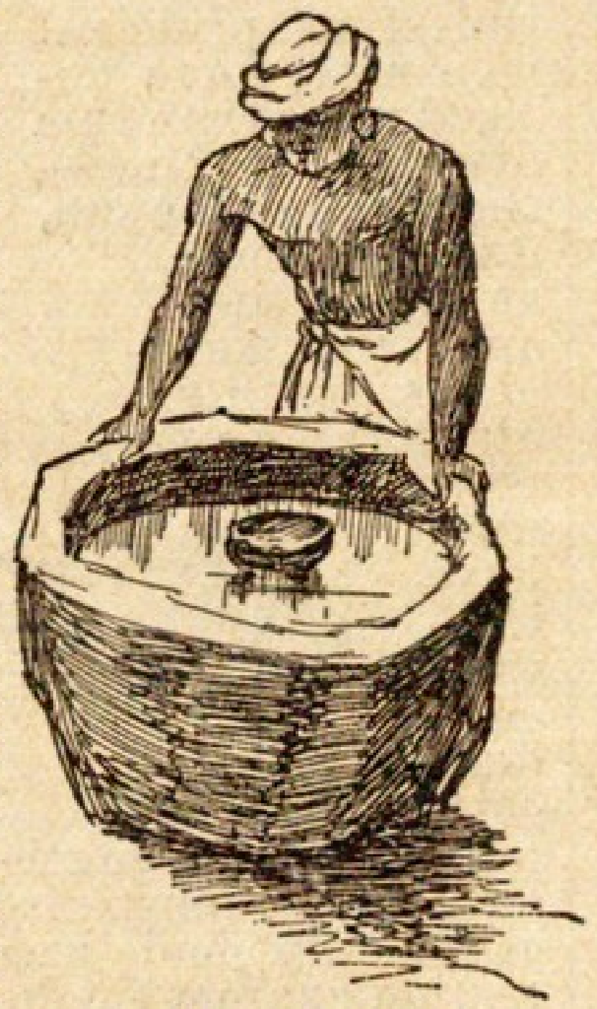


ANCIENT CLEPSYDRA USED AT GAMES CIRCUS MAXIMUS.

The Sicilian, Empedocles, describes the clepsydra of his time (B. C. 414), as a hammered brass vessel with perforated bottom and pipe-like top easily closed with the finger. Removing the finger would allow the water to escape through the holes in the bottom of the vessel. This could be quickly refilled by plunging it into a vat of water. Among the Malays there is still used a kind of clepsydra so rude that it seems to be the survival of an age long antecedent to the use of metal. It is simply a cocoanut shell, with a small hole in the bottom, floating in water in a rude bucket. When the shell sinks, the man on watch calls the time and sets it afloat again. In Northern India a perforated bowl is used in place of the cocoanut, the watcher announcing the hour by striking the metal. The ancient Chinese clepsydra was similar to that in use by the native Hindoos at this day. The water flows from one vessel into the other, different sizes giving different divisions of time. There is one of these very crude affairs on a large scale still in a watch-tower in the city of Canton. It is of the very simplest form, having no movements of any kind; but is said to keep accurate time.

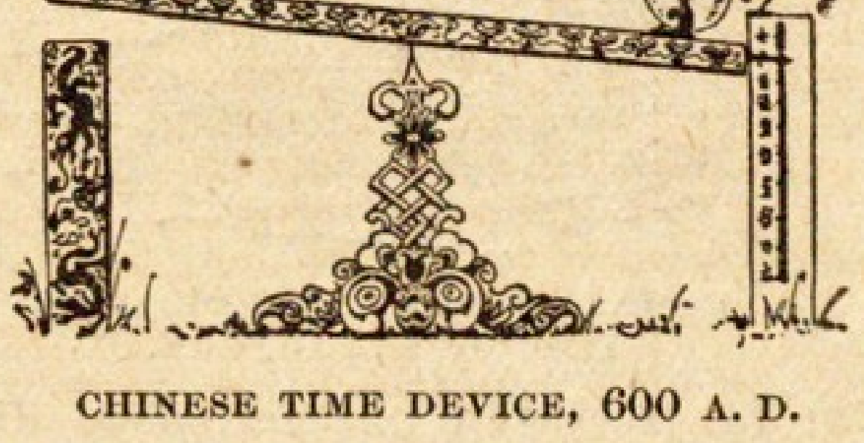


A HINDOO WATER CLOCK.



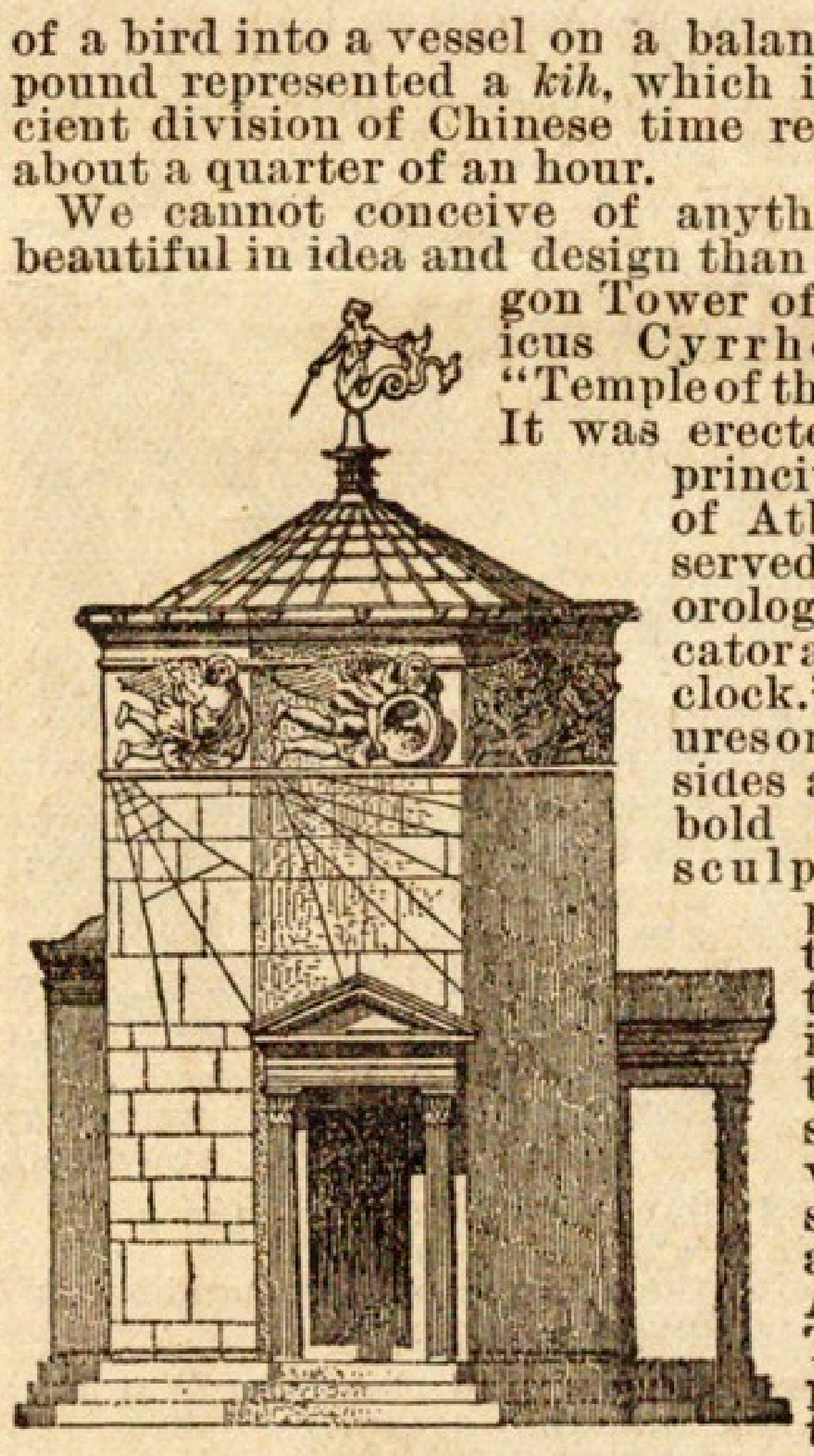
MALAY TIME-KEEPER.

In the sixth century an intrument was in use in China which indicated the time by the weight of water as it fell from the beak of a bird into a vessel on a balance. Each pound represented a *kih*, which in the ancient division of Chinese time represented about a quarter of an hour.



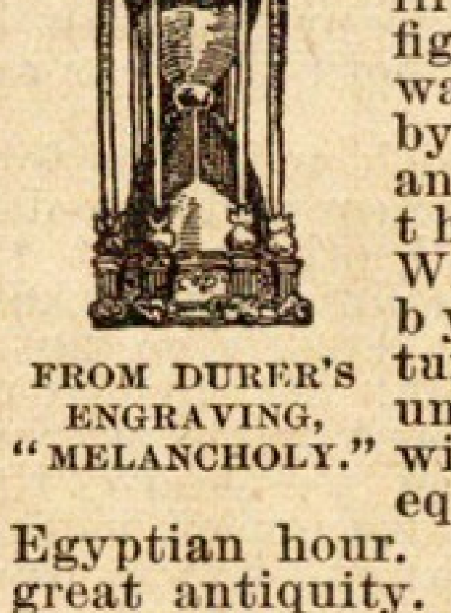
CHINESE TIME DEVICE, 600 A. D.

We cannot conceive of anything more beautiful in idea and design than the Octagon Tower of Andromicus Cyrrhestes, or "Temple of the Winds." It was erected in the principal part of Athens, and served as meteorological indicator and "town clock." The figures on the eight sides are noble, bold pieces of sculpture, expressing the winds they are intended to represent, and which the sides exactly face. A bronze Triton pointed to these sides as the wind moved it. Under each figure was a sun dial, the lines of which are still visible. It is also quite certain that within the temple there was some kind of a water clock.

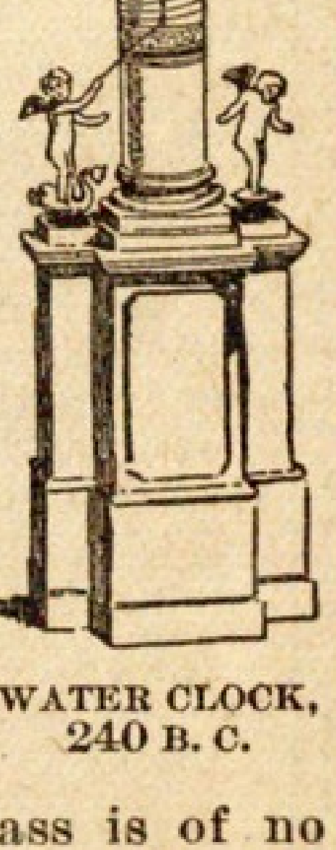


TEMPLE OF THE WINDS AT ATHENS.

The primitive clepsydra measured only the passage of a fixed portion of time, according to the capacity of the vessel used. Ctesibius of Alexandria (240 B. C.) was the first to make a clepsydra to record continuous time. This clever mechanician constructed water clocks which, besides telling the hours with tolerable accuracy, noted the moon's age, zodiacal signs, etc. In the one illustrated the figure with the wand is raised by the water and points to the hour. Wheels moved by water turned the column to accord with the inequality of the Egyptian hour. The sand glass is of no great antiquity. Modern forms arranged for an hour and parts of an hour may be bought from the opticians at this day. The egg glass, for timing the boiling of eggs, used to be quite common. Two of Albert Durer's engravings, "Melancholy" and "The Knight and Death" (A. D. 1511) picture a kind of hour glass with a circular dial attachment on which the time was indicated by a hand, but we have no mechanical description of this apparatus. The same device is also found in a print without date, of "St. Jerome at Prayer," by Hans Springen Kelle.

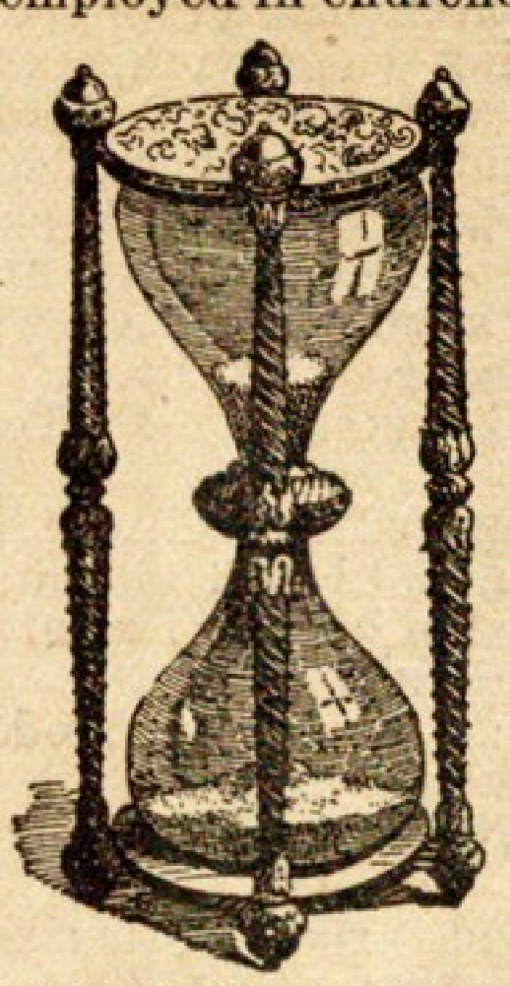


FROM DURER'S ENGRAVING, "MELANCHOLY."

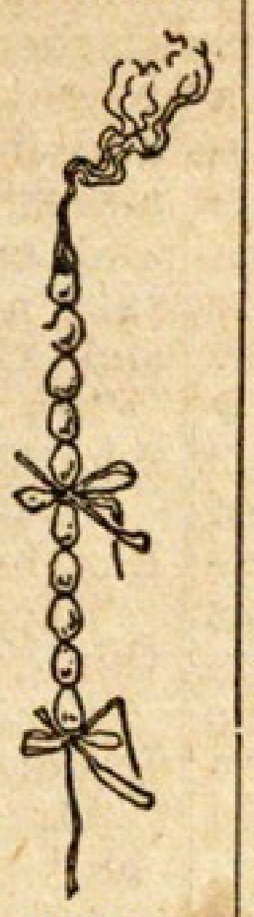


WATER CLOCK, 240 B. C.

The sand glass was almost universally employed in churches during the sixteenth century, and in several of the old English churches hour-glass stands of elegant workmanship are still to be seen. A very primitive time-keeper is in use by the natives of the Polynesian Islands. The kernels of the candle-tree nut *(aleurites triloba)* are strung on a palm rib placed in a vertical position and lighted at the top. The kernels being the same size and substance, burn a certain number of minutes each. Bits of bark or cloth tied along at regular intervals mark the time.



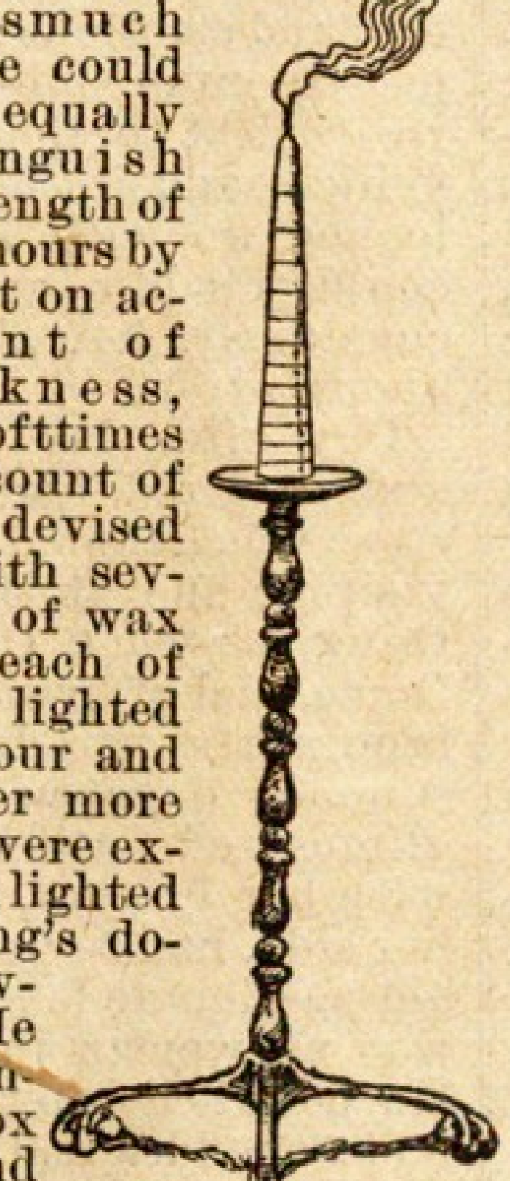
16TH CENTURY SAND GLASS.



POLYNESIAN TIME KEEPER.

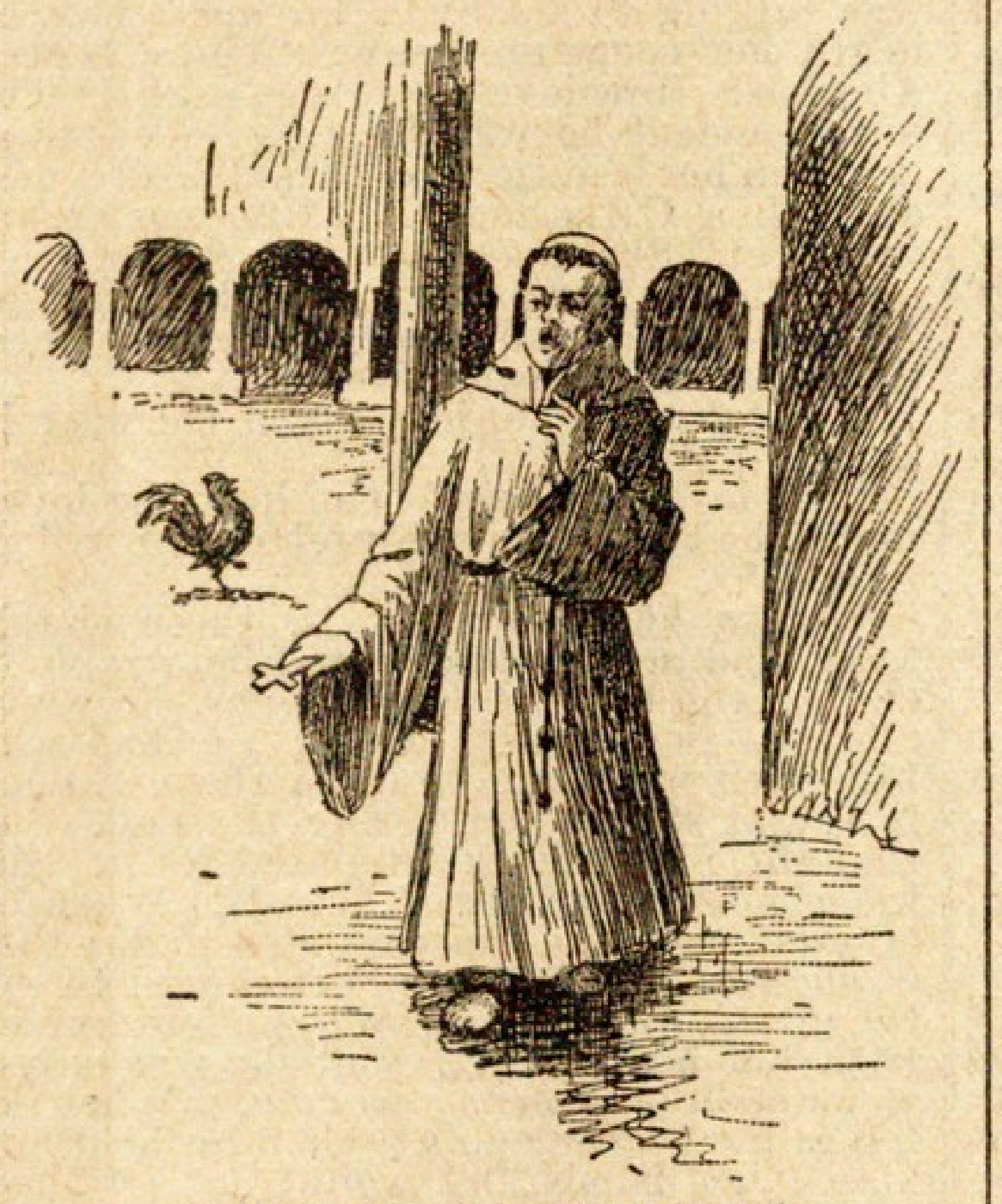
King Alfred the Great (A. D. 880) was an interesting character of history. He made a vow that he would devote to God half of his service, bodily and mentally, by night and by day; but "inasmuch as he could not equally distinguish the length of the hours by night on account of darkness, and ofttimes during the day on account of storms and clouds," he devised the candle clocks. With seventy-two pence' weight of wax he made six candles, each of equal length. These, lighted in succession, lasted four and twenty hours, "neither more nor less." When they were extinguished, others were lighted in their place, the king's domestic chamberlains having charge of them. He later constructed a lantern of wood and with ox horn planed thin and transparent as glass, to protect his clock from the wind. To this day the ancient Chinese "time sticks," made of sawdust and glue, are still in use in parts of the Celestial Empire. A crude, old clepsydra at Canton is daily regulated by one of these time-sticks.

KING ALFRED, A. D. 880.



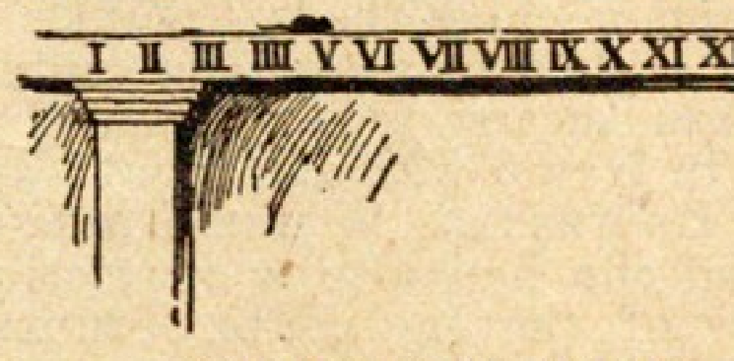
CANDLE CLOCK.

In the ancient customs of the Monastery of St. Viton, at Werden, written, as is said, in the tenth century, no mention is made of water clocks, which were then scarce; and the monks regulated their prayers by the crowing of the cock. A hundred years later, when water clocks were still very scarce, a perfect monk was described in a work by P. Damiani, as one "always intent on the duties of his office, always provident, alw anxious." He would sing to himself so "when the sun or stars were obscured," might form a certain time measure "by quantity of psalmody he had accomplish



PSALMODY AS A TIME MEASURE.

Charlemagne (809 A. D.) was presen with what must have been a very rema able clock, undoubtedly worked by wa and from that time, following the introd tion of wheels and weights, to the sev teenth century, the improvements w rapid and continuous. The later w clocks became so numerous in kind th volume could not describe them. The vention of the weight clock is traced by rect evolution from the water clock. application of the pendulum, the proper of which Galileo described in 1564, was perfecting touch. This is credited by thropp to Huyghens, date 1657. The e to produce something remarkable in way of mechanical effects in connect with time-measuring instruments has b noticea from t day of w a t clock Ctesibi to the fect cl of the p ent ti and v umes co be written concerning the odd and curi in this line. An eccentric genius, Nich Grollier by name, born at Lyons in 16 contrived many horological wonders, which the "mouse clock" here illustra was one. The mystery of this piece is rea ily explained by the guiding power of magnet; but, as may be imagined, it w the source of much amazement at the ti it was made.



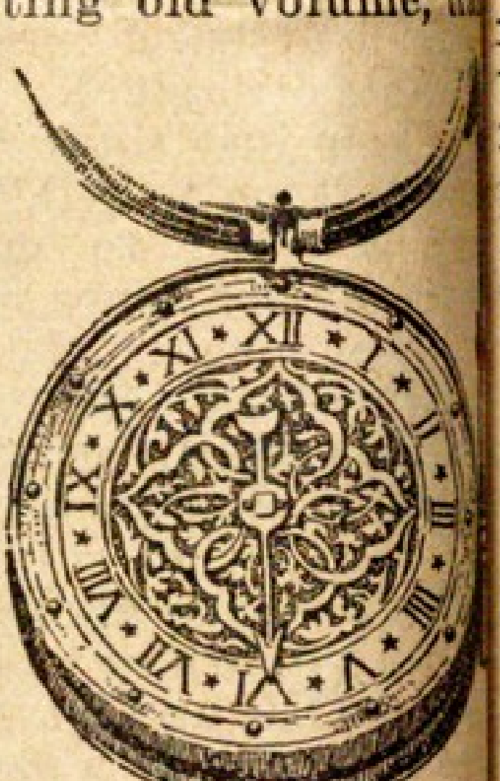
I II III IIII V VI VII VIII IX X XI XII

CURIOUS MOUSE CLOCK.

Some old church and garden sun di dating from the seventh to the eightee century, may now be seen in parts of E land, their interesting mottoes still q legible. The age of the sun dial was t poetic age of horology. Great was the and ingenuity shown in the selection appropriate mottoes for these dials, a master minds of successive generations co tributed their lines. A collection of m toes gleaned from over five hundred fam old sun dials will be found in Mrs. Gat "Book of Sun Dials." We have outgro the slow ways of the past. From the age when a half-day division of time sufficient for the need of man, we h evolved to an "Era of Seconds," the meth of the measure of time being a key to civilization of a people.

THE INVENTION OF THE WATC

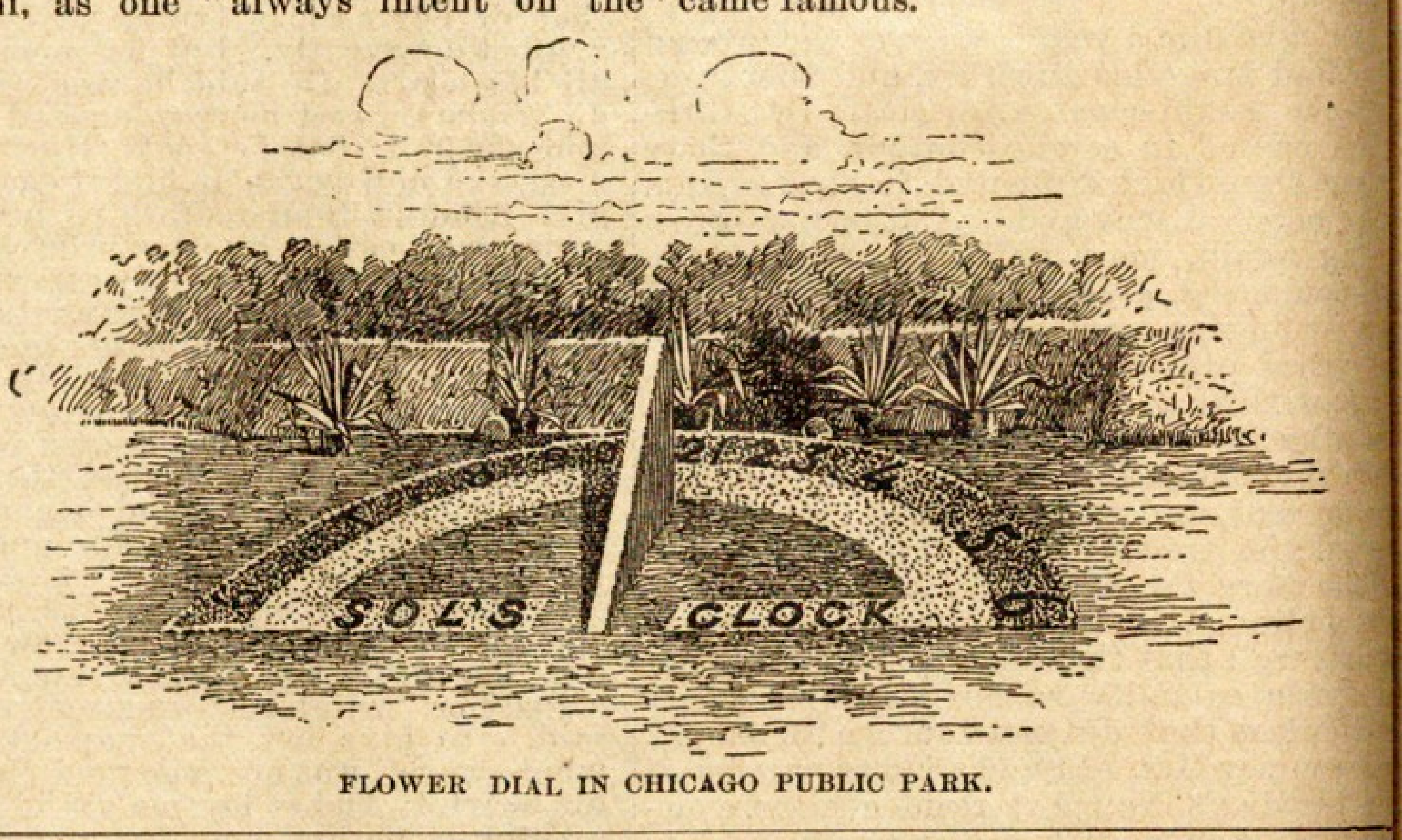
A locksmith and bronze caster by tra called Master Peter Henlein, of Nuremb born 1480, was the inventor of the poc watch. An interesting old volume, tra scribed by Herr Gustav Speckhart, describes how the inventor worked, pondered and computed so much over his queer little machine that his people thought him crazy, and his practical wife destroyed his work and scolded him for neglecting his trade. Finally he purposely struck an apprentice boy of his son-in-law, that he might get himself imprisoned and be free to work out his invention. F folks testified in court that they had fou in the old man's chamber queer stuff t "did not look altogether Christianlik and "a thing like an egg in which a de watch had been knocking." This w "partly dropped and partly thrown agai the wall," as they imagined Satan was i prisoned within it.



XII I II III IIII V VI VII VIII IX X XI

THE FIRST WATCH.

In the undisturbed quiet of the prison, watch was finished. "The thing was i bued with life and ticked within its cas as a chick does in its shell at Easter tim The Nuremberg egg was laid. This w about 1520. The works of this watch w of iron and the back and cover of bro beautifully ornamented, about twice t size of our illustration. It is needless to that Peter Henlein was pardoned out prison as soon as the nature of his invent was known, and the town of Nuremberg came famous.



FLOWER DIAL IN CHICAGO PUBLIC PARK.

—The lighthouses of the world number more than 7,000. The United States own over 1,300 of this number, and the annual appropriation for maintaining these is at present about $4,000,000. The lighthouses are for the most part very simple in construction, and nearly all of them are situated on shore. At present kerosene oil is generally used as the luminant.

—Japan has made very remarkable pr ress of late in the manufacture of nearly kinds of cotton goods. The skill of the Ja nese workmen is said by experts to rival th of the best cotton workers in Europe America. Labor in Japan is so cheap a fuel so abundant that the Japanese w have an immense advantage in compet with other manufacturing countries.

FIGHT FOR RIGHT.

Plans Perfected for the Public's Protection.

United States Courts About to Take Up Subject of Imposition on the People.—Details of a Serious Case.

Chicago, Ill.—[Special.]—War with England is a possibility, but greater dangers menace the safety of the people at home. The citizens of this great country, however, are always ready to fight, to maintain the principle of right. It is the American creed. The fact that energetic measures have been adopted to prevent dangerous imposition on the public will therefore lay claim to national support. It only remains to make it known that No-To-Bac, the original guaranteed, time-tested and tried tobacco-habit cure, backed by over 300,000 cures, having been made the victim of imitations and substitutions, has taken steps to defend its reputation and protect the public.

This fight for right has been carried before the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in this city, where papers were filed by Tarrant & Kronshage, the well-known Milwaukee trade-mark patent attorneys, on behalf of No-To-Bac against the Eureka Chemical Co., La Crosse, Wis.

The substitution of the spurious preparation can be very easily accomplished, unless great care be exercised, as No-To-Bac has not only been infringed in name, but the No-To-Bac labels, boxes, tablets, pamphlets and a vast amount of advertising matter used with No-To-Bac have been simulated.

The Sterling Remedy Co., makers of No-To-Bac, ask damages in the sum of $20,000, which would be a small sum compared with its detracting influence exercised by the substitution of an inferior article on the public confidence at the expense of No-To-Bac's good name and high standing.

An interesting portion of the testimony introduced by the Sterling Remedy Co. is the certification of over 200 jobbers in this country to the fact that No-To-Bac is the only original guaranteed tobacco-habit cure; that they have sold it for years, tens of thousands of boxes; that they know the merits of the preparation and the genuineness of the guarantee, because they have never had a complaint from their customers. This is certainly the most remarkable endorsement ever granted any remedy.

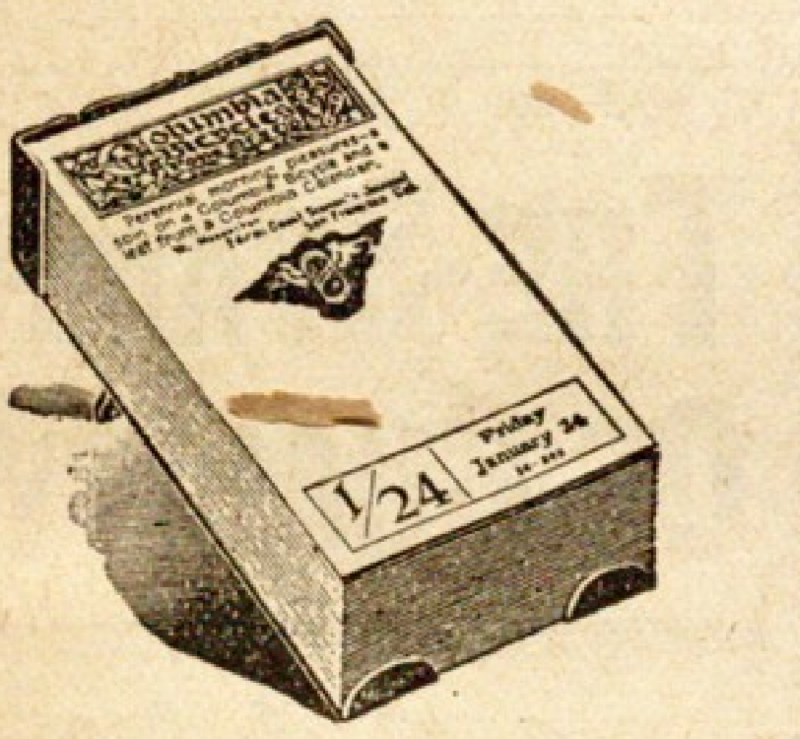
The public should be careful not to accept any substitute for No-To-Bac offered by an unscrupulous dealer. The very fact that an article is made in imitation of a reliable and extensively advertised preparation should be sufficient to condemn it at once. No careful person will buy upon the recommendation that "this is just as good." This always means that the maker of the substitute has given the seller a special inducement to handle an inferior article, while its purchaser is the victim. —*a.*

◆

THE COLUMBIA CALENDAR.

A Highly Artistic Production for 1896—Bright Thoughts by Columbia Riders and Much Useful Information.

The Columbia Pad Calendar for 1896 has made its appearance, representing the eleventh annual issue, and handy and convenient as it has been heretofore, the new issue certainly surpasses any of its predecessors. The cycling fraternity, to say nothing of the general public, has acquired a decidedly friendly feeling for the Columbia Calendar, and its annual advent is looked forward to with interest and pleasure. The new Calendar contains a much better arrangement than in previous years, more space having been allowed for memoranda, while a greater charm has been added by liberal illustration and a unique and convenient grouping of dates, calculated to meet the hurried needs of business men. All these, however, merely form a setting for the bright and sparkling thoughts contributed by Columbia riders everywhere; for such a host of friends has the Calendar acquired that it has become a customary practice for wheelmen all over the country to jot down their best thoughts and inspirations after being subjected to the exhilarating influence of a Columbia ride, and to send them in to brighten its pages. In addition to these pleasing features, the moon's phases are indicated for the benefit of those who wish to know the best time for night riding. The many dainty sketches that embellish its pages render it, indeed, a work of art. Owing to the unusual demand last year, a much larger edition has been issued for 1896. The Calendar can be obtained for five 2-cent stamps by addressing the Calendar Department of the Pope Manufacturing Company at Hartford, Conn. —*a.*



BICYCLES 400 Fine Second-Hand Wheels must be closed out. Agents wanted. Send for list. D. G. Mead & Prentiss, Chicago, Ill.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs **FREE**

SHORTHAND taught by mail. Situations procured. **W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.**

Agents Make from $50. to $500. a month at home or traveling. Work for young and old. Don't rely on others. Earn your own living. Outfit furnished free. Get to work at once. CHICAGO SCALE CO. Chicago

$525 Agent's profits per month. Will prove it or pay forfeit. New articles just out. A **$1.50** sample sent free. Try us. **Electrograph Co., 28 Bond St., N. Y.**

MY WIFE Can Not See How You Do It For the Money. **$9.00** Buy the Oxford Improved SINGER Sewing Machine, with a complete set of attachments and guaranteed for 10 years. Shipped anywhere on 30 days' trial. No money required in advance. 75,000 now in use. World's Fair Medal awarded. Buy from factory, save dealers' and agents' profit. Write to-day for our Large Free Catalogue. OXFORD MDSE. CO., 342 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

TOWEL RACK.

Nickel-plated and polished Brackets and Rod, 18 inches wide. Sent, prepaid, for 30 cents.

DONOHUE & MORAND, 21 Arlington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOW TO MAKE WOMEN BEAUTIFUL

Many women with fair faces are deficient in beauty owing to undeveloped figures, flat busts, etc., which can be remedied by the use of

It is impossible to give a full description in an advertisement; send 6c. in stamps and a descriptive circular, with testimonials, will be sent sealed, by return mail.

ADIPO-MALENE.

L. E. MARSH & CO., Madison Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

SEEDS FREE.

The new free delivery system inaugurated by Peter Henderson & Co. secures to any one who orders their seeds from them the free delivery to any post-office in the United States.

Messrs. Peter Henderson & Co. issue this year an entirely new catalogue for 1896, which illustrates and describes the grandest assortment of seeds on this continent. This "new catalogue" they mail on receipt of a two-cent stamp, or to those who state in what paper they saw their advertisement it will be mailed *free.* Full particulars of this offer will be found in Messrs. Peter Henderson & Co.'s announcement in our issue of last week—February 1st. —*a.*

◆

DO YOU PLAY CARDS?

If so, send a two-cent stamp to the Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind., who will mail free of charge their Souvenir Game Counter, as described in their advertisement. The Indiana Bicycle Co. are one of the largest Bicycle manufacturers in this country, and their "Waverley" machine is one of the most popular. —*a.*

Florence Warden's New Novel.

The Mystery of the Inn by the Shore

By Florence Warden,

Author of "The House on the Marsh," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Kendrick.

12mo. 314 Pages. Handsomely Bound in Cloth. Price, $1.00. Paper Cover, 50 Cents.

This is the $1,000 prize story recently published in the New York *Ledger*, and now reissued in book form. The story was a great success as a serial, and we do not doubt will be popular in book form. It is a good novel from beginning to end. The mystery is preserved so well that it is almost impossible to divine, with any degree of certainty, how the story will come out until the conclusion is reached. When published in the *Ledger* there were over one hundred thousand competing answers for the cash prizes, and the answers indicated a great body of interested and intelligent readers.

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Cor. William and Spruce Streets, New York.

A WATCH FREE

— TO —

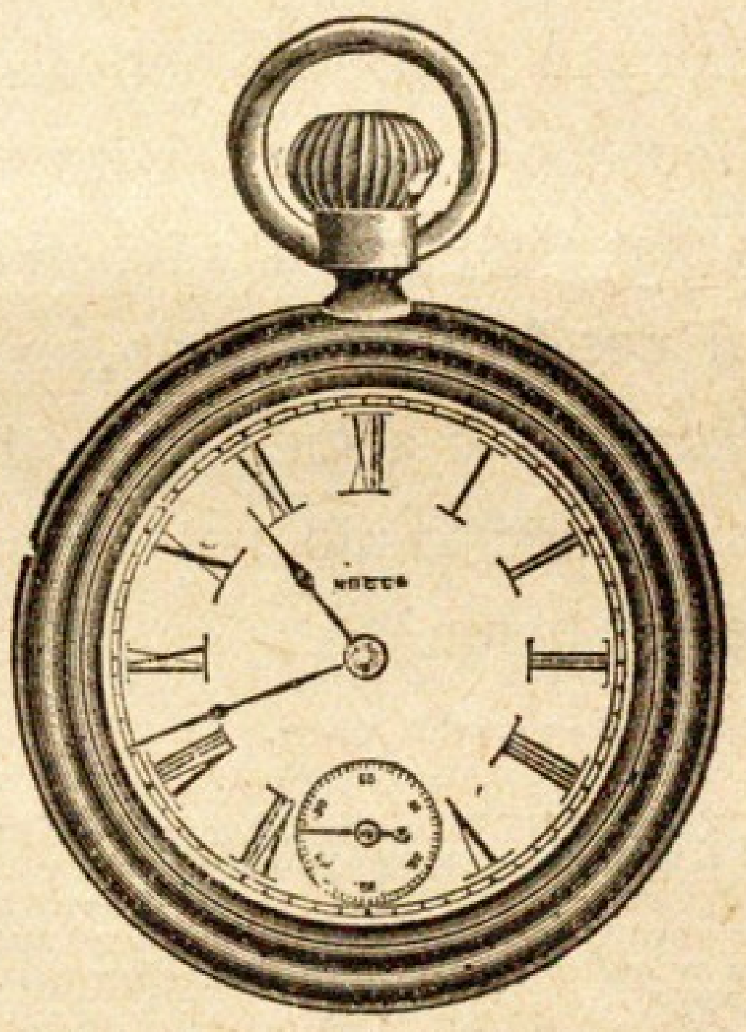
Boys and Girls.

The proprietors of the **New York Ledger** hereby offer to give, free of all cost, to any boy or girl who will sell

10 New York Ledgers

each week for 20 weeks the watch described below. If any boy or girl does not want to wait 20 weeks to get this watch, it can be secured by selling **20 Ledgers for 10 Weeks,** that is, averaging a sale of 20 copies for 10 weeks.

Free to Boys and Girls.



This watch is not a toy or sun-dial, but a serviceable timepiece, guaranteed by the manufacturer to be accurate and durable, which guarantee is assumed by us. It is a stem-winder and stem-setter, and comes in either a gilt or a nickel case, according to choice. It is sent securely packed, and in the box we place a serviceable chain. In the times of our grandfathers, such a watch, even if it could have been made, would have cost a considerable sum of money. This watch is not for sale, but is sent free, post-paid, as a gift to every boy and girl who sells the number of copies of the New York *Ledger* required by the above offer, namely, an average of 10 copies for 20 weeks, or an average of 20 copies for 10 weeks.

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Bright Boys and Girls

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Big Pay for Little Work.

The New York *Ledger* has had so many applications from boys and girls throughout the country wanting to sell the *Ledger* by the week, as well as by subscription for the year, we have decided to establish wide-awake young agents in every town in the country.

We Want an Active Worker in Every Place.

Hundreds of smart boys and girls in every locality have several hours' spare time each week.

Read Our Plan.

We want just such ones to work for us a little while every week selling *Ledgers* at 5 cents each—selling the old, reliable, original and best story paper published—the New York *Ledger*.

No Possible Risk.

Our young agents take no possible risk. We send a bundle of *Ledgers* every week, and they sell them like hot cakes at 5 cents each. Every one wants the New York *Ledger* as soon as given an opportunity to examine and read a copy of it.

The Ledger Free.

If the postmaster or any responsible party will send us the name of a smart boy or girl to sell the *Ledger* every week in his town, we will put an extra *Ledger* in the agent's bundle each week, to be delivered free to the party appointing the agent so long as the agent sells the *Ledger*.

Send us the name of a smart boy or girl at once. Have them fill out the coupon below and send it at once:

.............................189

I hereby agree to act from date as agent for the New York *Ledger*, and to sell the same to ladies, farmers and others at 5 cents a copy every week, and that I will report not later than the Monday after each package is received, on blank furnished me, and remit 3 cents for each copy I sell or deliver to subscribers, and will keep all unsold copies, to be returned as instructed.

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99 44/100 PURE

Have you noticed when discussing household affairs with other ladies that each one has found some special use for Ivory Soap, usually the cleansing of some article that it was supposed could not be safely cleaned at home?

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CIN'TI.

WANTED PARTY to buy farm here in my locality for the purpose of going into live stock business. It is positively a safe investment for a man with ready capital. No triflers need apply. Address or call on **S. H. NULL, Box 332 West Grove, Pa.**

Why Pay..

for Water?

YOU pay 10 cents for a package of ordinary oatmeal. It has absorbed one-third its weight of moisture, so that you need 3 lbs. of it to equal a 2-lb. package of

H-O

A thoroughly steam-cooked grain.

Is water worth the difference in price?

FREE TO BALD HEADS.
We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address,
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A FEW FACTS.

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Those who contemplate a winter's trip to this amiable climate will bear in mind the

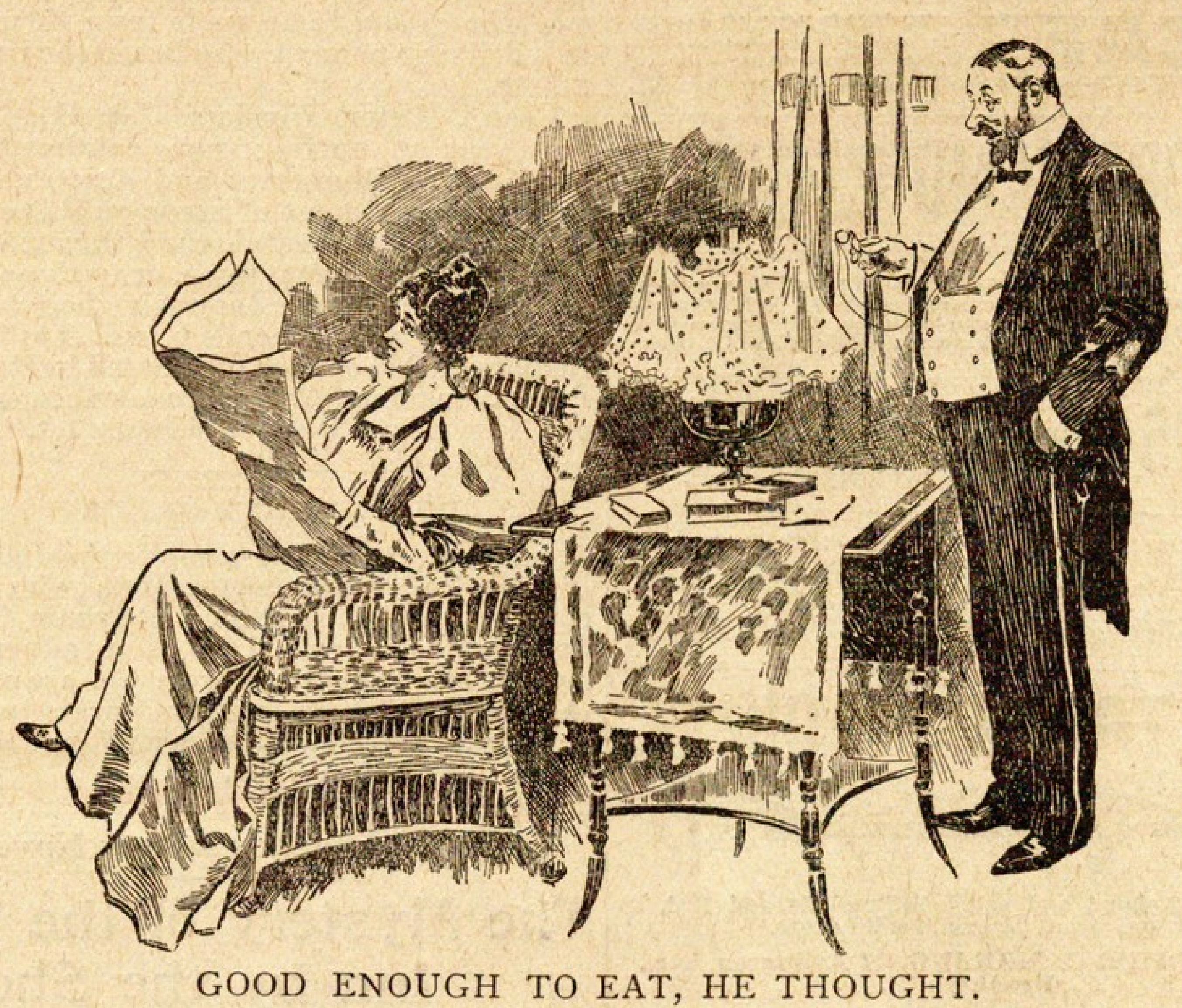
BIG FOUR ROUTE

is the "Best Line" geographically and substantially from all points East, Northeast, North, Northwest and West. Solid trains of magnificent Wagner Buffet Sleeping Cars, Buffet Parlor Cars, elegant Coaches and Dining Cars daily from New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Sandusky, Chicago, St. Louis, Peoria, Indianapolis and intermediate points to Cincinnati, where direct connection is made in Central Union Station without transfer across the city, with Through Trains of Pullman Sleeping Cars to Jacksonville, via the Queen & Crescent Route and Louisville & Nashville Railway.

For full particulars call on Agent "Big Four Route" or address

E. O. McCORMICK, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
D. B. MARTIN, Gen'l Pass & Ticket Agt.

No. 1



GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT, HE THOUGHT.

MR. HIGGINS: Where 's Fido?
MRS. HIGGINS: He was naughty, so I told the new cook to take him downstairs.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

THE BEST MATERIAL AND THE BEST WORKMANSHIP
Conduce to the **Greatest Durability,**
which means in the case of stockings,—what is appreciated by the busy or tired housewife,—
THE LEAST DARNING.
THE *Shawknit* STOCKINGS
are made of the ***Best Yarns,*** on the ***Best Machinery,*** and by the ***Best Skilled Labor.***
☞ SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LIST.
SHAW STOCKING CO., LOWELL, MASS.

"GOOD WIVES GROW FAIR IN THE LIGHT OF THEIR WORK," ESPECIALLY IF THEY USE

SAPOLIO

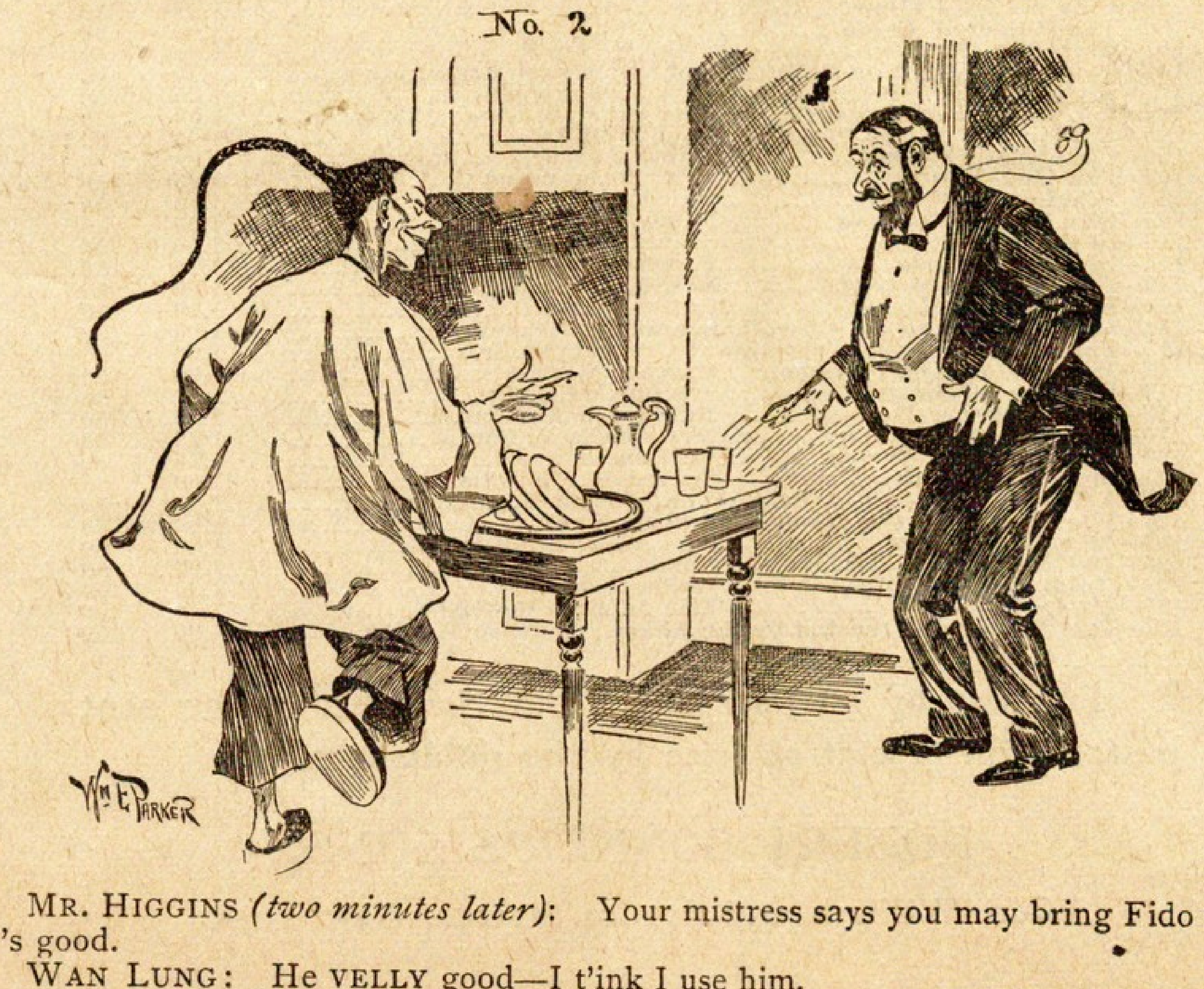
Waverley BICYCLES.
HALF NICKEL FRONT FORK
ARE THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCED RIDERS,

Those who have learned to know the difference between a wheel that actually is high grade, and one that is simply claimed to be. Others may be good, but the Waverley is the **Highest of all High Grades.**

REWARD of a new Waverley Scorcher is offered to each person who recovers a stolen '96 Waverley during 1896, payable upon presentation to us of satisfactory proof of the facts and the sentence of the thief. This reward is open to every one excepting the owner of the stolen wheel, but is not payable to more than one person in any case.

ART CATALOGUE FREE BY MAIL. INDIANA BICYCLE CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

No. 2



MR. HIGGINS *(two minutes later)*: Your mistress says you may bring Fido up if he 's good.
WAN LUNG: He VELLY good—I t'ink I use him.

Scott's Emulsion

Has been endorsed by t
medical profession f
twenty years. (Ask yo
doctor.) This is becau
it is always palatable-
always uniform—alwa
contains the purest No
wegian Cod-liver Oil an
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and $1.00 sizes. Th
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to cure your cough o
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in watches for shoulder or belt wear.
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Charming Shadings in enamel for evening gowns—
light blue, pink, white or crimson. . . .

POPULAR PRICES.
Our unquestioned guarantee with every watch.
The Waterbury Watch Co
WATERBURY, CONN.
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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
W. L. DOUGLAS
$3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.
If you pay $4 to $6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for **$3,**
OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS,
CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more $3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.
None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our $5, $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25 Shoes; $2.50, $2 and $1.75 for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 36 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to **Box K.**

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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THE LIBERTY CYCLE CO
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